BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1941

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
RICHARD KEVERNE
FERDINAND TUOHY

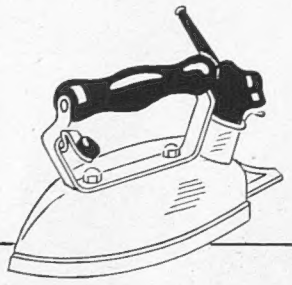
JANE GORDON
BARBARA CARTLAND
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/-

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

G.E.C.
QUALITY PRODUCTS

Wisdom—and patriotism—counsel that replacements in the home today should have enduring qualities. That is why, in the purchase of electrical necessities, wise buyers are choosing **G.E.C.** *Quality Products.*



EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL
for the Home

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sold by all Electrical Suppliers.

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Rally round the Flag when you gather round the table

Every time you serve home produced foods you save valuable shipping space, because it means less foods to be imported. And how good our home produced foods are!

Porridge, for example. The best, most nutritious oats in the world are grown in Britain, and, thanks to the Government subsidy on home-grown oats, you can now buy the finest oat flakes (rolled oats) and oatmeal, loose, at 3½d. or less a pound — a saving of about one-third of the price they were a week or so ago.

Then there are Potatoes — another very important food; cheap and plentiful, too.

In fact, potatoes are such a valuable all-round food that they could almost take the place of fruit, puddings and bread in your diet. While you need not go as far as that, you could serve twice the amount of potatoes you do, with tremendous benefit to your family.

Baked, boiled, steamed, mashed, it is a good idea to serve potatoes in some form at every meal. But remember always to cook them in their skins; then you don't waste a scrap of their goodness.

Look for FOOD FACTS in this week's newspapers

Issued by The Ministry of Food (83)

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

March, 1941

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

A
Addis Toothbrushes 67
Anti-Kamnia Tablets 77
Arch Preserver Shoes 50

B
Batchelor's Peas .. .. Cover iii
Bear Brand Stockings 55
Bob Martin's Powders 77

C
California Syrup of Figs 74
Capstan Cigarettes 59
Cardinal Polish 70

D
Defence Bonds .. .. .. Cover iii
Dr. Barnardo's Homes 65

E
Eno's Fruit Salt 75
Esse 59
Eugene Wave 53

F
Faire Bros. 70
Firth-Vickers 64
Forhans Ltd. 72

G
G.E.C. Appliances .. .. Cover ii
Gor-ray Skirts 60

H
Harrap .. .. Cover iii
Howards' Aspirins 57

J
Jamal 61

K
Kolynos 76

L
La Laine Wools 59
Lixen 69

M
Malcolm Ross 76
Mansion Polish 63
McVitie & Price 71
Melanyl 73
Meridian Underwear 73
Milk of Magnesia 78
Min Cream 69
Ministry of Food .. .. Cover ii

N
Norvic Shoes 55
Nugget Polish 71

O
Oxo 62

P
Peggy Sage 66
Phillips' Dental Magnesia 74
Phillips Soles and Heels 65
Player's Cigarettes 71
Poulton & Noel 57

R
Rendells 75
Ronuk 74
Royal Arrowroot 72

S
Schweppes Ltd. 2
Seal Brand Coffee 76
State Express Cigarettes 59
Smith's Clocks 69
Stephenson's Polish 77

T
Tampax 68
Tangee Beauty Preparations 73

V
Vani-tred Shoes .. .. Back cover
Vapex 75
Viyella 57

W
W.B. Wools 75
Wolsey Ltd. 49

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 22, No. 3 MARCH, 1941

Cover Design

by *Heade*

Articles

Eve's New Battle Dress: by *C. Patrick Thompson* Illustrated by *J. Nicolson* 4–5 and 64

Home Front Characters—These Were!: by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 10–11 and 60

Home Section

Making Separation Allowance: 30–31

Health and Beauty: by *Chrysis*

Spring Surprises: 32–33 and 58

But Who Wants a Feast?: 34 and 78

Fashions: by *Jean Burnup* 35–37

Crowning Glory: 38 and 76

On Duty and Off: by *Jane Gordon* 39 and 62

They Dream of Home: by *Winifred Lewis* 40–41

Time for Reflection: 42–43

Knitting: 44–45 and 70

Cookery: by *Harriet Muir*

Something Nice For Dinner: 46 and 63

Potato Pot-Pourri: 47 and 63

These Letters Were Never Posted: 48

Queer Jobs for Birds and Beasts: by *Andrew R. Boone* 16–17 and 77

Old Tales Re-told: The Black Prince and The Fair Maid of Perth: Written and illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24 and 62

Commodore of Convoys: by *R.N. (retired)* 25 and 77

The Land of the Ethiopian: by *Harold J. Shepstone* 28–29 and 54

Purchase Tactics: 51

Editorial Endorsement: 52

General

British History in Stone—3: Sir Christopher Wren 3 and 54

Books: Reviewed by *Noel Thompson* 20 and 58

Stories

A Matter of Observation: by *Richard Keverne* Illustrated by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 6–9 and 66

Bunkers: by *W. E. Johns* Illustrated by *E. Osmond* 12–15 and 68

Two and a Dog: by *R. Jackson* Illustrated by *S. Tresillan* 18–19 and 56

Anne Furbishes Up Her Brain: by *Barbara Cartland* Illustrated by *A. Bailey* 26–27 and 72

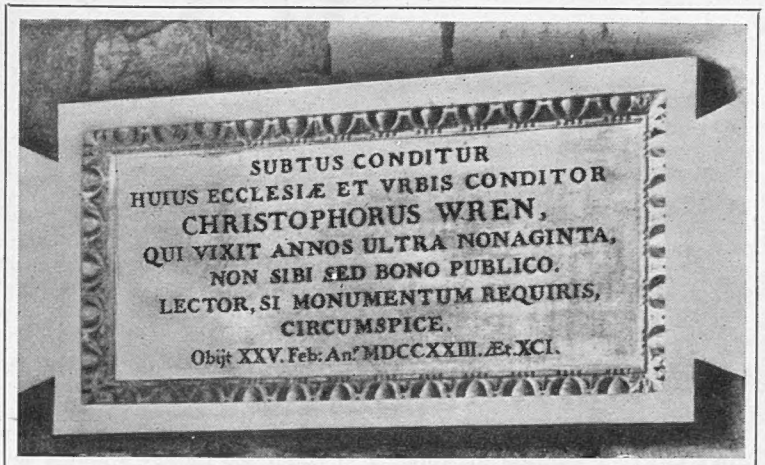
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 78. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

"Both Schweppes, sir
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE TONIC
SCHWEPPES
Ginger
Dry & Non-
Schwepp
ISSUED ONLY BY SCHWEPP

BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 3

Sir Christopher Wren



"Underneath is buried Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, the builder of this Church and City. Who lived about ninety years not to himself, but to the public good. Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around. He died Feb. 25, 1723 in the 91st year of his age."

Epitaph in Choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, above tomb in vault. The inscription is in Latin, the last words being: "si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

LONDON lay in ruins. Smouldering piles of rubble rose where only four days before had stood famous buildings. St. Paul's Cathedral was a blackened wreck. The date was September 5, 1666.

Yet already the men of London were consoling each other with the thought that perhaps the Great Fire had been for the best. The old city had been a rabbit warren of small houses and unhealthy alleys. A new London must now arise. No time must be lost. To-morrow? Next week? No, said the authorities; someone must first be put in charge of the task of reconstruction.

It was King Charles the Second's right to make the appointment. He had already stepped in ahead of the bungling Lord Mayor. And his choice, at the suggestion of John Evelyn, landed on a young scientific research worker from Oxford (already dabbling in architecture), called Christopher Wren.

"What manner of man is he?" asked the suspicious citizens.

Wren was a man with a Leonardo da Vinci brain. He was thirty-four and as ingenious a fellow as ever came from Wadham. He had, for instance, written essays on such diverse subjects as *A Way of Imbroidery for Beds, Hangings, Cheap and Fair,* and *Ways for Making Fresh Water at Sea.* He had concerned himself with a *Hypothesis of the Moon's Libration* and *Divers Improvements in the Arts of Husbandry.* He had gone up to Oxford after having been a town boy at Westminster, his father being Dean of Windsor, an ardent Loyalist during the Civil Wars and a man of artistic taste.

"But is Wren an architect?" asked the aldermen and City merchants. The answer was rather guarded. He had been nearly everything: an anatomist, a research worker into food values and a delver into the diseases of wheat and barley. But, the year before, Wren had been to Paris and his nimble mind was inflamed with what he had seen in that spacious city. "The Louvre was my daily object," he wrote home. "No less than a Thousand hands are constantly employed in the works; some in laying mighty foundations, some in raising the stories, columns, etc.; others in carving, inlaying marbles, plastering, gilding, which altogether makes a school of architecture, the best probably in this day of Europe."

So with what relish and excitement did the young assistant to the surveyor-general (which post he had obtained through Evelyn's admiration for his abilities) survey the charred desolation of London!

It was quite clear in his head how the matter should be tackled directly the debris was removed and the money found. The city would centre around a piazza in which would stand the Royal Exchange. From this vast oval space would lead ten broad thoroughfares. One, by way of a circus, straight to the Tower. A second would be aimed westwards, until—after a series of places and circles—St. Paul's Cathedral would be reached. On the hill that leads up from Ludgate towards Westminster would be an octagonal arrangement of streets. The principal boulevard in this scheme would be thirty yards wide. Paris would be outshone. The alert little face beneath its chestnut wig glowed as he described to his friends the growing elaboration of his scheme.

Charles II thought the new London would be a splendid place in which to have his capital. He gave young Wren his benediction. Money? Ah, there was a slight difficulty there; Charles did not command immense riches, alas, and he knew of several other ways of spending them if he did. The citizens must pay for the re-building.

"Right," said the citizens. "But then we must be consulted. What do you suggest?"

"The first thing to do is to approach the problem in a communal way," explained Wren. "We pool all the freeholds. . . ."

"But my house was on the corner of Milk Street," cried Citizen Jones. "And I want my new one built on the same site."

Citizen Smith expostulated: "My mansion was in Bread Street, and I want it looking south as the old one did."

And all the other freeholders rose in equal indignation. What was good enough for their forefathers was good enough for them.

It was a bitter blow for Wren to sustain before even the great task was started. Gone were the dreams of boulevards, vanished were illusions of splendid piazzas. But (*Continued on page* 54)

Eve's New

As we walked slowly down the aisles where the fabrics—multitudinous gay children of the marriage of sun and earth—were festooned to display all the colours of the spectrum, and the ingenuity of chemist and designer and engineer, the man of commerce with me was moved to a poetic thought.

"Seeds," he said. "Good, sound seeds. They'll make some nice flowers for the women come crop time."

He was an American textile man. Following his thought, I could see those flannels, plaids and printed wools, baled, transported across a submarine-and-bomber-haunted ocean, and blossoming months hence in trans-Atlantic cities as dresses and suits, jackets, jerkin tops, cardigans, skirts, shirts, blouses and all the other bright garments which Eve in our synthetic civilisation wears in lieu of a fig leaf.

But just what sort of flowers the artists and technicians would fashion out of the fabric seeds—adorning and subtly flattering while covering, more or less, the bodies of females in all the age categories between debutantes and elderly but still fashion-conscious dames—I could not see as he could.

That was some three months ago. I have just been looking through a batch of American papers to get the crop news. The American textile man had an accurate vision. The flowers the women are gathering now are very nice. Short in the skirt mostly—that's the European war influence. Resourcefully colourful and decorative—and that's the war factor at work again, the escape complex operating.

And now they're seed again: the tailored two-piece wool success in amber, rose, mint, and gold, and the hostess-negligee in glamorous crush-resisting wool and rayon ("with a *different* flattering tie at the waist"); the Fireside Fantasy housecoat "whose silvery sparkling lights up its quiet grandeur," and the very-wide-skirted Bahiana evening frock made to swish when the debs go rhumba-ing; the Florida Flounce which features pleats at its short-skirt hem to draw attention to pretty knees, and the white silk jersey with the Baghdad silhouette.

All these frivolous and fragile trifles bedecking the peacock lawns and fluttering beautifully across the humming-bird aviaries have shaken seed for a dollar crop in the British war field; and pretty soon the new crop will be harvested—tanks and cannon, weaponed aircraft and huge bombers with a four thousand-mile range and a seventeen-ton bomb load, armour plates and oil, ships and shells.

It's a neat cycle. The sun germinates the grass seed in Australia. The seed sprouts green grass — the mysterious alchemy whereby the plant extracts the life essence from sunlight and mingles it with air and water in the growth process accounts for the green hue. The sheep crop the grass and their stomach laboratories transform it into wool. The shearers clip the wool. The weavers make it into cloth with shining, whirring machines.

Dyers colour it in immense and complicated chemical plants.

Women in the Outer Hebrides and the Shetlands, in Cumberland and Yorkshire, hand-weave it into tweed, importing the fashion touch by new textures and new shades.

Fashion experts weave merlin spells around it, and, lo, roving female eyes see it as something ravishing, adorable, and desperately desirable, an eye intoxicant, a cloak of glamour, a love philtre, a youth elixir, the new battle dress for the campaign to capture happiness—during a brief season, anyway.

Money tinkles in the till, and sometime later a canister of high explosive drops on a group of cropped-skulled, grey-green *herrenvolk*, crouching with their automatic weapons in an invasion port on the French coast, or on a giant oil plant at Bremen, and that's the logical completion of the new fashion, 1940-41 brand.

IT sounds sad, but it has its consolations; for where one cycle ends, another starts —the life cycle sprouting from the death of those men with the automatic weapons made in Krupps or Skoda to extinguish life in those still-resistant states where men decline to view Mussolini's barrel jowl and bald pate with veneration, or believe that Hitler's sharp long nose has poked into the ultimate secrets, and where in any case they won't accept the totalitarian solution of the world problem by way of a simple reversion to the Attilan one-convolution-brain ideal of conquering warrier and slave herd.

Battle Dress

A Panorama of the Fashion World in Wartime

By C. Patrick Thompson

The case of Captain Molyneux focuses a spotlight on the fashion cycle, British brand, as it runs in the wartime world. The famous fashion designer, who began in London after the first world war, and subsequently made his headquarters in Paris and got all the materials for his London shop there, came back to London when the French collapsed. He did not know whether he could continue his business, and when some orders came in from American houses, he refused them. The British authorities, however, needed dollars, and proved realists.

Molyneux found they would co-operate, providing him with luxury goods for the export trade.

So Molyneux sat in his pink-façaded building in the British capital designing the individual clothes on which the fame and trade of the French fashion houses has rested for so long, and in the pale-grey salons hundreds of girls sewed at laces, silks, velvets, all the stuffs that used to keep the French textile trade working overtime and which are now made in a wartime Britain which is capturing the French export trade in North and South America. The models have been cut from the usual one hundred and eighty to forty, but the export business has grown to within sixty per cent of its Paris total.

There are exports of finished clothes, of cloths, and of models which American manufacturers mass-produce from American-made textiles of cheaper quality.

The total trade at end-December, 1940, was running at two million dollars a year, or the equivalent of twenty-two bombers. In fact, the gowns that go out across the Atlantic ocean from the pink-fronted Molyneux building come back as guns, negligees return as nitro-glycerine, tea-dance frocks and tailormades as torpedoes, wraps as warships, dresses as dynamite, mantles as machine guns, and bodices as bombs.

The war is spurring the British to unwonted efforts along the whole fashion front. Flower oils from the Mediterranean coast gardens don't come here any more. Flowers failing, British chemists are now replacing this basis of most perfumes by synthetic preparations indistinguishable from Nature's former contribution.

European burrows used to supply moles, ten million skins a year, to the British fabricators making furs for the American-continent trade. The sea blockade cut off the mole supply, but not the fur demand. Now farmers are co-operating with the Board of Trade to fill this mole gap from British burrows, where moles scrabble in their millions.

The Fur Trade Export Group lately sent a big consignment of made-up fur coats to the Canadian market. Thirty per cent of them were made from the pelts of British moles.

About a million kids ride horseback in the United States, and a large proportion of the girls among them are now wearing a riding coat "as worn by Princess Elizabeth of England." That's because the British Children's Wear Export Group made a hit with a Radio City winter show of spring fashions from twenty British manufacturers. The star of the show was a duplicate of Princess Elizabeth's riding jacket. Not an exact duplicate.

The young heiress to the British throne wears a plain riding coat, while the American model is brightly checked.

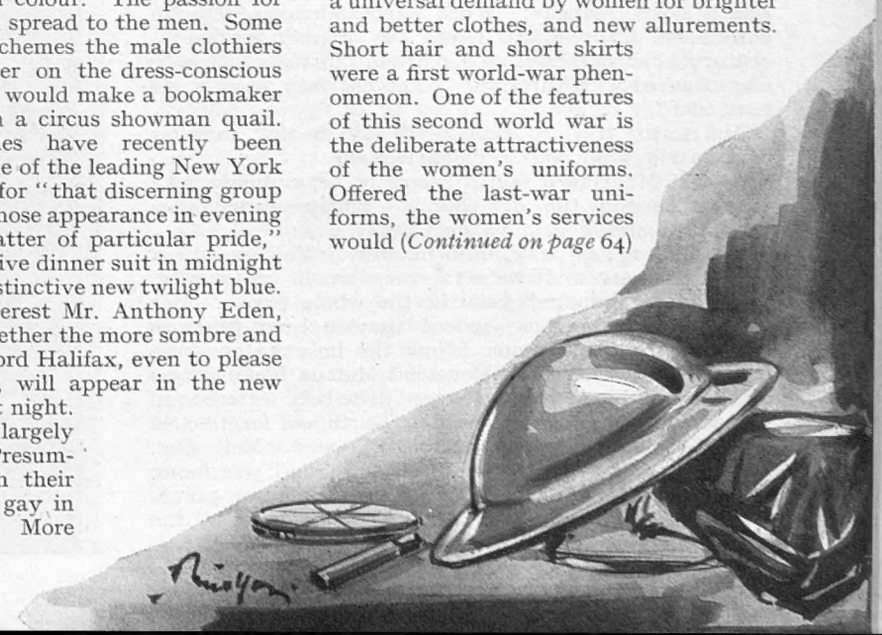
That seems to be the essential difference between American and British fashions, at least just now. The Americans are more luxurious and exuberant. They insist on lavish colour. The passion for colour has even spread to the men. Some of the colour schemes the male clothiers try to put over on the dress-conscious American male would make a bookmaker blush and even a circus showman quail. Evening clothes have recently been dragged in. One of the leading New York tailors making for "that discerning group of gentlemen whose appearance in evening clothes is a matter of particular pride," offers an exclusive dinner suit in midnight blue and the distinctive new twilight blue. This might interest Mr. Anthony Eden, but I doubt whether the more sombre and conservative Lord Halifax, even to please the Americans, will appear in the new twilight blue at night.

Women are largely responsible. Presumably they wish their menfolk to go gay in their clothes. More and more in America men are being encouraged to look for women's approval of their hats, suits, shirts, shoes, socks, and to flinch from their disapproval. It may or may not be a promising development. Women, incidentally, seem to have won the struggle for the automobile. The sales-appeal line for the new car models is dominated by the question: "Will *she* like it?" The car manufacturers are offering not only bigger and better cars, but standard-model cars with any colour upholstery you like—the idea being that the lady will pick a car to match her new outfit or favourite colour. Perfume sprays are as much a standard fitting as heaters.

As with men and cars, so with all the other items in the fashionable feminine repertoire. Shoes are not just shoes: they are shoes by X or Y, the renowned designer. Jewels are not just precious stones: they are set in lovely flower shapes and leaf designs. Rubies and diamonds cluster in the curling petals of a poinsettia. Sapphires and moonstone petals are linked in a daisy chain. There are jewelled lotus blossoms and orchid sprays for the evening hair. Emeralds are carved.

Housecoats have monograms in flag colours. Any flag you want. They also carry a heart on the breast on which you can have any name or initials you wish—and change them any time you like. Colours are so numerous that the inventors have had to devise new terms for their spring list. We have mint gold, latour blue, chamois beige, and jungle green. There is also something called greige, which is the best the language artists can do with a pinky beige which is not exactly a pinky beige, if you follow me.

These phenomena are not new, of course. Fighting times have always seen the women bursting out into gorgeous plumage. It happened in Elizabethan England, and in Napoleonic France. It was during and just after the last war that modern fashion industry started, on a universal demand by women for brighter and better clothes, and new allurements. Short hair and short skirts were a first world-war phenomenon. One of the features of this second world war is the deliberate attractiveness of the women's uniforms. Offered the last-war uniforms, the women's services would (*Continued on page* 64)



Vicky's Technique as a Crook was Good—but she was for once Frustrated by

A Matter of Observation

By Richard Keverne

THE bomb that fell in Brockholt churchyard did more than shatter little All Saints and all but raze its chancel; it nearly broke its rector's heart.

For thirty years the Reverend Marcus Fleming had lived and served All Saints, Brockholt. For thirty years he had schemed and contrived and saved to raise money to restore what was counted one of the most perfect early English village churches in the country.

Where all the money had come from even the rector hardly knew. His own thin pocket had provided some. Thirty years of bazaars and rectory lawn fêtes and appeals had provided more. Mr. Alvin Garvil had provided most.

The rector had seen Mr. Garvil prowling about the church in the dusk of an autumn afternoon a couple of years before. An American he discovered him to be when, in his kindly way, he had asked if he might tell him something of the church. Mr. Garvil guessed he didn't know much about old English churches, but this one seemed to him mighty pretty.

The Reverend Marcus Fleming found Mr. Garvil a little brusque and very ignorant. Yet polite. He listened to the rector's rather prosy dissertation as though he were really interested, but his occasional remarks seemed most inapropos.

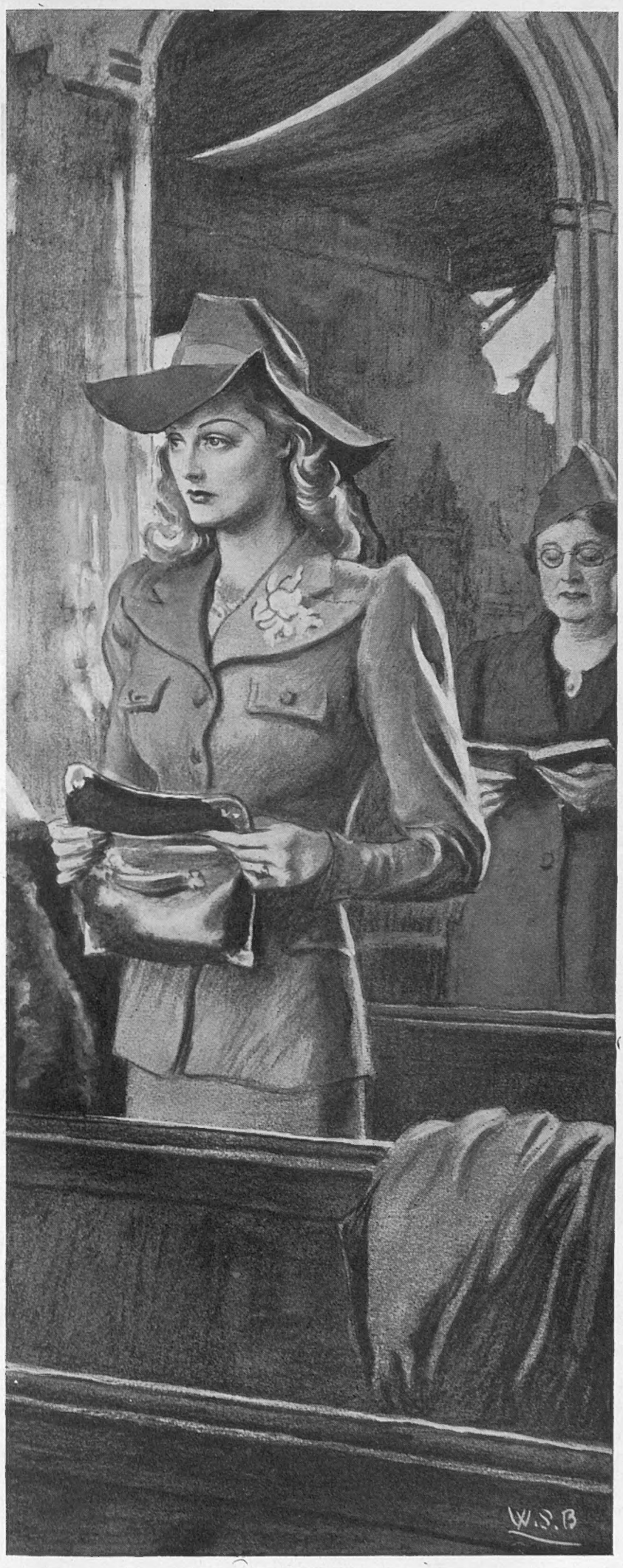
Of the lancet window, the rector's pride, filled with scraps of early stained glass patiently collected in bits and pieces from odd corners of other windows and releaded at the rector's own cost, Mr. Garvil's sole comment was that it looked real gay. When Marcus Fleming told with enthusiasm how he had found the original thirteenth-century altar slab used as a flagstone in the porch, Mr. Garvil asked with surprise, "What did they want to do that for?"

The rector tried to explain, though he felt that his explanation was completely inadequate.

At last Mr. Garvil said, "Seems to be a mighty long job patching up this old church. Thirty years you've been at it and it isn't finished yet?"

"Not by a long way, unfortunately. You see, it's a costly business and we're a very small community. Barely three hundred souls in the whole parish. But they've been generous; indeed they've been generous according to their means. Now the holy water stoup for example . . ." The Reverend Marcus Fleming was off on one of his favourite stories. The holy water stoup he had found built into a wall at Garthfield farm. Old Jabez Stopher the farmer, although he was a Methodist, had gladly surrendered the stoup, and, what was more, had borne the cost of resetting it in the church porch.

"But I must be wearying you with my stories," the rector finished apologetically.



VICKY was puzzled, for the girl closed her bag without taking anything from it

"Sure you weary me," Mr. Garvil said abruptly. "It makes me real tired. It's going to cost you a whole lot more before you've finished, I guess."

Marcus Fleming was a little hurt at the crudeness of the words.

"It is indeed," he said with a shrug. "Some thousands of pounds, I'm afraid. Two; perhaps more. But I hope to be spared long enough to see it finished—my little church restored worthily to the glory of God and in memory of all His saints."

He spoke wistfully, for he was tired and this visitor had proved disappointing; so unresponsive to the beauties of his beloved church. "'Restored to the glory of God and in memory of all His saints,'" he repeated. It was a phrase he often used. It expressed thirty years of longing. In Latin, it could be read beneath that lancet window of old glass of which he was so proud. The rector hardly noticed that Mr. Garvil had left his side.

Mr. Garvil was standing at the lectern writing something. The rector checked an instinctive protest. After all, though a rough diamond he was a good fellow and meant no disrespect, he told himself.

After a few moments, Mr. Garvil returned. There was a slip of paper in his hand.

"I guess that ought to do the job," he said, even more brusquely than before. "I don't want any thanks. Garvil's the name. Garthfield it used to be hundreds of years ago. Like that farm you told me about. I'm a Methodist myself if I'm anything. Like the farmer. I've been told my folk lived here in this village once. Good afternoon."

Mr. Garvil walked briskly away, leaving the rector gaping at an unfamiliar slip of paper in his hand.

He couldn't believe that it was a cheque. It looked so, so shoddy. A small, cheap-looking thing without even a stamp and the name of some trust corporation in a town that he had never heard of printed at the top. It was made out for fifteen thousand dollars. The rector was vague about how much that meant in English money. Even when Mr. Park, the manager of the bank at Peterbury, the neighbouring town, assured him the next morning that the cheque apparently was in order and that it represented over three thousand pounds, he could not believe it.

It was nearly a month later that he knew that it was true. Mr. Park wrote to tell him that the cheque had been cleared and that the money had been credited to the All Saints' Repairs Fund Account.

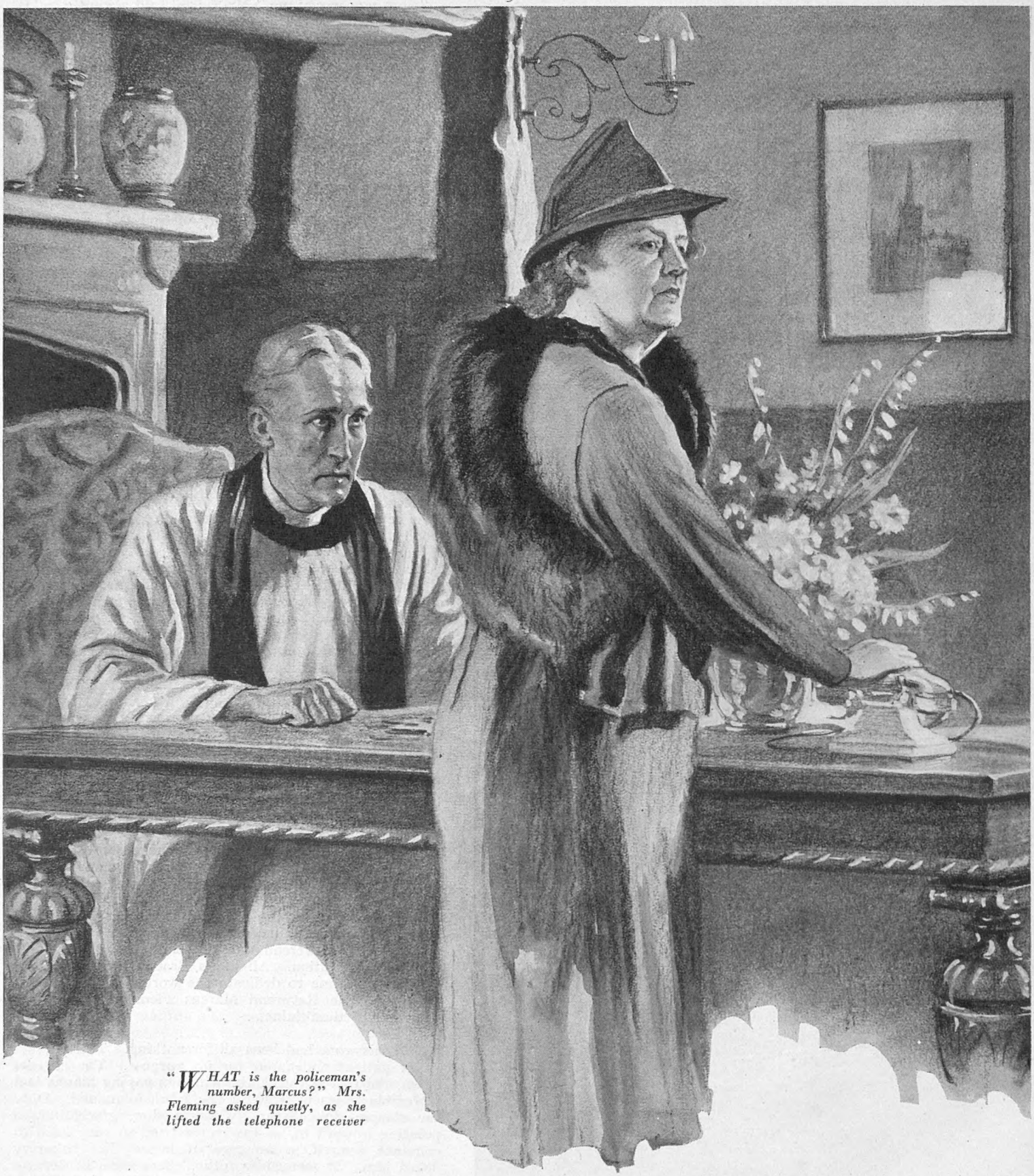
When he had read that letter, the Reverend Marcus Fleming went over to his beloved church and knelt for a long time offering his thanks. Then he came back to the rectory and wrote to Mr. Alvin Garvil care of the Trust Corporation in the unknown town. Mr. Garvil never acknowledged the letter.

There was a great day a month before the war broke out, when the Reverend Marcus Fleming saw the achievement of his ambition. All Saints, Brockholt, was restored. The bishop came to dedicate the work, the church was crowded. The Reverend Marcus Fleming's heart was very full of thankfulness.

YET his work had been all for nothing. Thirty years of patient endeavour for no purpose. The chancel down, the roof stripped, the windows gaping blanks and incredible chaos in what of the fabric remained. Only the steeple stood intact, with its slim, graceful spire pointing upward in, as the rector tried so very hard to convince himself, a message of hope. The calamity dazed him. It seemed so futile. So useless to destroy little All Saints. It could harm nobody. Only Satan could have encompassed it.

The bomb had fallen late on a Sunday night. For two days the rector could do nothing but gaze piteously at the heap of debris by the stark walls. For seven centuries that church had stood there, on the outskirts of the village, a place of worship and comfort for twenty odd generations of simple Brockholt folk. To be destroyed in less time than it takes a man to draw a breath. It was bewildering. Even his wife's attempts to comfort him failed.

The rector raked pathetically among the rubble seeking something to salve. At last, feet deep beneath the shattered masonry, he saw the altar stone. The sight heartened him. Satan's minions, as he thought of the German bombers, had not been able to destroy that.



"WHAT is the policeman's number, Marcus?" Mrs. Fleming asked quietly, as she lifted the telephone receiver

It had triumphed over the vandals of the Reformation, it had triumphed over the vandals of Nazi Germany. It was symbolic.

The Reverend Marcus Fleming was not quite normal. The catastrophe to his church had shaken his mind more than he knew. He worked like a man possessed to clear away the debris, his mind fixed upon the altar slab.

Johannes de Clare had first served it. John of Clare, priest of All Saints, Brockholt, in 1238, seven hundred years ago. John of Clare, so old records told, had rebuilt an earlier All Saints destroyed by fire : John of Clare, Marcus Fleming felt, was watching now, guiding him, encouraging him.

He cleared the rubble at length and found the slab unbroken. Then Marcus Fleming vowed humbly that, given life, he would rebuild All Saints, Brockholt.

But first, the services of the church must go on. With shame he admitted that he had forgotten that in his despair. This was Tuesday : the church must be open for service on Sunday come what may. The rector's fevered energy increased.

They thought him a little touched by the disaster in the village, but they rallied to help him. He went from farm to farm and cottage to cottage demanding help : labour, tarpaulins to cover the roof, old posts and boards to strut the walls and close some of the gaping windows. He went into Peterbury to see Mr. Nash the builder.

"Keep the walls standing. Patch the roof somehow so that we can carry on until we can rebuild," he told him. Mr. Nash reported on Friday afternoon that it was going to cost the best part of five hundred to do what he wanted, even in the cheapest way.

Illustrated by
W. Smithson Broadhead

The Reverend Marcus Fleming said "Very well. Go ahead," adding fiercely, "All Saints must and shall keep open doors."

But the builder's report had brought a dull, leaden feeling of despair to the rector's heart. He had not imagined the cost would be anything like so much. Where the five hundred was coming from he dared not speculate. He strove to put the thought from his mind, for his church, he vowed, should not be closed. The rector and his parishioners worked like slaves. When darkness fell on Saturday they had made some sort of a job of it. The rector spent the evening preparing his sermon.

IN Peterbury the bombing of Brockholt Church had created a deal of excitement. Peterbury was a biggish country town that had hitherto escaped air raids.

Although the Reverend Marcus Fleming hardly remembered it, in his first despair, a young man from the Peterbury *Daily Chronicle* had talked to him as he stood dazed among the ruins of his church on the Monday morning and he was vaguely aware that someone had been taking photographs at the same time.

A couple of days later the Peterbury *Chronicle* had (*Continued on page* 66)

Colonel Repington, that able but vain military expert, who acted as a kind of conductor at countless parties where inside knowledge and gentle badinage were the stand-bys

Hilaire Belloc. His weekly articles in "Land and Water" which made the World War look so easy and inevitable

Lord Athlumney. Provost Marshal of London, was a holy terror to young officers, as he could wreck their leave

Eric Geddes. At one moment the last war seemed to be run by two men, Lloyd George and Eric Geddes

Lord Northcliffe. He had imagination and courage and knew he was right (about the shell muddle), and nothing else mattered

HOME

THE talk had veered to wartime leakages of information in circles that ought to know better, when one of the company slowly expelled from his cigar and observed: "All the same, it can't be as bad as it was in the last war. Remember the Repington crowd that used to forgather at luncheon and dinner tables several times a week and discuss forthcoming battles? Perfect riot of indiscretion! It was all in his diaries."

"Remember the Repington crowd?"

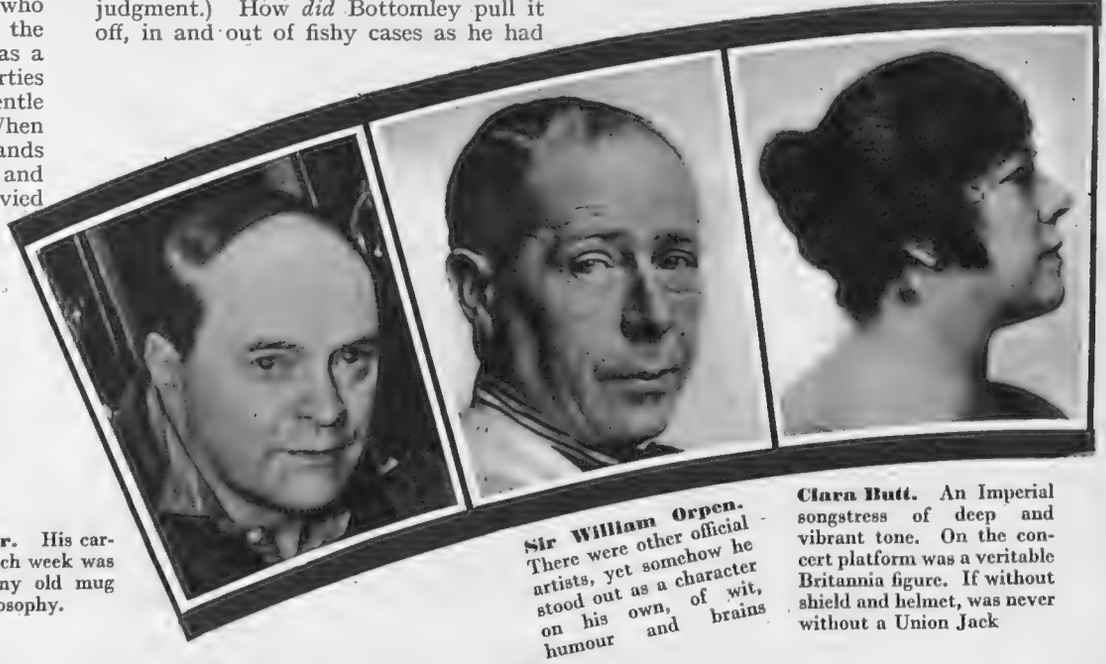
The sentence set in motion a trend of thought. That crowd had indeed gone with the wind. Even if one or two of its members were still alive, theirs was a back seat to-day, while the whole ambience of exclusive West End Partydom had been blitzed out of existence. There was no one even faintly suggesting Repington in this show—that able but vain military expert who hovered butterfly-fashion round the fringe of the war and came to act as a kind of conductor at countless parties where inside knowledge and gentle badinage were the stand-bys. When pretty women told what their husbands had told them, and when soldiers and diplomats, peers and politicians, vied with one another in strategy and the confidential facts. After which Colonel à Court Repington put it all down in his diary.

He was my guest in the last months of his life, in Paris, at an Anglo-American luncheon, when few would speak to him. That was in 1924, by which time his volumes of "The First World War" had revealed the author as—well, a strange bird. Those volumes had breathed altogether too much junketing, indiscretion, and cynicism while men were being butchered in heaps just across the Channel. They held up a London wartime "Society" that was frankly somewhat shocking in retrospect. And had not the gallent Colonel fairly revelled in it? Yet if some looked askance at him, I found Repington most interesting to the end, and a handsome, delicate-featured gentleman by appearance. He had played a prime part in that war, of which he had proved a memorable "character," not least when he started the great shells scandal that set Kitchener, French and Northcliffe in a fair scramble.

Repington is not by any means the only "character" or type associated with the home front in the last war that has failed to make reappearance to-day. It is really rather interesting if you draw up a list of the absent types, for in some measure they give a microcosm of a vanished world. Not all are dead, I would hasten to say; in fact, a tiny few are still going strong, and I hope they won't mind being called "characters"!

What a scrumptious wartime type was Horatio Bottomley, and where is his like to-day? ("Thank goodness" comes swiftly. Yes; but we're not sitting in judgment.) How *did* Bottomley pull it off, in and out of fishy cases as he had

Lady Diana Duff Cooper. Was probably the most thought of woman in England in the last war



Bruce Bairnsfather. His cartoon of "Old Bill" each week was an event. That funny old mug stood for a whole philosophy.

Sir William Orpen. There were other official artists, yet somehow he stood out as a character on his own, of wit, humour and brains

Clara Butt. An Imperial songstress of deep and vibrant tone. On the concert platform was a veritable Britannia figure. If without shield and helmet, was never without a Union Jack

Horatio Bottomley. Round the country he went, beating the drum month after month and year after year.

Noel Pemberton Billing. The irrepressible back-bencher who persistently bobbed up in the House with some new poser for Ministers

Jose Collins. As the "Maid" was an institution at Daly's. How well she sang, how dashingly she played

Violet Loraine, one of a trio of stage personalities who imprinted themselves on that wartime London

George Robey. His reign at the Alhambra marked the end of a West End epoch, joyous, if Rabelaisian in parts

FRONT *Characters— These Were!*

By Ferdinand Tuohy

been for so long? How did such a man soar to become the chief recruiting force in the land and the accepted standard-bearer of a powerful if blatant patriotism—so powerful that it did not stop short of calling on the Monarch to dissociate his name from that of the Kaiser's, and to remove the enemy banners from Windsor?

Most of the answer is probably to be found in the difference between the two wars. That of 1914-18 was still impregnated by Jingoism of the "when we say we 've always won" brand, and that was what Bottomley hoisted himself by, with his unequalled bounce and genius for battening on the mob. Round the country he went, beating the drum month after month and year after year. It did not matter that his speeches were a variation of one and the same oration—the difference depending on how much money was in "the house"—or that he required lashings of champagne off stage in order to generate the necessary outpouring. Bottomley came to be recognised as the "popular" John Bull type itself. He was doing vast service to the country, washing away his past. "Good old Bottomley!"

Good old Bottomley had hardly heard the maroons of Armistice before he got down to his Victory Bonds scheme, aimed at the pockets of ex-soldiers and servant girls chiefly, and which brought in some £450,000, but was also eventually to bring—*finis*.

I have said that my characters are of all types: the honoured and maybe the not-so-honoured. Of the former, there has been no sign of a Bruce Bairnsfather in this war, nor, for that matter, of an Ian Hay. Both these gentlemen are still carrying on, but it is hard to recapture the hold "Old Bill" had over the country—over the Empire and America, too. That funny old mug stood for a whole philosophy. A Bairnsfather cartoon each week was an event—and for long they used to be drawn in the trenches by a small, dark Captain of the Warwicks. No cartoonist had ever done that before—taken his material from the daily horror of war about him. Nor did it matter if the artist now and then displayed amateurish tendencies. "Old Bill" lived to become a perfectly good stage comedy, and to take his creator round most of the globe.

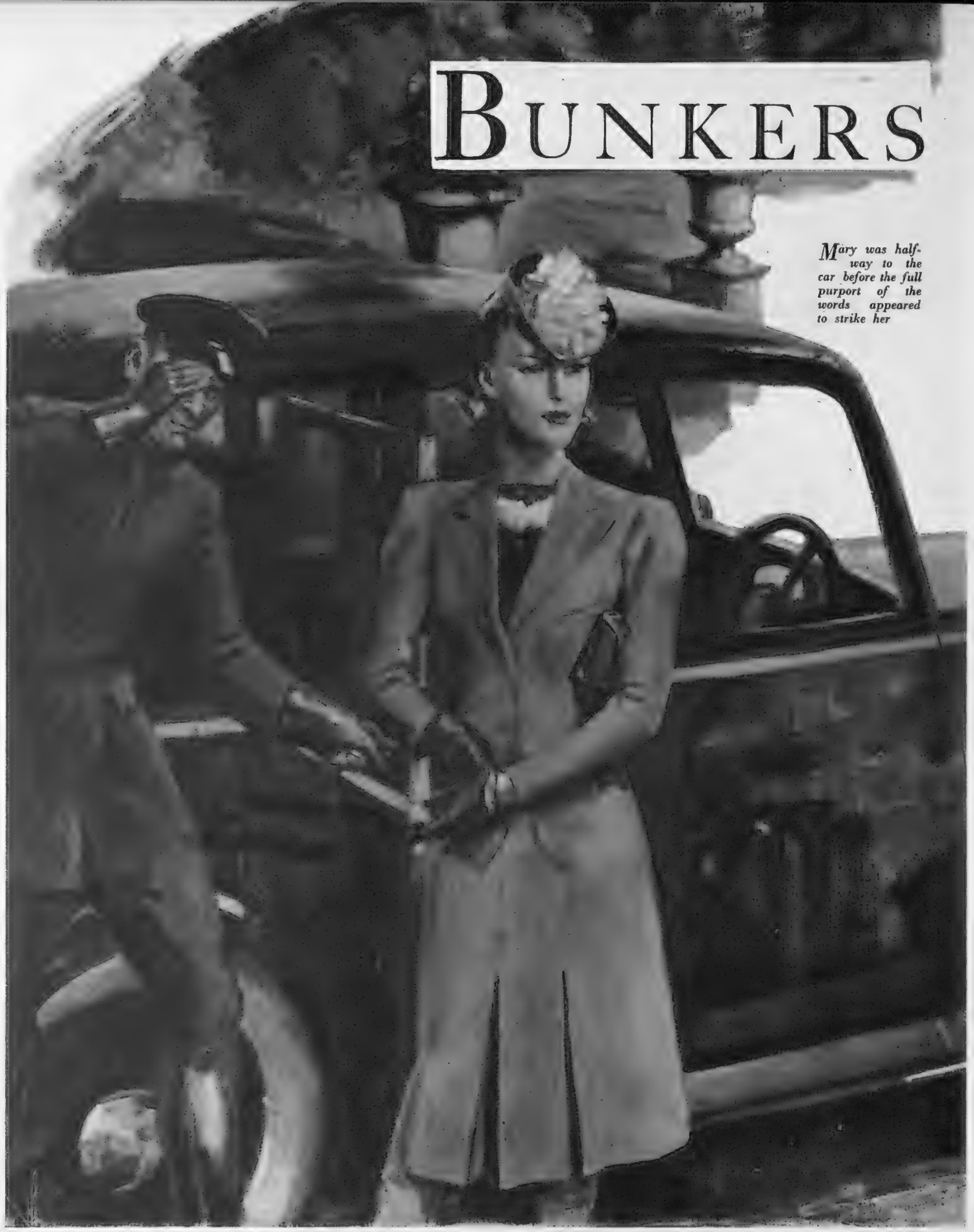
"Ian Hay" (now Major-General Beith) hit right home with "The First Hundred Thousand," or the story of Kitchener's first divisions. It was rather more than just a book, as it came out gradually in a monthly magazine. Why did no resembling impressionist develop in the B.E.F. of 1939-40? It is hardly enough to point to the (*Continued on p.* 60)

Margot (Mrs. Asquith). For hard upon thirty months remained bang in the news at 10, Downing Street. The war pages in her autobiography were a living document

Mrs. Pankhurst. Was probably the leading Englishwoman of the last war, and frankly one does not see her equal in this war

Basil Hallam. As "Gilbert the Filbert," gave the good-bye impersonation of a type that died at Mons—the Piccadilly Johnnie

BUNKERS



Mary was halfway to the car before the full purport of the words appeared to strike her

PETER STANTON, secretary of the Farfield (Sussex) Golf Club, took the froth off his beer with the dexterity of twenty-five years' daily experience.

"If I were a married man," he announced, with the sanguine confidence of one who knows he is on safe ground, "I should insist on being master in my own house. If I were a married man——"

"You 're not," Bill Tyson, some time the club professional, reminded him moodily.

"No, but if I were," insisted Peter, "I should rule the roast. It 's a man's privilege ; it 's more : it 's his prerogative. If I were you——"

"You 're not," interposed Bill again.

"No, but if I were I should put my foot down." Peter reached for his beer again like a man who has delivered himself of a burden. He drank deeply, smacked his lips, groped for his pipe and tapped it noisily on the heel of his shoe.

Bill Tyson chewed a cocktail-stick reflectively, his eyes wandering round the deserted club-house, now filling silently with shadowy twilight.

A Matrimonial Dispute Which Ended With a Message to the Skies

By W. E. Johns

"I have," he murmured.

"You have what?"

"Put my foot down."

"What happened?"

"Mary just left me standing on it."

Peter considered his companion with sympathetic toleration before seeking further inspiration in his tankard. Resuming the conversation, his manner became confidential.

"Bill," he said earnestly, "I've known you both for a long time. If I hadn't I wouldn't say what I'm going to say now. What has happened between you and Mary must be your own fault. She was docile enough when you were teaching her the game."

"We weren't married then," countered Bill, a suspicion of bitterness creeping into his voice.

"I don't see why marriage should make any difference."

"You will—if ever you get married."

"When I get married," declared Peter, with a solemnity befitting the thought, "I shall stand for no nonsense. No woman is ever going to sit on me—no, by God!" He reached sharply for his beer.

"Mary doesn't go as far as that," protested Bill, but without enthusiasm.

"She doesn't, eh? She goes where she likes, when she likes. If I ask you to play in a match you have to ask your wife. Look at you now, with one eye on the clock. I know what's on your mind. You're afraid Mary may have come home and found you out." Peter glowered through the window in the direction of a mansion which could be seen through the trees in the near distance.

"She won't be home yet. She's got some sort of welfare meeting on."

"Then what's the hurry?"

"I've got to get back to see to the blackout."

"Damn it, what are the servants for?"

"They don't do it properly—we've been warned twice this month."

"Then Mary ought to be home to see that it is done right instead of tearing about the country, spending money, leaving you to eat by yourself——"

"It's her own money," mumbled Bill wearily.

"That's where you're wrong. What's hers is yours. And, of course, what's yours is hers."

"It would be if I had anything."

"That's got nothing to do with it. I'm talking about the principle of the thing. You both knew how you were fixed before you were married. She was crazy enough about you then. Look at the way she used to fox that frosty-faced old father of hers when he was alive."

Bill smiled wanly. "He put his foot down, didn't he—and where did it get him? When he heard what was in the wind he kept her at home, had the phone disconnected and watched every letter that went out of the house. But did that stop Mary getting in touch with me? No."

"You're thinking about the golf balls, eh?"

Bill started. "You knew about that?"

"Do you take me for a fool? Every morning at nine o'clock sharp her ladyship appeared on the lawn to practise her swing. A minute later a ball would come sailing over the trees and drop on the fairway where you were waiting to pick it up. Then you'd send one back into her paddock. What was the idea?"

A smile, as bleak as winter sunshine, flickered for a moment on Bill's face.

"We had a sort of code—a set of symbols that meant things. For instance, a black triangle marked on the ball meant that the old man was on the warpath; that was the signal for me to keep clear. If she wanted to see me urgently it would be a red circle. After dark I'd slip round to her window and do the Romeo act. Other times the message would be just a flower painted on the ball—she did a stock for both of us. Ever hear of the language of flowers? Flowers mean things—when you've got the code book."

"Red roses for true love, and all that sort of thing?"

"That's the general idea. A red circle with a rose inside would mean 'I want to see you urgently. I love you.'"

"I once found a ball with a yellow spot on it."

Bill nodded. "That was after the old man rumbled the scheme. He made her send it over. The yellow spot was supposed to be a lemon."

Peter sighed deeply. "Very pretty. Beautiful, in fact. And now to think it's all come to this. When the old man died, and you married Mary, even the cynics—and in a little place like this that goes for everybody—had to admit it was a love match. I still don't see how you got adrift. You are

still madly in love with her, aren't you?"

"Crazier than ever."

"Then why not tell her so?"

Bill lit a cigarette, slowly, thoughtfully. "You know, Peter, it's a funny thing, but there comes a time in a man's life when he hesitates to say to his wife the things he said before they were married. They sound—well, silly. The mistake I made was going to live in her house; but then, she didn't want to leave it, so what could I do? She said her family had been lords of the manor for generations and owed the place something—tradition, and all that sort of thing. When I agreed I didn't realise that she intended taking the old man's duties over, making me a kind of understudy."

Peter clicked his tongue. "Well, I wouldn't stand for that," he asserted emphatically. "No, by God. I'd be no piece of furniture in somebody else's house—not even an antique. They say she wouldn't let you join up when the war started."

Bill looked uncomfortable. "She said I was doing more useful work running the farm—you know, food production, and all that sort of thing."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"I reckon there are older men who could run the farm."

Bill got up abruptly. "I shall have to be getting along."

"All right, old boy. It's not my affair, but think over what I've said. If I were in your shoes, manor or no manor, I should want to be something better than a hall-stand. I'm damned if I could live in a house knowing that the servants were sorry for me. I'd stop just being Lady Mary's husband. I'd be the boss—or nothing. So long."

Ruminating, Bill walked through the deepening twilight to the house, where the servants were sorry for him. He hadn't thought of that.

IN the hall he met his wife just going out.

"You're late, darling," she greeted, with a touch of asperity. "You know how busy I am. There were several things to be done at home."

"Then let's do them," suggested Bill evenly.

Had Mary not been in a hurry she might have marked a curious inflexion in his tone.

"No, darling, you'll have to attend to them," she answered brightly. "I've promised the Blake-Smiths I'll go round and make a four at bridge."

Bill's voice took on a brittle quality. "You're staying at home," he returned curtly.

Mary swung round, looking slightly bewildered. "But why?"

"For one thing because you've been out all day; for another, because I say so."

Mary was half way to the car before the full purport of the words appeared to strike her. She turned.

"*What* did you say?"

"I said you were staying at home to-night."

Successive waves of expression between doubt and incredulity alternately clouded and brightened Mary's eyes. She came back a step or two.

"What on earth's come over you?" she inquired wonderingly.

"Only this. If I am to continue living here I intend to be something more than a butler-cum-bailiff. As your husband—although you may have forgotten that detail—my wishes should receive some consideration."

Suspicion deposed all other expressions on Mary's face.

"Have you been drinking?"

"No, but you could hardly blame me if I had."

"Then why are you behaving so foolishly?"

"I'll tell you after dinner." Bill turned to the chauffeur, who was waiting. "You can put the car away."

"Do nothing of the sort," ordered Mary crisply.

Sympathy goes most readily to its own sex. The chauffeur hesitated, obviously embarrassed. For an instant, as his eyes met those of the man, they commiserated.

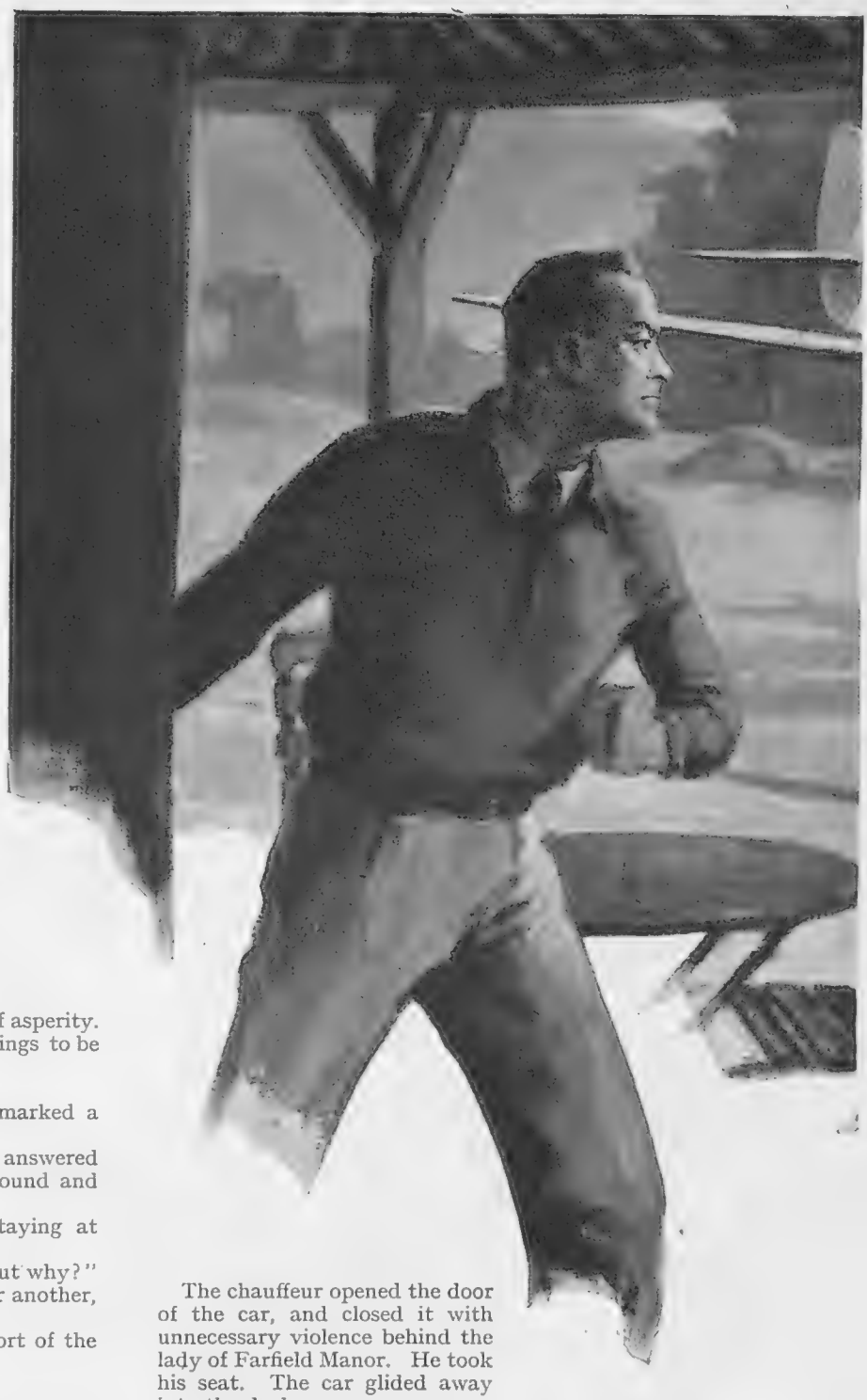
"What shall I do, sir?"

"Put the car away."

"It's my car and I employ you," Mary told the chauffeur quietly but tersely. "You can do as I tell you or you can take a week's wages and go. I can drive myself."

The chauffeur looked at his master helplessly.

"You heard what your mistress said," murmured Bill softly.



The chauffeur opened the door of the car, and closed it with unnecessary violence behind the lady of Farfield Manor. He took his seat. The car glided away into the dusk.

Bill watched it until it was lost to sight. Then, walking slowly, but with implacable deliberation, he went to his room and packed a suitcase. A few minutes later, as he went through the front door, the butler hurried after him.

"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't know you were going out. Shall I order a car?"

"No, thanks. I'll walk," returned Bill calmly.

"And what time may I say you'll be home, sir?"

"I'm not coming home," Bill said grimly, and followed the car down the drive.

WHEN he disappeared round the bend he might have walked off the earth for all that Farfield knew. The remaining days of winter dragged themselves laboriously into weeks. Spring, heedless of the vain disputes of men, went about her age-old business unconcerned, in due course handing over to summer. Autumn came again to Farfield. But not Bill Tyson.

Then, one morning, one morning in mid-September when the sun was peering mistily at a war-torn world, Mary stood at the library table more from habit than any other reason turning over the pages of *The Times*. She stopped suddenly, and swayed a little, the colour draining out of her face as she stared down at a portrait that smiled frozenly from the printed sheet. Holding the table to steady herself she waited for the caption

A STREAMING "Spitfire" dropped out of the murk that hung like bonfire smoke over Farfield, and settled on the fairway before the club house

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

to clear, and then read it slowly.

"Flying Officer (acting Flight Lieutenant) W. A. Tyson, R.A.F., who has been awarded a bar to his D.F.C. for consistent gallantry in action. This officer has shot down more than twenty enemy aircraft."

Very slowly, as if she were not sure that the chair would support her weight, Mary sat down. She read the caption again. For a long while she sat and stared at the picture, motionless, stared while the grandfather clock remorselessly ticked out new seconds of time and tossed them into eternity. At length she got up, fetched the scissors and—not without difficulty, for her fingers seemed strangely cold and lifeless—cut the picture out of the newspaper and carried it to her bedroom. She locked the door behind her.

"Oh, Bill," she choked, and then threw herself on the bed, holding the clipping against her heart so that her tears should not smear it.

She heard the lawn mower long before she was aware of it, but after a time she crossed to the window and gazed thoughtfully at the sweeping stretch of lawn that graced the pleasance below. A gardener, as much a part of the scene as the cedar at the end, was working. She called to him.

"George, have we any geraniums?"

The gardener lifted his cap and scratched his head before committing himself to a direct answer.

"Why, yes, mum, I reckon we have just a few," he answered her.

"Wait there," she ordered. "I'm coming down."

FLYING Officer Tyson hummed softly to himself as he brought his "Spitfire" back to earth. As he taxied in his flight sergeant ran out to meet him.

"Everything all right, sir?"

Bill climbed down. "She's better than she was, but she's still inclined to fly a bit left wing low."

"Leave her to me, sir." The N.C.O. beckoned to his airmen.

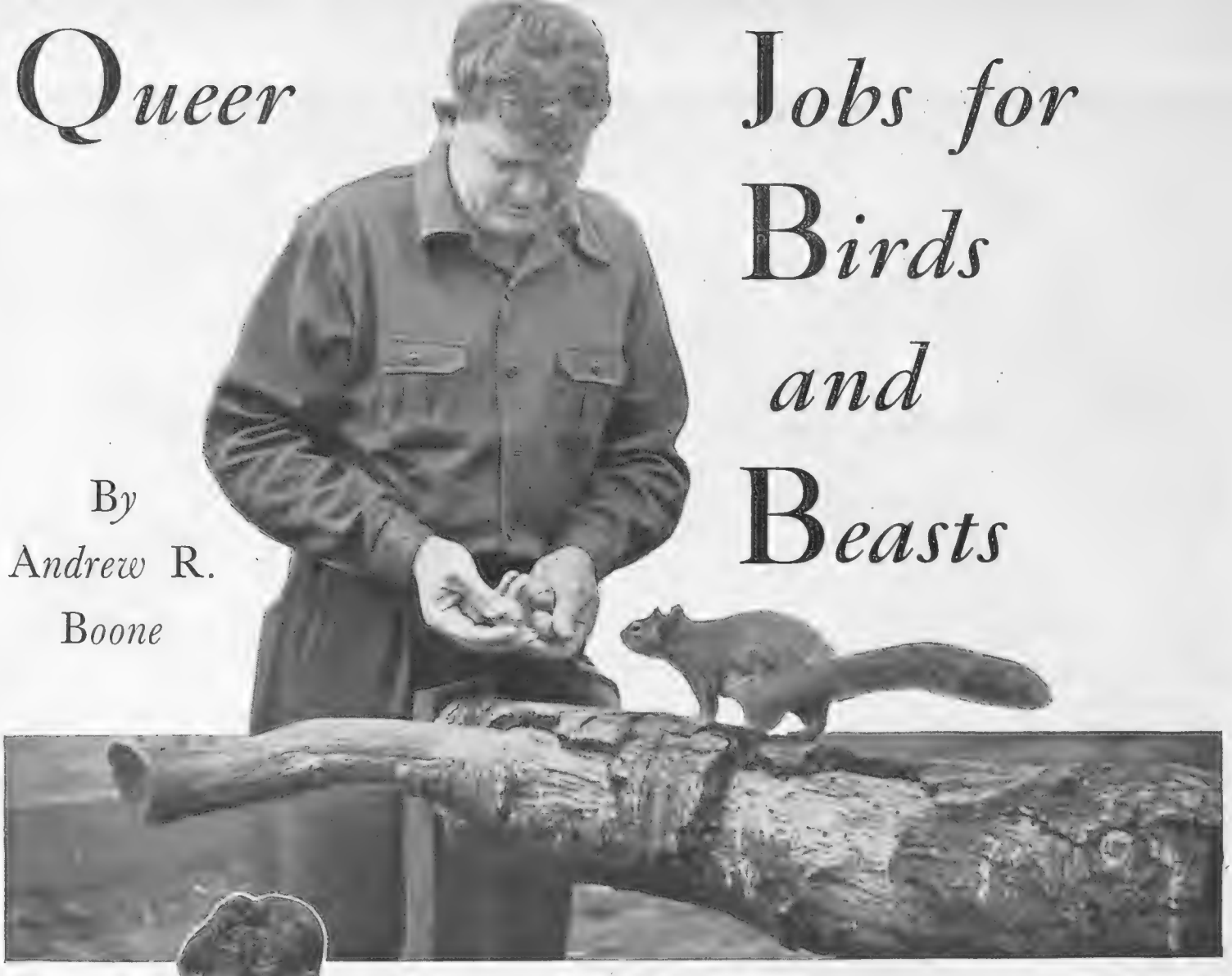
Bill walked on to station headquarters and reported to the wing commander.

"You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Yes, Tyson, take a seat. I thought you might like to know that you did an exceptionally good (*Continued on page* 68)

Queer Jobs for Birds and Beasts

By Andrew R. Boone



CURLEY TWIFORD, Hollywood animal trainer, teaching a squirrel to come when he rattles walnuts. On the movie set the squirrel leads like a dog when Twiford rattles the nuts off stage. (Left) A vulture which had to sit in a tree for several hours on the set without moving was fixed by fine wires that were carefully fastened around one of its taped legs

EACH afternoon shortly before dusk, property men in a dozen Hollywood moving picture studios grab their phones. To a score of animal trainers scattered through nearby valleys they utter strange demands.

"Squirrel to lead like a dog—stage ten at nine. One cat—must make love to an eagle. Two chimpanzees for hold-up scene. Raven, to tell a fortune. Jack rabbit, must sit up and beg for food. Fourteen vultures, eleven to sit and three to fly east on command."

For years animals have pleased theatre audiences with their antics. Many were carried through scenes at the end of invisible wires. In recent months, since the development of super-sensitive film which picks up everything within view of the cameras, they have become actors. Wires, tape and trick gadgets dare not be used in close-ups. Monkeys, rats, rabbits, even dumb cats, must learn their parts well enough to be directed by voice, motions of offstage sounds. Only in long shots, as the fourteen vultures sitting in a tree, or Admiral, the eagle, kidnapping a baby, may thin wires, harnesses and a few other props be employed.

Snoopy, diminutive California fox squirrel, tugs on a leash, exactly as a dog leads his master down the street. You witness the scene and chuckle, thinking the animal very smart. He's intelligent, all right. But Snoopy has trotted through that scene a hundred times, on the set and in a nearby wire cage. When he runs ahead, he's responding to habit and appetite. For Curley Twiford, who has stood patiently at the end of a log rattling four English walnuts until he knows Snoopy will come running, sits outside the camera's range again rattling nuts. The squirrel, kept hungry until the scene is finished, simply wants one of those juicy meats.

Trappers fan out through the desert and mountains 300 miles from Hollywood in their search for more screen players like Snoopy, because a single animal capable of producing a few laughs will fetch £20 or more a week. Importers bring in photogenic specimens from other countries. Very few win prominent roles, yet sometime during the year there will be a spot for thousands.

Following the autumn roundup, every animal gets a chance in training quarters to demonstrate his acting skill. Smart ones go before the cameras in close-up scenes, others fill in the background as extras.

When summer comes, trainers return the less intelligent to their native haunts, keeping only the more apt for year-round training.

Natural expression shots are worth their footage in gold, particularly when anger or disgust is registered. Force and restraint may not be used to arouse passions, but the ingenuity of trainers produces some startling scenes. One monkey sat on the steering wheel of a roadster making faces at the driver, not because he disliked the human actor but in response to the clowning of a comedian. An owl puffed his feathers out in rage ostensibly at a criminal, but really because an eagle, his mortal enemy, was being shoved repeatedly towards him.

Actors permit eagles to ride their arms only when assured the great birds will not clamp down their sharp talons. Admiral, whose reputation as a baby snatcher marks him one of Hollywood's most villainous villains, has not been

known even to squeeze slightly. Trickery and training have broken this powerful creature's desire to display his strength.

For two years Curley Twiford worked with Admiral. Wearing a leather guard, he first permitted the eagle to sit on his forearm. Occasionally, when excited, the bird clamped down. To release himself, Twiford would say "loosen up," and bend two toes outward, causing him to turn loose. Now, Admiral straightens his toes on command only.

NOT long ago a producer called for Admiral to pick up a baby and fly away. Twiford made special sandals for its feet, the stiff soles making it impossible for the claws to be closed. A small muzzle held the beak lightly shut. On the set, its feet tied to a harness around the baby's body, the eagle was picked up by a fine wire and swung on a boom towards a nearby hill. Instead of flying, actually Admiral rode the baby.

Admiral moved under control, but how about the three vultures who flew east? Dave Twiford, Curley's brother, had an answer for that problem. As assistants taped the legs and wired the other eleven to various branches of the ghostly tree, he carried the three in gloved hands five times from cage to tree. As he released them, each winged swiftly to safety in the cage. At last, when an actor swept his hand eastward in a gesture toward impending doom, the three vultures followed their trainer's signal and darted dramatically away to their own symbolic tryst with death.

SOME of these would-be stars develop specialities. Junior, a pint-size monkey, rides anything that comes along. As a baby, he clung tenaciously to his mother. Before he was old enough to recognise the difference, his trainer put him on the back of a dog, switching him from dog to mother several times daily. It was a simple step later to place him on a pig's back, on a fox and at last on a South American agouti, one of the largest rodents known. Monkey rides a rat, believe it or not.

While such antics please youngsters, adults appreciate an intricate performance such as Jimmy the Raven gives. He operates a typewriter with considerable skill, but his newest trick demands concentration. A director recently wanted Jimmy to hop down from his perch, select an envelope containing a secret document, return to his perch and hand it to an actress. In reheasal, his trainer "talked" him through the routine, showing him the envelope and ordering him to "bring it back." When the camera was rolling, he motioned Jimmy down with a baton, again motioning him up the short incline to his perch. The raven performed his bit like a veteran, clucking for attention with each step.

Like humans, animal actors are "typed." Wild cats are expected to play evil roles, whereas the harmless rabbit can do no harm. Rabbits, being very timid, will perform only the briefest bits; yet their short sequences evoke great sympathy. Strangely, desert Jack rabbits prove the best actors, being more tractable than domestic varieties. For five months, Curley Twiford worked with one jack, teaching him to sit on his hind quarters and beg for food. First holding him upright with a cord, later he was able to balance the shy animal with one hand. Finally, Brer Rabbit took the sitting position when a carrot was dangled over his head from a fishing line, holding the pose long enough for a fleeting glimpse on the screen.

Take your choice, no matter how common or rare the creature, and some Hollywood collector will produce same. One director called for 200 seagulls (*Continued on page 77*)

JIMMY, the raven, practises his film act by taking envelopes containing a fortune from a rack, under his trainer's tutelage. (Right). Curley Twiford fitting harness to Admiral, an American eagle, for use in a scene in which the bird carries off a baby. (Below) Dave Twiford with a quartet of his acting stars. The animal in his right hand is a South American agouti, and is one of the largest rodents known

Some People Have a Good Memory for Faces but Berwick Could Never Forget Such a Beautiful Dog

Two And

JOHN BERWICK took a last look round the kennels before dropping down to the "White Lion" for a drink. All the dogs were drowsy after a long day's work and a good evening feed, but he was behindhand in his schedule owing to that cursed bout of 'flu.

He spoke a word as he looked into the kennel and each dog swept the floor with a plumy tail. They were all doing well, he thought, but he wished that he were training them for any other rôle than that of war dogs.

The War Office had picked the right man for he had bred and lived with dogs all his life. He had acted as judge from New York City to Oslo, and he knew the haunts of the dog-copers in the back streets of many a foreign town. In the end, although he was fond of all breeds it was the Alsatian to whom he gave his heart, because of the dog's loyalty and brilliant brain.

In the last war he grew to dread the sight of a dark shadow against the snow, ears pricked and foot uplifted as the dog scented the enemy. He could never bring himself to shoot and made excuse that it gave away the position of the British patrol. Now he was training these dogs to perform the same duty and to give their lives as a sacrifice to man's madness.

He shrugged his shoulders and pushed away the thought. He was doing the job for which he was most fitted, and that was all any man could do. He thought of Schleicher and Klein and a host of others who had taught him much of what he knew. Oh, well!

There was a bright moon and the hill down to the "White Lion" was slippery with frost. A good night for raiders unless it were too cold. But the Germans had a better de-icing device than the British. He'd been on the track of that device in one of his slouches round the Continent, but he'd just failed to make contact.

BERWICK finished his drink and moved towards the dart board, and it was then that he saw the dog

The "White Lion" was a dark mass against the starry sky with no welcoming orange windows to guide wayfarers. John Berwick slipped through the carefully shaded door with a sigh of relief for the warmth of the atmosphere. The saloon bar was not very full, but there were one or two people playing darts. It was more for the game than for drink that he came down every evening.

One or two men called greetings.

"You better, Berwick? Glad to see you out again. Lost any windows last week?"

Berwick shook his head. "No, but I was feeling so b—y, that I shouldn't have cared what happened, except for the dogs. The 'drome got pretty well messed up, I hear."

"Uh-huh. Poor young Sanders got it. He was outside one of the hangars when a bomb hit it."

"Bad luck." Berwick's voice was depressed, for every one had liked Sanders. "Funny that they spotted it at last. They must have found out that Porson's poultry farm wasn't a barracks after all."

"Yes, and after he'd left the place and they'd fitted it out with more dummy coops and all."

There was a general laugh for the Jerries had been plastering Porson's hen coops for weeks past, under the impression that it was some sort of dump. It had served the purpose of diverting suspicion from a small and very hush-hush 'drome in the neighbourhood, where experiments took place.

Berwick finished his drink and moved towards the dart board, and it was then that he saw the dog. She came into the room with the woman, and for a moment he was certain that he had seen them before. Then he corrected himself. He had seen the woman somewhere with a dog, but not this one, for he would never have forgotten her.

A trainer of army dogs he could not afford to consider looks, but something as perfect as this animal meant as much to him as a Cézanne to a collector of pictures. She was one harmonious line from her pricked ears to the graceful curve of her tail, and her copper-gold colouring was a joy.

A Dog

By R. Jackson

She followed her mistress looking neither to right nor left. Berwick heaved a sigh of envy. The woman went to a corner table and sat down and the dog slid beneath and remained absolutely quiet.

Berwick turned to the dart board and said below his breath to one of the men, "Where does she come from?"

"Bombed out of London, I think," he answered. "She's a good-looker, isn't she?"

"Pretty nearly perfect," Berwick sighed. "Look at the lights in that copper coat."

Dawkins laughed. "Oh, you're talking about the dog—might have guessed as much. Don't you admire the lady?"

"Too dark for me, though I can see some people might go crackers over her. I can't think where I've seen her before. I never forget a face, yet I can't place her. Do you know her?"

"Yes, just a bit. She must have arrived the day you got 'flu, about ten days ago. She's not as exciting as she looks. She goes for long walks with the dogs and disappears to bed early. Want to meet her?"

John Berwick nodded. He didn't care if he met the woman or not, but he just had to meet the dog.

Dawkins walked over to the table, followed by Berwick.

"Miss Tremayne, may I introduce Major Berwick. He's mad about Alsatians and trains 'em for the army. What'll you both have to drink?"

"Do sit down," Sonia Tremayne said. "I'm glad you like Alsatians. Most people are afraid of them. Susie's quite gentle, but even so I had some difficulty in persuading Mrs. Mercer to let me have her. I suppose that a visitor in these times is rather a godsend, otherwise I think she'd have refused us hospitality. I had to leave London because my flat was bombed."

"Bad luck," Berwick said, sympathetically. "But this isn't a very peaceful spot now Jerry's discovered the hidden aerodrome."

(*Continued on page* 56)

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Noel Thompson*

COMING events cast their shadows before. But how far before? I have just been reading three books about France. How much shadow did the events described cast? When the events happen don't we read them backward? Take "Summer 1914" (John Lane The Bodley Head, 25s.). This is a Nobel Prize Winner by Roger Martin du Gard and runs to over 1,000 pages. For most of the book it tells of Jacques Thibault, who is a socialist. Woven through the book is a love story and his dealings with his non-politically minded doctor brother Antoine, but all the time there is talk about the new world which is coming. There is endless talk among the socialist hub of all nations at Geneva, arguments, theories, when the world was apparently blind. And then as war looms the socialists break up to fight for their own countries against fellow socialists. All their planning has not been international, it has been only national. But can they use the war? Only two remain practical, and they die in the attempt. This is a brilliantly studied and written book, a book to read by the hour as those fatal days roll on. A book which is always echoing now, and trying to show a lesson.

Three Thr-r-r-illers

I GIVE full marks to H. B. Saxe. He has taken an Edgar Wallace style of plot, the Damon Runyan present tense, and a nice selection of slang and called it "The Ghost Knows His Greengages" (Constable, 7s. 6d.). The result is as good and as funny a thriller as you can want, set in the familiar West End of London with a Moat House with underground dungeon for variety. The ghost is a good character and I hope we are going to see more of him, as well as of Sammy the scribe who packs a punch, and the infallible Mulligan, the Chinese butler. There are plenty of tough eggs just waiting on every page for a rough house and it jerks things up to get a bit of American blood taking control of one particular racket in London. This book cheered me up a lot.

There are two new "who-dun-its" I can recommend this month as well. Ngaio Marsh has written her best yet in "Surfeit of Lampreys" (Collins, 8s. 6d.). This is not a glut of that slimy fish of which a certain member of the royal family is supposed to have taken an overdose, but a happy-go-lucky and charming family suffering from periodic financial crises. It appears that relief can only be found through the assistance of a nasty and miserly uncle, but he refuses and three minutes later is found dead by his wife in the lift outside their smart London flat with a particularly villainous skewer through his eye. Feckless the family may be but murderers, no, and yet that skewer has just been used in a charade and there is no one else except an old and deaf aunt and nanny and the servants. It is a nice situation and very well handled. The questioning of the eleven-year-old boy by the famous detective is masterly. This is as good as any you will find.

"Ten Star Clues" (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.) by E. R. Punshon is another Bobby Owen story and the detective gets his unexpected man in a good climax. Here the question is who shot the Earl of Wych, who has just welcomed into the family a long lost heir, and why. At first glance only one man has a good reason, but as by a series of interviews the dovetailing evidence emerges the list grows until there are ten who might be suspected. It is the very simplicity of this story which proves its fascination. Science does not come into it except the exact science of question and answer and I feel that perhaps I was stupid not to use my ten star clues more cleverly.

PATRIOTISM triumphed over internationalism. "The Friends of the People" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) tells the story of the barricades and the communes. Alfred Neumann writes of Paris in 1870 and 1871 when the previous war was raging. He writes of the people of Paris and of France, of their efforts to build a government, and he shows their weak points as well as their strong. There is not much descriptive of the suffering of the siege, it is far more of the politics behind it all. He brings in the real people, Gambetta, Rochefort, Clemenceau, and through it all runs his lovely Leonie, the heart of France. Rochefort says there is only one rhyme to France, and that is *souffrance*. It takes a woman to point out there is also *espérance* (hope) and this is the link between these two books.

STILL farther back into French history, when the shadows were starting to gather and Marie Antoinette was in danger. Evan John is a serving soldier, but I am glad it has not prevented him from finishing "Kings' Masque" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), which he has dedicated simply "To France." This is a first-class historical novel in which, thank heaven, the characters talk sense, or as near sense as they would to-day. It (*Continued on page* 58)

Old Tales Re-told

The Black Prince and the Fair Maid of Kent

Written and Illustrated

By F. Matania, R.I.

Joan of Kent, as she was called, was the daughter of that ill-starred Earl of Kent, and became a ward of Queen Philippa

Prince Edward was two years younger than Joan, and they shared the same nursery

THERE are certain women whose experience of life has taught them that athletes and famous soldiers usually make very poor lovers.

However, in spite of this, it is a fact that virile beauty and physical strength never fail to attract the fair sex—even when the intellectual level of the latter is very high.

Exceptions like Mark Antony and Charlemagne have been few and far between. In fact, since the decline of pagan influence there have been scarcely any great heroes of battle who loved on the scale of Achilles, Paris, or Agamemnon.

Following their careers, we see them becoming, one by one, so engrossed in their bellicose tasks that they neglected the opposite sex almost entirely.

Again and again we are confronted by examples of men who, in the face of terrifying emergencies, were able to keep a cool head and take intelligent charge of the situation; and who yet, when brought up against the subtlety of a woman, proved as naïve and helpless as children.

One such as this is the subject of our story. His name, a famous one, and his exploits sufficient to fill many pages in the history of the fourteenth century, is none other than Edward, the Black Prince, Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall and Prince of Wales. Worthy son of a great father, King Edward III.

In his stalwart frame he combined all the great qualities of the Plantagenets, and repeatedly performed deeds that required the courage of a lion.

In fact, he was endowed with so much bravery that if he had employed a little of it in speaking openly to the woman he loved, he would have avoided a great deal of unnecessary delay in realising the love-dream of his life, which was possession of that famous beauty whose fame spread over all England and the Continent—the Fair Maid of Kent.

It was in Normandy, when fifteen years old, that the Black Prince had his first experience of war

It did not help matters that when children they had been brought up under the same roof and under the same supervision, namely, that of Queen Philippa.

This constant proximity had created in them a feeling of companionship that made them seem more like brother and sister, and kept dormant all other emotions or inclinations. They were cousins. Joan of Kent, as

By dint of using both physical strength and verbal authority, Sir John Chandos and Sir Ralph Basset rescued the beautiful daughters of the Lord of Poix from the brutal soldiers and led them into the presence of King Edward

she was called, was the daughter of that ill-starred Earl of Kent, the younger brother of Edward II.

At the age of two, Joan became a ward of Queen Philippa; and in the same year the Queen gave birth to Prince Edward.

The two babes occupied the same nursery, and were only parted by the divergent directions of their respective educations.

THIS period was the glorious age of chivalry, when every man's reputation depended upon his prowess with sword and lance.

Knights were trained from boyhood in tilting and jousting and, when later they took their places on the battlefield, they fought grandly at the head of their men.

Nothing had been spared in Prince Edward's preparation for his destiny; and he showed early promise of a high sense of honour and responsibility which made him a worthy scion of the noble race he represented.

The epoch was packed with important events. Edward III. claimed the throne of France and had invaded French soil and inflicted a crushing defeat on the more numerous but badly led army of King Philip.

From the pages of history we get a clear picture of the rival kings, Edward always in the thickest of the mêlée on land or sea, alternately commanding as admiral and generalissimo—and Philip, a pitiful figure, putting his trust in useless alliances, and falling into terrible fits of fury and chagrin that were almost epileptic.

News of his defeat by sea also—the first naval battle ever to be directed by an English king in person—reached King Philip in an unusual way. No one had the courage to break the news to him at first, and for some time he was the only one at court who did not yet know how the French fleet had been entirely captured or destroyed by the British. Finally, the court jester was made to undertake the risky task of acquainting the monarch with the disaster.

Running into the King's presence he exclaimed: "Oh, the English cowards, the dastards, the faint-hearted British!"

"Why call you them cowards, sir fool?" demanded the King.

"Because they dared not leap out of their ships so gallantly as our valiant men of France have done at Sluys!" replied the jester. . . .

AT the siege of Tournay, King Edward dispatched heralds to King Philip at Arras bearing a challenge to mortal combat, with the crown of France as prize.

It was at this time that the fifteen-year-old prince had landed in France to take his place beside his father and receive from him the golden spurs of chivalry—a supreme honour which marked his acknowledgment as a born leader of men. Secretly he must have regretted that

the ceremony could not have taken place in the presence of his cousin Joan, who had lately grown so very beautiful.

Nothing could have been more inspiring or impressive to the imagination of the young Prince Edward than to see his father offering to fight single-handed, and thus conserve all his forces, to achieve his ambition—the domination of France.

But the challenge was not accepted. Philip sent back a long and logical reply which, summed up in a few words, amounted to this; that he was not going to hazard that which he already possessed; and that, whatever might have been the outcome of a duel between two kings, it would not prevent their two armies from entering the field just the same.

IT was here, in Normandy, the boy had his first experiences of war. Here he received his first impressions of the real thing—so different from the comparative child's play of the tournament. He saw bloodshed, burning and rapine. He watched civilians of both sexes and all ages involved in sanguinary slaughter. He beheld the devastation wrought upon a hitherto peaceful and prosperous countryside by hordes of soldiery. And, seeing, he hardened his young heart, feeling that conquests could not be achieved by any other means.

At Caen, when King Edward forced his way into the barricaded town, the death-roll among non-combatants was terrific. The rough soldier of the Middle Ages was not affected by considerations of humanity. He was paid to kill, to pursue the fleeing foe, and to loot the vanquished towns.

The victory of the British was complete, and the plunder brought aboard their vessels was so immense that it paid for the entire expedition.

It must have made a glorious sight for the Queen and the other court ladies at home—being fortunately the only side they ever saw of the sanguinary affair. Though, in all fairness, it must be admitted that the war brought to light many chivalrous and noble deeds.

For example, the English army at Poix had encountered little or no resistance, and the town was almost deserted. Two castles which constituted the main bastions of the town were forced and entered by the invaders. In one of them were found the beautiful daughters of the Lord of Poix who was absent at the time, fighting for King Philip.

As soon as the soldiers saw the unprotected girls, they rushed at them like a pack of hungry wolves, but before the maidens fell a prey to their brutal lust, two knights forced their way through the mob of armed men.

Their shields and surcoats revealed them to be Sir John Chandos and Sir Ralph Basset.

By dint of using both physical strength and verbal authority they freed the terrified girls and brought them into the presence of King Edward.

The rescued maidens, their tender limbs bruised by violent contact with steel armour and rough hands, met with the most courteous reception. The King bade them forget their unpleasant

Persisting in his refusal to marry, the Black Prince turned all his attention to affairs of State, which included the capture of the King of France and his son on the field of Poitiers, and returning to England with the royal prisoners

experience and to bear no grudge against the offenders, promising to provide them with an escort so that they might roam abroad wherever they wished.

Regrettably, this romantic episode was followed soon afterwards by a most ghastly epilogue.

The inhabitants of Poix had agreed to pay a ransom for their freedom after the British left the town. Instead of keeping their word, they sent back the King's emissaries empty-handed. A detachment of the army then came back for their revenge, and soon all that was left of Poix was blood and ashes.

So began the glorious sequence of exploits that culminated in the conquest of France. They are well known to most. What is less well known, however, is the story of the Black Prince's secret adoration of Joan of Kent. Not even his father had the faintest inkling of it. It was the King who, in hopes of gaining a powerful ally, proposed a match between his son and the daughter of the Duke of Brabant. However, in view of the fact that there existed a third degree of consanguinity between the young people, special dispensation from the Pope had to be obtained.

Providence must have heard the prayers of the Black Prince, for the Pope refused to grant his consent, and the affair died a natural death.

In London meanwhile, Joan of Kent had taken her place at court. She attracted so much attention by her beauty that she was besieged by suitors, all of them eager for her favours.

Eventually Queen Philippa took a hand in selecting a suitable husband for her beloved ward. The fortunate man happened to be serving at this time in France with the Black Prince. His name was William de Montague, Earl of Salisbury.

Matchmaking negotiations went on for some time, and the prospective bridegroom became impatient to return to England, but great events were impending, and it was impossible for him to leave. Prince Edward held the supreme command, being then seventeen years old. His was the responsibility of directing the Battle of Cressy, so none of his knights could leave the field until the battle was fought and won.

This famous battle has been described in detail by chroniclers of the time. The Black Prince fought magnificently against heavy odds; and despite a series of grim vicissitudes, won a brilliant victory.

While the universal rejoicings were still going on, William de Montague slipped quietly back to England. There he found that Joan of Kent objected to the impending marriage. She refused, however, to give any specific reason. Therefore the wedding went forward as arranged.

The Black Prince was ignorant of it, also of the circumstances under which it took place. He must have been somewhat puzzled by Joan's absence from the train of court ladies whom Queen Philippa brought with her to France. (That visit was marked by the Queen's dramatic and successful intervention on behalf of the Burghers of Calais, who had offered themselves as hostages for the safety of the town.) Prince Edward was thus denied the happiness of a meeting with Joan, now that he was the renowned victor of Cressy.

For a while they remained silent and breathless, facing each other. Then, very slowly, the Black Prince declared, "I swear to God that never any other woman but yourself shall have me"

In memory of that historic day he adopted for his armorial device the three ostrich feathers from the helmet of the vanquished King of Bohemia; which have been the crest of the Princes of Wales right up to the present day.

In London Joan of Kent had been obliged to go through with her wedding to William de Montague. But before any actual union could take place, she confessed—amid general consternation—that she was already married to Thomas Holland, known as Thomas of the Blind Eye.

This man had been Steward of the Household to William de Montague, and was now fighting in Prussia.

When news of these events reached him, he returned to make a strong protest, claiming his rights as Joan's lawful husband. His claim was disputed, even when cohabitation had been proved and the whole problem had to be submitted to the decision of the Pope.

Joan's loyalty was all for Thomas Holland, who was high in the esteem of King Edward because of his qualities as a knight and a soldier.

Such was the dilemma that awaited the royal family when they returned to court in August of the year 1347. The King reprimanded everyone connected with the affair—but he did not seem as furious as might have been expected. The Black (*Continued on p. 62*)

NEARING the end of another safe voyage. A British convoy passes up the Channel en route for home ports, under the ever watchful eyes and guns of a patrolling British warship

Commodore of Convoys

His Work and Duties Explained

IN many ways my job in this war is more interesting and exciting than in the last, when I commanded a flotilla-leader. It is my task to pilot the invaluable merchant convoys to their desired havens from their sailing ports; and every fathom of the way is sprinkled with risks, for the Huns count our Merchant Navy their most formidable adversary: they are out to scupper it to the last keel, so that a famine-ridden Britain will abjectly sue for peace.

If I've estimated the Merchant Navy rightly snow will be falling in Hades before that surrender comes!

Maybe, in actual service days, I, like many a navy officer, was prone to look down a bit on the Red Ensign crowd. Never again—and I apologise for any sins of the past herewith. These stalwart sons of salt water dare at least as much as the navy dares, for longer periods at a stretch, under worse conditions: and they are not equipped to hit back—no matter what punishment comes their way. I stand at the salute whenever the Red Ensign flutters to the peak: it is a bonny bit of bunting; and if it is stained and torn and grimed with salt and smoke, they are very honourable scars.

Serving as commodore brings me into intimate touch with every type of merchant seaman, I sail in every kind of ship, from a grimy, wallowing collier, laden scupper-deep, to the lordly liner: where the royal suite is at my dispoal—if I ever have time to use it!

I differ from the senior naval officer of the escort. We work hand in glove; but he is the tactical man; I'm more or less a strategist. He guards the convoy:

THE captain and first mate of one of the convoy ships discuss their sealed orders as the vessel puts to sea again

BRITAIN'S world-wide trade is being carried on by some 4,000 vessels, 2,500 of which are constantly at sea. Way out in the North Atlantic an Ulster Squadron of the Royal Air Force Coastal Command keep a watchful eye on a convoy

dictating orders as to its dispositions and movements if emergency arises—as usually happens. He more or less empowers each of his warships, from trawlers to destroyers or cruisers, to act as circumstances dictate. Sea-fighting today is so sudden, it starts with such lightning-like swiftness, that often enough a grave emergency arises too quickly for senior advice to be asked—the warship concerned must take instant precautionary measures—either against E-boats, U-boats or bombers.

So are the ships of the convoy empowered to act independently, in crisis.

If a merchantman sees a dive-bomber coming at him at three-hundred miles per hour he doesn't flagwag me, as commodore, for permission to take evasive action or to open fire on the attacker. He obeys the dictates of common sense, and the captain is usually full of that desirable quality. If sliding out of position evades a torpedo, he slides; if he thinks his ack-ack gun can check the dive-bomber, he (*Continued on page 77*)

Anne Furbishes

A Past Revealed May

ANNE put down the baby's bottle, then, having patted his back and got up a wind, wrapped him warmly in a fleecy white shawl and laid him down in his cradle.

"He's so good," she said over her shoulder, "he will sleep the whole afternoon now. He will be no trouble to either of us."

She looked very pretty bending over the crib and for the hundredth time Iris March thought that Anne Danvers did not look her age.

"There!" Anne ejaculated, giving the blankets a final pat and pushing the crib a little farther away, so that their talk should not disturb the sleeping child. She came back to the fireplace and, seating herself in a deep comfortable armchair, put up her feet. "Now tell me everything," she said, turning to Iris with a graceful little gesture of relaxation. "I want to hear all your news."

But Iris did not answer her immediately. Instead she sat looking at Anne, noting that while her face was still young and unlined at thirty-five, her nails were unmanicured, that her hair owed nothing to the hairdresser's art and her tweeds were at least three years old.

"Tell me, Anne," she said at length in her deep sympathetic voice, "are you completely happy? Do your children fill your life?"

Anne nodded.

"My children and Tony. Why should I want anything else?"

Iris hesitated for a moment.

"Tony is essential, I suppose?" she asked.

Anne sat up in her chair and looked severely at her best friend.

"What are you driving at?" she asked. "Come out with it—it is no use beating about the bush. You have no more idea of deception than one of the children. You had better tell me the truth and get it over."

Iris's eyes fell before Anne's.

"I wonder if it is better that way," she murmured to herself.

"Tell me," Anne insisted, "you have come here to tell me something and I might as well hear it."

"Very well," Iris replied firmly. "I will tell you, not because I like scandalmongering or because I want to cause trouble, but because I love you, Anne Danvers, and because I think you are making a fool of yourself."

"A fool of myself?" Anne repeated slowly.

Iris nodded her head, then proceeded: "How much time do you give your husband nowadays?" she asked.

"All of it," Anne replied, "—that isn't occupied by the children."

"That is just it," Iris retorted. "How much time does that leave over? How much time have you, for instance, for making yourself beautiful, for reading, for interesting conversation, for learning—few of us are so old that we haven't got more to learn?"

"What is all this lecture leading to?" Anne asked in her straightforward manner.

"If you want to know," Iris replied,

"to the security of your marriage—yours and Tony's."

There was a long pause, then Anne in a steady voice said:

"You think it is threatened then?"

"I am quite certain of it," Iris replied.

"By Thelma Grantham," Anne said, stating a fact rather than asking a question, with conviction in her voice!

"Exactly," Iris answered, "and she is not even pretty, she is not really attractive. Oh Anne, how could you be such a fool?"

"But she has brains."

"She has what is much more important," Iris said, "the art of convincing a man that she has them and uses them. Oh, she is clever, Anne, far cleverer than you have ever tried to be."

"So you think she has got my Tony?" Anne asked.

"Listen," Iris said, hitching her chair a little closer to the fire. "Thelma Grantham has worked for Tony now since the war began. She has made herself very efficient and indispensable to him. I knew of course, as every one in the place knows, that they lunch together and that he fetches her from her home in the mornings and takes her back at night. Knowing you, I thought there was nothing in (*Continued on page 72*)

up Her Brain

Sometimes Save the Future

By Barbara Cartland

SHE is attractive, Anne thought, and looked up to find Thelma's eyes fixed attentively on her

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

The Land of

Some little known facts about
now destined, as a result of the
become once again an

By Harold

AS a result of the revolt in Abyssinia it looks as if this ancient African kingdom will, with British help, be able to throw off the Italian yoke and once again regain its freedom. Ethiopia, or Abyssinia as it is more generally called, is Africa's oldest empire. Her history is an ancient story ranging over thousands of years.

On one occasion, Haile Selassie who, though driven from his throne by the Italians has never dropped his title of Emperor of Ethiopia, prepared for a friend of mine a list of her rulers. It contained the names of 312 sovereigns and extended back over 6,300 years, to 4530 B.C., or the ninety-seventh year of the creation of the world, according to Abyssinian computation. Included in this list were Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, from whose son, Menelik, the ruling house claim direct descent, which would give them a pedigree of the somewhat unusual length of 3,000 years.

Italy had great hopes of doing wonders with Abyssinia. It was to be the jewel of her African possessions. Here was a country 350,000 square miles in area, four times as large as Great Britain, inhabited by some ten to eleven million people possessing great potential wealth. But her people were very backward. Their civilisation was that of the Middle Ages. They tilled the soil with the same ancient implements that their forefathers used two thousand years ago. They knew nothing about modern machinery and modern methods. This was mainly due to the exclusive conservative character of her rulers and governing classes and the country's isolated position. She is shut off from the rest of the world by towering mountains and barren deserts—"the world forgetting by the world forgot." As a result the mentality of her people and the condition of most of the country have remained virtually unchanged for centuries.

Fertile, well-watered, and possessing a genial climate she grows coffee, sugar-

1. **A congregation gathered outside a church in Abyssinia. These churches are circular in design to avoid the devil hiding in corners.**
2. **A portrait of Emperor Haile Selassie, taken when he was Ras Taffari Makonnen, and then ruled the country jointly with his cousin Waizeru Zauditu.**
3. **H.I.M. Waizeru Zauditu, Empress of Abyssinia, wearing her royal robes. She died in 1930.**

the Ethiopian

Abyssinia, Africa's oldest empire, present conflict against Italy, to independent kingdom

J. Shepstone

4. A governor of a province in Abssyinia with some of his followers.

5. Abyssinian chiefs riding. Note their semi-ceremonial black silk cloaks and the big toe only in the stirrup.

6. A silversmith in Addis Ababa at work on decorative mule trappings.

7. A gebbur or raw meat banquet.

8. Spinning raw cotton by hand.

9. Arussi Galla children.

cane, tobacco, wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and all kinds of fruit including wild oranges. In the highlands, fine breeds of horses, mules and cattle are raised. Then the country is rich in certain minerals—iron ore, mica, platinum, salt, saltpetre, and sulphur. Gold is washed in certain of its streams, and geologists declare there are indications of oil in its rocks.

Surrounding territories were being rapidly opened up and Abyssinia could not stand still. Italy desired to construct railways. British engineers had gone to Lake Tasa, the source of the Blue Nile, and were anxious to build a dam to harness the waters for the more efficient irrigation of the cotton fields of the Sudan and Egypt. European and American geologists were prospecting the mountains for minerals and oil. Not least, the outside world looked askance at slavery and both the Sudan and Kenya Colony were continually complaining of the raids by roving bands of Abyssinians over their borders carrying off cattle, produce, ivory and more rarely slaves. Kenya was spending £40,000 a year in policing her Abyssinian frontier and the Sudan more than double this sum.

No one recognised the backwardness of his country and the need of reforms more than Haile Selassie. He became Prince Regent in 1916, and for several years ruled the country with his cousin the Empress Zauditu (Judith), a daughter of King Menelik. She died in 1930, and two years later, Haile Selassie was crowned Emperor of Ethiopia. Not only is he an educated man, but he has proved himself to be a far-seeing statesman as well. He received his education at a French mission school, speaks French fluently, and since his sojourn in this country has picked up the English language.

At the suggestion of Italy, Abyssinia was made a member of the League of Nations. Great Britain opposed it on the plea that the (*Continued on page* 54)

Making Separation Allowance

At one time the average mother, asked to face indefinite separation from her children in time of danger, would probably have told you it was impossible.

It is one of the impressive facts of life that we endure the unendurable and, stranger still, when the ordeal is past, discover that even suffering has its compensations.

In this case the compensations are hard to realise, but they do exist. Children are benefiting from the change to country life, being resilient little animals, many of them have recovered in some part from the shock of separation, and in many cases are enjoying new contacts that will benefit them in after life.

Mother

But there are many problems for the mother still to solve. One of them is that of handing over control to another source, of relinquishing that loving personal guidance which is so precious and so telling, because this must be done to some extent. Cross currents of authority may have a dangerous effect, and it seems wiser in the interests of all parties that the handing over should be fairly complete.

Every mother who has sent her child to a home where it was genuinely wanted will feel the wisdom and the justice of giving the temporary mother the privilege of using her own methods and her own judgment in the matters of routine and authority. If she is a considerate and a wise woman she will adapt herself as much as possible to the habits and the methods to which the child has been accustomed. But there must be "give and take." In this sense the mother must make a further sacrifice of personal authority in the interests of all.

Visiting is quite a delicate point. To decide first between seeing the child often and, in doing so, to risk the danger of homesickness, or second, of seeing him o her less frequently at the risk of estrangement is o easy.

There is, of course, more than one side to this problem. Three people have to be considered. The guardian, the child and yourself.

So far as the child is concerned it is doubtful if there is any real fear of waning affection for the parents through separation. Blood is thicker than water, and there is every reason to rejoice when the little absentee seems happy, and no reason to fear that contentment is significant of cooling love.

It is easy for parents to assume that the home which offers hospitality to the child is equally ready at all times to accept the parents, but foster parents are deserving of consideration in this regard. It may be inconvenient to accommodate one or two more people at frequent intervals. People in whom, perhaps, they have no personal interest. Cheerful acceptance of this fact seems to involve the mother in yet another sacrifice, but she will remember that the foster mother's sacrifices are far from inconsiderable.

On the whole it is more tactful, when possible, for visiting parents to accommodate themselves near by.

Circumstances alter every case, but a good deal of misunderstanding can be avoided if the intricacies of visiting are faced at the start and solved before they occur.

Tact is the leavening influence that makes for cordiality between the foster parents and the real. Tact will smooth away difficulties like magic.

If, for instance, your child's guardian has decided to do her hair in a new way you may naturally feel a little piqued. We are all possessive. Mothers more than others. But the matter, if you look at it squarely, is too trifling to justify comment. To be offended is silly. To take pride in the knowledge that the other woman is interested in your little one is wiser and more tactful.

The same goes for clothes. Sensible people will have reached a workable understanding at the start about these matters, but if the understanding breaks down and you find your small boy arrayed in velvet when velvet is your *bête noire*, try to restrain your indignation. It really isn't an important issue in a world of gigantic problems.

Letters are things to ponder over. You may be worrying terribly about his behaviour, his health, his food, his school, but it would be better to omit these anxieties from your letters. Children, like many grown-ups, respond well to the knowledge that they bear responsibility. If in the years under your care you have done your job well, they will carry the responsibilities of separation with credit to themselves and you. Be fair to them. Let them stand alone. They and you and their foster mother will be the happier for the compliment.

On the subject of evacuated children there are two distinct points of view, that of the woman who has sent her child to safety and of the one who has taken it under her protection. This discussion endeavours to throw some light upon the responsibilities of both

Foster Mother

To many people the chance of opening their hearts and the safety of their homes to the little ones whom war has torn from their parents' side has been a great joy. To some homes they have brought a new conception of happiness and companionship. To most they have brought problems of one size or another.

To women accustomed to their own children between whom and themselves there is the familiar understanding of long association besides the ties of love, the little newcomers have sometimes proved an unexpected conundrum.

We are accustomed—even parents—to regard children as simple little people whose most serious requirements are met by food and warmth and the right degree of correction. It has been a surprise to discover that there is a great deal more in it than this.

Symptoms of unhappiness in a child for whom one has done one's best are very disconcerting. Yet many conscientious women are finding them. Some may not even realise that naughtiness, hysteria, even physical symptoms can be the result of a serious mental disturbance.

A thing to bear in mind is that children are inarticulate when the need for expressing their feelings arises. They may be unhappy, or merely uneasy for a variety of causes and will not say so. They may not realise the cause of their restlessness, and it is only through sympathy and tolerance and patience that one can get to the root of it.

All who have children under their care should remind themselves that the influence of love and tenderness is greater than all and that love is the hardest thing to give however conscientiously duty is served. Many little ones who are enjoying the best in the way of comfort and physical protection are missing the vital essence of a child's existence which is tenderness and affection.

There is so much need for tolerance and even for self-discipline in the situation which arises when one woman finds herself with another woman's children under her care that it is surprising that things so often work as happily as they do. Think of the pitfalls which yawn before the guardian of an evacuee.

First she must endeavour to fit them into the household with her own children without favour. If they are better looking than her own children she must swallow the pill with grace. If they are not so handsome she must restrain her natural impulse to preen herself on this score.

Always she must curb her own inclination to follow methods which make a personal appeal rather than to carry out as faithfully as possible the routine and the customs to which the little one has been used.

If the child is naughty she must try not to give way to the conviction that it is incorrigible. If it yearns for its home in spite of all she can do, she must swallow her suspicions that her time and efforts are wasted.

No, it is not an easy life.

She has her own ideas of child upbringing. Whatever they are they will almost certainly be different in many respects from the mothers, and there lies the need for tolerance and adaptability.

Any woman, especially a mother who sincerely places herself in the other woman's shoes, will understand and make allowances for the anxieties real and fancied which separation must bring. Instead of being impatient she will sympathise. This will almost certainly involve her in little personal sacrifices but if she really sympathises with the absent mother she cannot avoid them.

Important, too, is that the temporary mother should remember she does not own the child. Reasonable parents will concede that guardianship carries with it certain undeniable privileges such as that of correction and the right to follow a routine most easily adapted to convenience, but beyond that the parents have every right to be consulted.

There are many gracious little compliments with which the temporary mother can smooth the rough edges of separation. These are to consult the mother when any really important changes in connexion with food, with clothing, with school or general welfare are concerned.

Guardianship is a very complex task. It may seem an easy thing to take a little child into your home, but it proves more difficult in reality and a severe test of tolerance, loyalty and compassion. If the reward seems small, ask yourself if any sacrifice is too great to make in acknowledgment of your own deliverance from the agony of separation.

Strange that at a moment when the world is bursting into song, we should feel so off-colour. Lack of vitamins C and D, that's the root of the trouble. January and February have deprived us of these sunshine vitamins, when along comes March with stronger light and longer days to show up our stark need of them.

There are hollows under our eyes, or blue lines between nose and mouth, a decavitated, unsubstantial look generally with a colourless skin as though we were recovering from a severe illness. Or else, we just look sallow, thick and winter-grimed, stagnant. Either way, we long to be rid of our faces. We look worse than we feel. Presently we'll be feeling worse than we look, as a sense of lassitude increases. It's ridiculous. The only way to guard against this yearly knock-out is to prepare for and against it, to out-burgeon the sun, in a word to turn the tables against spring by springing before it.

Diet, exercise, and a deliberate freshening twist to your appearance, is the way to it.

Diet: Your meals should include foods that are cleansing, balancing, restoring, stimulating. These will nourish you if you are under-weight, rationalise you if you are over-weight, help you recover from flu.

Paramount among cleansers are onions. Scarce as they may have been, they will be plentiful shortly. Garlic is the prime seeker-out of poisons! Latin races eat a garlic daily to keep them in health. The smell of garlic is not popular among us, so, eat you plentifully at mid-day and evening meals of spring onions.

Or, have an onion gruel for supper every night for a week. Use cabbage or potato water as a basis for this, if you are short of stock. Let it be the sole dish. Slice the onions thinly and set them to simmer in their own juice without water in a double saucepan. They will not stick to the pan if placed over a gentle heat.

After forty minutes empty them into the stock, and let this bubble consistently, moderately, with the lid on until the pottage is thick. Then pour in an equal quantity of milk, stir while this is heating, remove before it comes to the boil, and you will have one of the most satisfying, warming and health-giving dishes, excellent for the treatment of colds. Don't over-season, or you will undermine the medicinal value.

Limes or lemons may be unobtainable in certain districts, but if you can lay hands on them, do so, they are antacids and fine stomach-cleansers.

One week on the squeezed juice of half a lemon before tea on rising, and your inner linings will be miraculously peeled down and toned, your digestion righted, energy brighted, outlook set fine. Limes should be baked in a slow oven for twenty minutes before being squeezed, and if they are to replace lemons, the juice of a whole one is needed.

Incidentally, the juice of a baked lime, whisked into the white of a new-laid egg and swallowed, is the finest antidote for nausea. It will stop vomiting, relieve pain, banish dizziness, and act as a wizard restorative, because of its direct attack upon and neutralisation of bile.

Potato peelings rank third among the cleansers. No shortage of these. They are most efficacious when crisped in the oven with a little butter, or a sliver of margarine.

Spread the peelings thinly on a basting-dish in a slow oven for forty minutes. You will be surprised how appetising they will taste, and they are slimming. Eat them for three weeks, three nights a week, as your only dinner dish. Pepper lavishly if you wish, it will not prevent them rubbing down the walls of your body passages and gathering and bundling out débris and intestinal catarrh. They will institute a removal without organising a purge. For the

Surprise

latter, a cold potato, mashed and followed by a cup of cold coffee, will provide an almost instantaneous clearing.

Honey is foremost among stimulants, with *orange-juice* a close second. The latter is also a part-balancer, the former, a part-restorative.

The juice of three newly-pressed oranges—orange-juice spoils if it stands—and two slices of brown bread and honey, as a spring lunch on alternative days will quicken your step and send a light to your eyes. Especially if you eat this lunch on sunny days.

Sunlight helps the assimilation of Vitamins C and D from the orange, and this introduction of the vitamins to the blood-stream helps their further assimilation from the sunlight, so you will be making double progress. Understand that our bodies are usually so depleted of Vitamins C and D when spring arrives, that it is some time before they can assimilate these vitamins from the sunshine. Hence the well-known inertia.

Another point is that the juice of three good-sized oranges is worth eight ounces of rump-steak. Always treat oranges as a meal in themselves, as extras they give rise to indigestion owing to surfeit.

Honey soothes nerves. A cup of good tea should round off this lunch, preferably one of Russian blend, as this yields a superfine beverage. One teaspoonful gives seven cups of tea, each with a kick in it, so although this tea is initially expensive to buy, it proves economical for a family.

A fuller quota of milk is your next step. Milk will be increasing in quantity and quality this month. After a week of either your morning lemon-juice or evening onion gruel, or potato peelings, pass from these cleansers to your stimulants and restorers in the orange-and-honey lunch, and then, in the third week, blow out your milk ration to at least a quart a day, as milk is the A-1 balancing food. It contains all the essential salts in their most assimilable form. Take ⅓ pint at breakfast, ⅔ pint at eleven a.m., either as chocolate or slowly sipped cold ; ⅓ pint at tea, ⅔ pint as a night-cap. Subsequently note the change in your complexion to an altogether finer, younger texture.

Other items in the menu. Young vegetables will be rushing in soon. Devour them. They will do you most good if you take them in dishes half-raw, half-cooked. For instance, two ounces raw grated carrot with two ounces steamed carrot puree. The same with cauliflower and turnip, even with cabbage. Part cold, part hot, together. Twice the nourishment and vitamin value will be obtained.

A word about eggs, when you can get them. March eggs are the most nutritive, and of these a lightly boiled egg is superlative. Cast one into boiling water and straightway stand the pan at the side of the flame, leaving the egg to *coddle* for three minutes. If you prefer hard-boiled eggs, it is a fact that one boiled for six minutes will be indigestible, but one boiled for twenty-six minutes can be mashed and fed to a six-months-old baby.

That 's all about diet.

Exercise : it 's breathing and going forth to meet the March winds with shoulders thrown back that counts. This won't always be pleasant, but it 's health-giving. Blackout no longer dims the early morning, you can do your exercises by an open window. The sun is higher, its rays more direct, so you can safely breathe deeply whatever the temperature; whether damp or dry, ice-cold or mild, the time has come to contact the approaching turn of the year and cease frousting. That 's if you wish to out-jump spring.

Appearance : this will probably give you a pain in the neck, and that 's precisely where your first pain should be. Tackle your neck with a vengeance. It will have become sallow or shrivelled through wearing scarves or being weather-beaten. So energise it by a good soap-and-water wash, and open the pores further by steaming compresses of damp towelling.

Next, slap on a nourishing cream in great helpings, and pull the throat between the forefinger and thumb of either hand away from the centre column, up the side-muscles. Force the cream in. Lashings of it. Throw your head back, lift the chin, press the cream in under the jaw towards the ears. End with an upward sweep, with alternating hands, from the base of the neck to the chin. Then work the head round and round, massaging the throat upwards from every angle.

Use a feeding ingredient one night, a muscle-stiffening one the next. On the third night, top your muscle stiffener with grease, working the latter in till dry. By day, try two applications of a potent astringent. A certain lotion was devised for use over a silk mask so as to tighten the mesh that it might pull up sagging contours. Well, a double dose of (Continued on page 58)

By Chrysis

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me, at Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

BUT WHO WANTS A FEAST?

Everybody knows that enough is as good as a feast, In point of fact, it is usually very much better because it leaves no regrettable after-effects. At the same time it encourages a most gratifying sense of virtue. So if there is an undeniable shortage of some things that women have been used to buying without a second thought there is no reason for repining. There will be enough of all those things that psychologically mean so much—at any rate, for those who can make a little go a long way. Upkeep is going to be the thing that provides you with your moral uplift.

Clothes. To begin with, there must be countless women who have found that life is very much simpler for them now that they necessarily have fewer clothes. Having less details to fuss about they can concentrate on essentials.

Whatever you buy, see that it is the very best you can afford. That is only elementary common sense. Even at that you cannot hope to achieve pre-war standards. The new woollens have not the stamina of the old—but you can still get artificial silk taffeta, and if you make yourself a really well-fitting slip of it, no woollen will ever stretch or lose its shape. Line all skirts with it. It is inexpensive, it is made in excellent colours, it is astonishingly warm, and makes you feel luxurious.

If you have not yet fully discovered the friendliness of an iron you had better do so now. The new materials need lots of pressing, and a good iron, ironing board, and sleeve board is a gilt-edged investment. Especially as you can no longer rely on any Cleaner for a quick service. Instead you have got to develop your own deftness. There are several good cleansing agents on the market, and you can get very professional results with practice. Remember that heat and steam are your two greatest allies. Any sort of grease-stain will come out without leaving a mark if you place blotting-paper beneath and over it and press it lingeringly with a hot iron. And what a steaming kettle will do for suède shoes, bags, belts, felt or velour hats, or velvet is everybody's business. If you are dealing with hats put them down very carefully afterwards, for they will either regain their original shape—or assume a very odd new one. A brilliant quill or two, a yard and a half of coarse veiling, and a not-too-timid imagination will transform any hat. But you must keep them carefully or they will always look sad. Put them on hat-stands if you possibly can. Alternatively lay them on a shelf, side by side, and cover them with tissue paper. Their colour can be revived by steam. And if you have a black dress that looks rusty, sponge it with cold tea. Whenever you wear it, brush it with a damp brush.

Colours, of course, are the strong suit in any hand. If they are on your side they can achieve the effect of pounds for a very few shillings, and if they are against you they can be ruinous. So choose them carefully. There probably are not more than two colours in which you look your best, so stick to them faithfully, and so save on your accessories.

Which brings us to dress jewellery—those amusing little bits and pieces that used to be such fun, and that seemed so essential to the success of any simple dress. Now that supplies are short be more conservative in your taste, choosing replicas of real jewels whenever possible, for nothing is so boring as an "amusing" thing that has dated.

Remember that first aid is everything. Not only does a stitch in time save nine. It saves pounds as well.

Cosmetics. It is always said that nobody has ever made a fortune out of the mustard that people eat. It is what they leave on the side of their plate. The cosmetic situation is very much the same. It is not so easy now to get powder and creams and lipsticks just whenever you want them, so the thing to do is to simplify your beauty routine, and to make everything work for you to its utmost capacity.

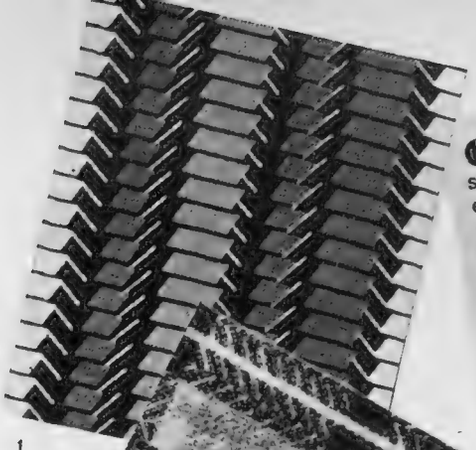
Do you keep a bowl or a box of powder for your dressing-table? Then you probably get your large puff so clogged that you have to shake half the powder out all over the room before you can apply it to your face. Either get a box with a sifter, or keep only a little powder covering the bottom of the bowl. Powder your face and neck very lightly, but press it smoothly over the whole surface of your skin. A little time spent on your first powdering when you make up will save a lot of trouble later. Use a liquid powder or a good powder foundation too, and so prevent the need for constant re-powdering.

Use cold cream for cleansing and save your nourishing cream for when your skin really needs it. Always be sure to either wash your face in very (Continued on p. 78)

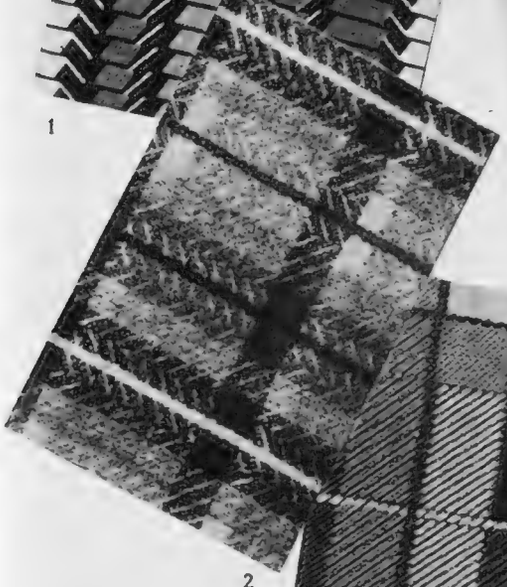
New Fabrics

Go in for gay fabrics this spring if gaiety is limited in other senses. The new silks and light-weight woollens give encouragement, if you need any.

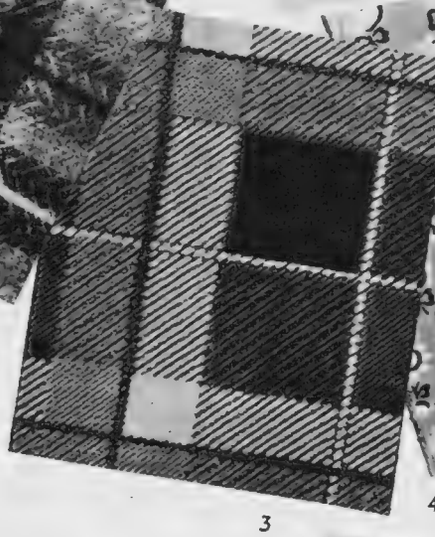
(1) For a slightly heavier-than-silk afternoon dress, Courtauld's Wemco Jersey Sheer is perfect. It is shown on the left in a zigzag design of pale blue, black, petunia and white. (2) Viyella checks for the new season are numerous and colourful. Here is a broken check obtainable in several combinations, including red and pale blue, emerald and pink, petunia and grey. (3) Tested Quality Angola fabric made with Courtauld's rayon. This is a worsted-type plaid in a green, red and black combination. (4) Celanese printed dress crêpe. Grey ground, black and white printed bow-and-flower design. Obtainable in six different colourways. (5) Viyella in a striped effect. In one case, brown, yellow and tangerine combine on a paler brown background. In the other, brown, pink and petunia stripes are shown against green. (6) Celanese satin striped ottoman. A lustrous texture in cavalry blue



1



2



3

4

5

6

FASHIONS

New Hats

Outstanding news about hats is their wearability. Funny hats have seen their best days and given place to more endearing styles. The new craze for period hair-do's—Pompadour, for one—may be responsible.

Trimmings of clipped ostrich feathers, worked into ruches, fly-away veils at the back of the head and a new confetti veiling are high fashion.

The straw shortage is back of some new and successful millinery adventures. Erik and Aage Thaarup use, among other fabrics, men's shirting and a material which looks like straw and isn't. Colours are decisive but soft.

Honours go to halo shapes, sailors and Glengarrys of grosgrain and wool tartan in partnership.

(1) Black silk straw with pink and grey hackle feather laid across the front and a black grosgrain bow at either side. Waterfall veil. Erik. (2) Aage Thaarup uses black shirred taffeta for the brim and the stand-up crown of this model with black velvet ribbon and bunches of London Pride at each side. (3) Erik's emerald green felt in the new off-the-face manner is designed to wear with Pompadour hair. It dips steeply over one eye in a palette effect with a light green grosgrain bow to finish. (4) Fine felt in golden brown with a quill shading from white to nigger on the crown. A fine cross-mesh veil covering the face is looped into a large bow behind. Erik.

1

2

3

4

TOWN CLOTHES

Your headache and everybody's just now is a minimum wardrobe campaign for Spring and Summer. The moment calls for some pretty astute buying. A slick coat, a suit and accessories to go with each, a casual little afternoon frock and a dinner dress to put you in the top class either dancing, dining, or visiting, no matter where.

Add your own colour notions to the items on this page and you won't be wrong.

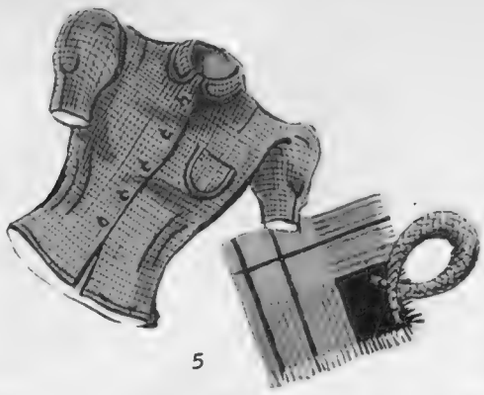
(1) Soft wool afternoon dress in pastel green, blue, pink, or grey as well as black or navy. Fine pin-tucks and a sunray pleated skirt accent a neat waistline. Price 70s.

(2) Ruched ribbon trimming on shoulders and sleeves, rosettes of ruching forming sham pockets and a corselet waistline flowing out into unpressed pleats are high lights of the black crepe dinner dress which buttons at the back and ties with a bow at the waist. Price 3½ guineas.

(3) To alternate with the suit, a superbly tailored coat with high revers, vertical pockets and unpressed pleats back and front forming a flared skirt. In off-white and several pastel shades. Price £5 15s. 6d.

(4) Spring-weight all-wool frieze is used for the suit. Two rows of stitching decorate the four pockets as well as the collar. The jacket is waisted at the back and the skirt has one inverted pleat at the back and two in front. In five colourings. Price 6½ guineas. The light Spring flannel blouse has a trubenised collar and cuffs. In cherry or burgundy with white spots, also pale blue with burgundy spots. Price 39s. 6d.

COUNTRY CLOTHES



5

You live in the country. You must dress simply, cosily, in a manner suited to all country occasions, without forgetting visits to town when, in the clothes sense, you like to feel in the swim.

Quality being the one thing to rescue simple clothes from monotony (particularly in connection with a minimum wardrobe), the numbers on this page are good in every sense, yet in touch with economic demands.

(5) A new material is used for the blouse. There is a choice of six colours. Price 29s. 6d.

(6) Jersey cloth suit with padded seams at the collar and yoke and rows of pin-tucks above the breastline. In saxe, egg-blue, nut and nigger brown, wine or burgundy. Price 5½ guineas.

(7) Shirt-waist dress in grey marl jersey, with a stitched collar and breast pockets. Price 4½ guineas.

(8) Side by side with the jersey dress is a suede waistcoat. In red-earth, gorse, sunburn, mulberry, toast, myrtle and other colours. Price 46s. 6d.

(9) Wool and camel-hair coat, lined throughout. There are out-size patch pockets on either side and a "ticket pocket" on the right. The side seams are open at the hem for easy walking and the front has invisible fastening. In scarlet, emerald, natural, off-white, and pastel blue. Price 5½ guineas.

(10) Umbrella-shaped skirt with eight gores, stitched hem and waistband. In light-weight tweed. Twelve colours. Price 32s. 6d.

6

7

8

9

10

Please apply to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, for names of the shops where these clothes can be obtained

CROWNING GLORY

Whether hanging demurely down your back or sophistically challenging the law of gravity, your hair can, and should, look fascinating, beautiful and cared for.

There are certain rules which must be kept for hair beauty. Give yourself a firm-fingered scalp-raising massage at least once or twice a week. Never miss a quick, stimulating brushing every morning.

Every spring and autumn (hair-falling seasons) treat yourself to a good hair tonic for a period of about three weeks.

Give your scalp a hot olive-oil soaking before shampooing, at least once a month; scalps need nourishment.

These rules are for a normal healthy head of hair. If you have hair problems, you must concentrate on the above routine, and at the same time add other specialised treatments.

TREATMENTS

Thinning hair. Massage every night with Silvikrin. Pure Silvikrin for very urgent cases; Silvikrin tonic for average lack of growth. Brush every morning. Make certain that your scalp is free from dandruff and is well stimulated every time you massage and brush.

Greasy Hair. Shampoo every week without fail. Massage the scalp with a few drops of bay rum every night to get your scalp-circulation working normally. Brush with a clean brush every morning.

Greying Hair. Apart from natural reasons, this may be due to heredity, nervous headaches, illness, or due to scalp illness. When the latter, you can remedy it with concentrated massage, brushing, and Entrupal Hair Tonic, which arrests greyness. If you are unable to get this tonic, try a mixture of Eau de Cologne and castor oil (four parts to one).

Dandruff. Concentrated massage and brushing will stimulate the scalp, lift the dandruff, and help your head to health. Cleanliness is essential; wash your brush and comb each day, rinse them in a mild antiseptic. Use a medicated shampoo at least once a week. Evan Williams will supply you with one specialised for your needs if you send them some hair-combings. There is a pomade that should be massaged in for four nights in succession, then shampoo. If you cannot get this pomade, try massage with a mixture of castor oil and alcohol (three teaspoonfuls of oil to a pint of alcohol), and twice a week with a sulphur ointment, which any chemist will make up for you (one ounce of white vaseline to fifty grains of sulphur).

SHAMPOOS

Home shampoos should not be put into the category of the bath, but in that of the beauty treatment. Have a waterproof cape and cap (loose, oilskin), two towels, and in most cases a good soapless shampoo if possible.

Try and get a little hose-spray fitting that will fit on your tap for rinsing, and make certain that you get every vestige of soap out of your hair before the final toning rinse.

If there is any vestige of whiteness on your comb when you use it after a shampoo you must re-rinse your hair well.

Hot Oil Shampoo. Two dessertspoonfuls of oil heated should saturate your scalp; put on your oilskin cap over it and then cover your head with towels that have been wrung out of very hot water. Keep changing the towels as they cool. This treatment can continue for ten minutes, after which a very thorough shampooing with a soapless shampoo must remove all traces of oil.

Dry your hair with hot towels; never in front of the fire. If there is sunshine, get as much of it on your drying hair as possible.

Fair Hair. Evan Williams Henna and Camomile Shampoo will brighten fair hair if left on for fifteen or twenty minutes. If you use an ordinary soapless shampoo, get your hair perfectly cleansed and rinsed and then dip it into a final rinse of hot water in which a tablespoonful of camomile flowers have been boiled.

When lemons are obtainable a lemon-and-water rinse is excellent, and when eggs crowd out your larder again, try two egg yolks massaged well into the hair and rinsed out with warm water.

Dark Hair. Shampoo with soapless shampoo and rinse with toilet vinegar and water or, if your hair is greasy, with lemons and water. If mousy, use an Egyptian henna shampoo, leaving it on for ten or fifteen minutes.

Grey and White Hair. Shampoo with soapless shampoo and use Mason's blue-white rinse to prevent yellowing.

Never dry your hair in front of extreme heat: always use sunshine or hot towels. (Continued on page 76)

By Jane Gordon

OF course, we have had a great many worries lately, but at the same time we have had lots of laughs and you get your laughs in the most unexpected places.

For instance, we went to lunch the other day in London's most sedate hotel.

Everything appeared to be normal until we sat down at the table when the most extraordinary whirlwind atmosphere became evident. This was caused by the waiters who were galloping about the restaurant in the good old hunt ball fashion.

One paused before us breathlessly and produced a menu. I said : "I 'll have a little of that roast beef I see on the trolley, if I may." "Beef 's 'orf, pie 's orf, and so 's the fish."

With one sentence he had ruled out all the *plats du jour*, so I enquired what he suggested, and he said doubtfully, "Well, you could have calves' liver and bacon."

I told him to guess again and eventually we got down to *hors d'œuvres* and chicken.

When the food finally arrived my host said sympathetically to the waiter, "I 'm afraid you are having a very bad time," and the waiter, as he flew past, answered, "God, this is worse than murder."

Visions of famous *maîtres d'hôtels* rose before my eyes as I tried to strangle a rude guffaw. A young man in a very new uniform who was entertaining his elderly relatives suddenly caught sight of a *hors d'œuvre* trolley in the dim distance, and with a look of desperate determination in his eye he stalked it across the room and served his party himself ; and one of the elderly wine waiters who, to my certain knowledge, has never moved at more than a snail's pace on his large flat feet since I was a girl literally cantered across the floor with a cocktail for me. Shopping has also acquired a great many new conventions. I had heard rumours of delicious tinned mixed-game patties to be found in a famous provision department the other day, and when I had tracked them down the young man serving me asked politely how many I 'd like. "I shan't tell you until you tell me how many I can have," I said severely. After enquiries had been made it turned out I could have three small or three large. If you are foolish enough to say how much you would like of any given article before you discover how much you are allowed, you are in grave danger of appearing to be the kind of housewife who causes Lord Woolton sleepless nights.

On Duty—and Off

ONE of my married friends is doing V.A.D. work at a First Aid Post. She likes her work, particularly as it gives her a good excuse to remain in London with her husband. So you can imagine her mixed feelings when she discovered she was going to have a baby.

Even the most tactless baby should have more consideration for its parents than to start putting in an appearance in such circumstances.

The only sensible way to treat such an impertinent child seemed to be to ignore its presence as long as possible, and carry on as if nothing untoward had occurred. But, unlike the best maternity clothes, uniform was never designed to "keep secrets," and as my friend particularly wished to keep hers, she paid a visit to the Corset Department of a well-known store and enquired if by any chance they stocked a fairly short suspender belt with a rigid front and back piece, and lacings up the side. The assistant said no, they had nothing of that kind, but would Madam like a belt which hooked up at the side ?

On Duty

Madam murmured that a hook-up belt would be quite useless. She must have something with lacings.

The assistant in the most tactful way enquired why.

Madam admitted with a faint blush that she expected a baby, and the assistant said, "But why not wear a proper maternity belt ? Warner's have exactly the model you describe."

This particular model is light, quite short, and has nothing of the usual heavy maternity look about it. The front piece is slightly shaped and has lacings at each side. The back is a little longer. Made of Lastex yarn, the price is 51s. It will keep her secret for just as long as it is safe to do so.

The following instructions for washing every type of foundation garment are worth remembering. Plunge the belt or corselet into warm suds, and if it is very grubby use a soft nail brush and scrub the lather well into it.

Never rub the two surfaces together. Rinse in several waters, and fold in a cloth, squeezing the moisture out as much as possible.

Hang in the air to dry. Press the fabric parts with a moderately warm iron. Never touch the elastic parts of the suspenders with an iron, as excessive (*Continued on p.* 62)

IT was Monday, and I was off duty in the afternoon. When I asked Sister's permission to go, she enquired if I was doing anything exciting that afternoon, and I told her that at long last my hair was being treated to a permanent wave.

"Is the man who always sets your hair doing it ?" she asked.

"Well, no," I admitted, "I couldn't get him ; but they are giving me Mr. So-and-So who, they say, is very good, and they assure me that I will be most satisfied with his work."

Off Duty

"You are very trusting, Nurse," she chuckled, and added : "After all, you can scarcely expect them to tell you that Mr. So-and-So is an exceedingly nice man but his permanent-waving work is frightful. However, they think in time he may improve ; and he might just as well practise on you as any of their other clients."

Seeing my look of horror, she said soothingly : "Never mind ! You have lots of hair, and a bad perm. will soon grow out."

"Do you know the penalty for creating alarm and despondency ?" I asked, and before she had time to answer I had flounced myself off duty.

All the same, I was slightly despondent by the time I arrived at the hairdressers. There might well be a grain of truth in what she said.

Inside, the heretofore elegantly appointed shop appeared strangely bedraggled. The light was dim ; there was tarpaulin on the floor, and two girls in fur coats stood near the appointment desk. One said brightly, "Would you mind stepping across the road, Madam ? We are working there just for the time being."

The stone staircase of the premises across the way had been "blitzed" a bit and a chair was placed over the gap. The reception room was obviously rigged up at a moment's notice. Manicure tables were dotted about everywhere, and both clients and staff appeared to be enjoying the picnic atmosphere.

Presently I was rescued by an assistant, who took me into a large room which was literally seething with women whose hair was in every stage of shampoo and set. Assistants jumped over bits of hairdressing apparatus with the agility of young mountain goats, and yet managed to keep their refined professional air of efficiency. Mr. So-and-So advanced towards me, and while trying not to appear unduly apprehensive, I said, "They gave me an appointment for a permanent wave, but will you really be able to manage that to-day, or would you prefer just to set my hair ?"

"Oh, no, Madam, certainly you can have your perm." While he and his assistant got to (*Continued on p.* 62)

They

TRADITIONAL, AS MANY PREFER TO HAVE IT

Of all the sacrifices that women have been called upon to make since the war, only the sadness of personal bereavement can have counted more than the loss of home. Take a woman's home away and you cut the ground from beneath her feet. It is her life's work, and without it she is unhappy and unemployed.

To the tension of war is added inactivity, and we all know what that does to morale.

Some bear the waiting for better times impatiently, others more philosophically, but all who weigh the future in its true perspective realise that the time of waiting is a terrible waste, unless we use it constructively to further plans for the time when we shall build new homes again.

To make the time of waiting more tolerable, we can at least look forward constructively. Why waste time in idle dreaming of the homes we mean to build again? Why not make the planning real and helpful, storing up information in the time at our disposal, learning and improving so that when the new world begins we shall start not where we left off but a good step along the path of improvement?

In any case, dreams of home are comforting, and what can you find more pleasant to do in your hours of leisure than to sit down with a pencil and paper and draw up plans, not only of the house you want, but of the things to go in it?

We needn't persuade ourselves that all our dreams will be accomplished. Perhaps the realisation of our plans will be vastly different from what imagination paints to-day, but who cares, so long as some of it comes true?

COLOUR MAKES A TINY HALL INTRIGUING

RICH IN EFFECT BUT SIMPLE IN DETAIL

Dream of Home

And The Plans That One Day Will Be Realised

By Winifred Lewis

Try a game of make-believe. Make a mental inventory of the furniture you have and then go on to the fascinating task of fitting it into your new imaginary house. This part will perhaps include a good deal of elimination. At this point it is easier to discard things—things that were never really very useful or even beautiful. One can be tougher about this discarding business now than when they were part of a working scheme. Detachment gives us a clearer view. We see the faults and disadvantages of the old system much clearer from a distance.

It goes without saying that the new homes we look forward to will have to be pretty cleverly devised. Money will not be plentiful and this fact in itself calls for a high standard of efficiency.

One way to employ the present usefully is to collect information about apparatus, so that when the new home comes to be chosen you can go straight out for the fittings that you know will be the most suitable for your needs. Heating, cooking, lighting and cleaning apparatus are vital to the comfort and efficiency of any household. When you begin to collect them don't let the choice be a haphazard one again. Learn about them all now, so that your judgment will be purposeful and well informed. Get to know by reading and by observation what things are available. Keep your eyes open and discuss the matter with other women. Their experience and yours together may be very telling.

One could do a lot worse than keep a scrapbook on the subject, a detailed record of your ideals, your needs, the things you have seen and the things you have proved. What a mine of information this would be when the real work comes along. How simple it would be then to begin your reconstruction with clear ideas of what you want and where to get them.

Keep your eyes well open as you go about in other people's homes. Make a note of good colour schemes, of clever arrangements and practical economies. Keep a section for Things Not To Do, and make a point of memorising it when you have time. Keeping a scrapbook is fascinating always, but when it has a practical and personal objective as in this case, it can get you somewhere.

The important thing is not to *waste* the precious time at our disposal now. There may never be another opportunity, another gap in our homemaking lives in which we have so much leisure to study for our jobs. We hope it may be so. We know that we can turn the disadvantage of our present situation to some good use by using the time profitably.

Perhaps you feel that there isn't much to learn about housekeeping. If you do just ask yourself if you were completely satisfied with your achievements. Were you a perfect cook? Were you the admiration and the envy of all your friends on account of the smoothness and efficiency of your housekeeping system? Did you feel that nothing at all could be done to improve the layout and the decoration of your home? If you can answer "yes" to all these things you are a woman in a million. If you can't there must be heaps for you to learn, and this is the moment for learning.

If one did no more than to set about solving some of the problems that constantly arose in the past it would be a grand thing accomplished; to analyse one's system so as to discover why housework seemed so hard and so often ineffective; to study cookery problems, catering and entertaining mysteries that, in the past, one had to pass over for lack of time.

Read up what the authorities have to say on all these subjects. After all, they have studied them minutely. They have experimented and analysed and worked at it as the average woman can never hope to do. There must be a good deal to learn from them.

Read up your subjects. Every phase of homemaking has its rules, and many of us who have been homemaking for years are still rather hazy about them. Try reading a good cookery book; not one of the kind which deals with recipes alone, but one which tells you why things are done. Get to know about food values, about the subtle intricacies of flavouring, the reasons for this and that method in cookery.

You may have often wondered why it was that your batters never rose, why pastry never came up to the high standard you prefer, exactly why cakes collapse in the middle and soups lack the richness and the flavour which make them so nutritive and delicious.

All this information is waiting for you in some book with lots more about the simple rules of decorating, the secrets of comfort and the subtleties of entertaining.

Study your subject intently. Dream as much and as optimistically as you wish, but do it constructively so that your dreams come true.

Supposing you determine that your new home shall be a little different, a little better than others of its kind. Think how stimulating it would be to work out the different ways in which your ambitions can be brought to pass. Look back, perhaps improve your experiences.

Make an inventory of the things in other peoples' houses that have pleased, or impressed themselves upon your memory.

Remember also the things that have displeased, little sources of discomfort and irritation. Bear in mind both the good and the bad and in your plans for a new home make old experiences pay.

Here is a new use for your yourself as a housewife–

Housekeeping

Do you see a happy housekeeper, because in the end this is the reflection which speaks of efficiency and confidence. Or is it a disgruntled harassed person who meets you in your mirror?

The things we enjoy doing are the things we mostly do well and you can only enjoy housekeeping if you are conscious of your mastery in that sphere.

Perhaps you are not on top of your job, and it may be because you don't apply yourself to it one hundred per cent. Perhaps the work seems always on top of you, yet some women manage to avoid it.

It may be that you could conserve a lot of energy, or that your energies are spent in repeating tasks unnecessarily. Get right down to this inspection and plan a routine. A time for every task and a task for every day. Systems are not necessarily good because they are old.

Again, look closely at your mirrored self to see if you are maintaining a good sense of proportion. Homemaking is your life's work, but it leaves room for other interests. Don't be obsessed with housekeeping to the exclusion of those other interests which help to make you a vital and interesting person in other spheres.

Decoration

Does your mirror tell you that you are clever and resourceful in decorating your home? It should not reflect a home which seems to have come together by accident, but one which has been assembled painstakingly, embracing comfort and usefulness and expressing your own personality.

Look closely to see if you are a copyist or a pioneer. We all learn from each other, but it is the personal touch which makes a thing your own.

Look to see if you are too timid of new ideas and new ventures in decoration. Many of us are.

So many women tell themselves that pretty and original schemes are for people cleverer and richer than they, but good decoration depends upon the understanding of a few simple basic rules. You can learn them easily. As to money, good taste costs nothing and pretty schemes are as inexpensive as dull ones.

Time for

mirror. This time to see as your critics see you

Co-ordination

You have heard of business organisations where every department is efficient in itself yet where the organisations fail as a whole. The reason is found in a lack of co-ordination. The same things happen in the home. Through lack of co-ordination between one sphere of housekeeping and the next there is a general collapse.

To take one aspect. Co-ordination in decoration is vital. As you enter the house there should be an impression which speaks for the whole. Each room as you come to it should be a variation upon a basic theme.

In other respects co-ordination is more subtle. Between shopping and cooking, between entertaining and leisure, between income and expenditure it is the thing which makes for smooth working.

Children

Looking at yourself as a mother you might be tempted to ask yourself the easiest questions. Of course, you are a devoted mother, you are also an unselfish mother. Now ask yourself how your children fit into your home. Have you got into the habit of running the house solely for the children?

It happens sometimes that after the advent of children, the man of the house is pushed to second place. The mother herself also sacrifices many privileges.

Ask yourself if you have rearranged the household and its routine too drastically in order to accommodate the children. Perhaps you force yourself and your husband to exist in an atmosphere suggesting that what the children leave is good enough for you.

What about your friends? Some people inflict their children upon their friends in such a fashion that after every visit the friends feel that they were in the way, that nothing in the house, including themselves, was of the slightest importance beside the children. Not very flattering.

Does the mirror tell you that you are guilty of this, too, or that your home enjoys the atmosphere which children bring without exuding children from every nook and cranny?

Give yourself the once-over. Discover if you are giving too much to your home. Remember that your family will think less of you in later life if you have tired yourself out physically and mentally in service that could have been performed by others.

Reflection

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; p.=purl; m.=make; s.=slip; st.=stitch or stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; inc.=increase; dec.=decrease; patt.=pattern; in.=inch or inches

seam 13½ ins. Continue centre dec. and k. 2 tog. on armhole edge on every row until there are 15 decreases here. Keep this edge straight and still dec. at centre, until there are 18 decreases here.

Work straight, continuing the 6 all k. sts. at centre edge, until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge, until there are no sts. left. Work other half the same.

" DICKEY "

With pink and No. 10 needles cast on 50 sts. Work the following patt.: **1st row.**—K. **2nd row.**—K. 6, p. to end. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—K. 6, * p. 3, k. 1; rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 4 rows until there are 9½ ins. Cast off the 6 k. sts. and k. 2 tog. at this edge on every row until there are 28 sts. Work straight for 10 rows.

Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work another piece with the all k. sts. on opposite edge and make buttonholes in this k. edge after 1 in.

Pinafore Style

With Stripes Darned In

MATERIALS

6 oz. Sirdar Bouclet wool in navy; 3 oz. Sirdar Super Shetland, 3-ply, in pink; 8 navy buttons; a little navy wool for sewing.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20½ ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in. in the Bouclet.

BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 98 sts. with navy. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 5 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 6th row and every 6th row after, until there are 122 sts. Work a few rows to make side seam 13½ ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 92 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 36 sts. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until side seams are 11½ ins. Now divide the sts. in half and work the increasings at armhole edge until there are 12 made here and at the same time work all k. at centre edge on 6 sts. and k. 2 tog. on 2 sts. inside these 6 k. sts. on every other row. Continue centre dec. and work a few rows straight to make side as follows: With k. sts. at right edge of work, k. 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2, work to end as usual. Rep. buttonhole every 10 rows, so that top buttonhole has only 2 rows above it before casting off.

SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 11 needles and navy cast on 80 sts. Work all k. for 4 rows. Change to No. 10 needles and pink and work patt. for 2 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

With pink wool and No. 10 needles cast on 106 sts. Work the patt. for 2 ins., ending wrong side. Now with navy wool cast on 16 sts. at beg. of row. Work all k. Cast on 16 sts. at beg. of next row. Work 2 rows on these 170 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Thread a bodkin full of navy wool and darn through the loops on right side of sleeves, collar and vest of dickey, up and down making stripes. Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on buttons. Button them up. Press pink. On wrong side, sew edges of dickey to armholes for 4 ins. down. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar.

Lacy Wool Set For Baby

A Bow In Front
Buttons At The Back

MATERIALS

6 oz. 3-ply pink Baby Wool ; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 10 needles ; 4 buttons ; ½ yd. elastic ; 1¾ yd. blue satin ribbon.

MEASUREMENTS

Dress.—Round chest, 20 ins. ; length, 16 ins.
Panties.—Length, 8 ins. ; width all round, 20 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

DRESS (FRONT)

Cast on 135 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work all k. for 8 rows. Change to the following patt. :

1st row.—* K. 2, (k. 2 tog.) 3 times, (w.fd., k. 1) 5 times, w.fd., (k. 2 tog.) 3 times ; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

2nd row.—K. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P.

Rep. these 4 rows for 11 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and reduce sts. to 68 by knitting 2 tog. all along row, ending by knitting 1 st. Now work holes as follows : K. 3, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 7 ; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 2. Work 6 rows of st.st., k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 50 sts. Work straight until there are 4 ins. round curve of armholes. Now work 20, cast off 10, work 20. K. 2 tog. on neck edge on every row until there are 16 sts. Work a few rows straight to make armhole 5 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every other row at (Continued on page 70)

Two Colour Cardigan

A New Blister Pattern

MATERIALS

11 oz. of Sirdar Majestic 4-ply in burgundy, and 1 oz. in pale blue ; 1 pair each of No. 8 and No. 12 needles ; 7 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from the top of shoulder, 21½ ins. ; width all round underarms, 35 ins. ; length of sleeve seam, 18½ ins.

TENSION

13 sts. to 2 ins.

BACK

With burgundy wool and No. 8 needles cast on 108 sts.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, * p. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st row 3 times more. Then continue as follows :

1st row.—Sl. 1, p. to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, k. to the end of the row.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, * k. 10, p. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 11 sts., k. 11.

4th row.—Sl. 1, * p. 10, k. 2 ; rep. from * to the last 11 sts., p. 10, k. 1.

5th row.—As 3rd row.

6th row.—Sl. 1, * p. 3, k. 1, (p. 1, k. 1, p. 1) into each of the next 2 sts., k. 1, p. 3, k. 2 ; rep. from * ending k. 1 instead of k. 2.

7th row.—Sl. 1, * k. 3, p. 1, k. the next 6 sts., putting the wool twice over the needle, instead of once, thus having 12 loops instead of 6 loops, p. 1, k. 3, p. 2 ; rep. from * ending k. 3, p. 2.

8th row.—Sl. 1, * p. 3, k. 1, p. to the next 6 sts., letting the extra loops slip off the needle, k. 1, p. 3, k. 2 ; rep. from * ending k. 3 instead of k. 2.

Rep. rows 7 and 8 once. (Continued on page 70)

In spite of shopping difficulties—a bit of this and a bit of that, together with a dash of imagination can still add up to . . . .

Something Nice for Dinner

I have been asked to do the impossible—but I make no complaint, because the impossible is asked, now and then, of every cook in the world. Says an amateur wartime housewife, "Just give me a few nice little recipes I can knock up if someone comes to dinner—not using meat, or 'offals,' or fish (which is apt to be scarce and expensive), or eggs, or a lot of tinned things which it's impossible to get."

That cuts out pretty well everything except chicken, which, out of cussedness, I do not propose to use anyway.

But I see what is meant—some nice little dishes which use a little bit of this and a little bit of that and not much of anything. Maybe we'll call for a little bit of meat or a scrap of bacon—but not so much as you'd notice.

Incidentally, your little wartime dinner-party can recapture a semblance of peace time elegance if you preface it with an *hors d'œuvre* made entirely of vegetables. One dish might contain American *cole slaw* (shredded raw cabbage heart soaked in french dressing); another, grated raw carrot; a third, splinters of celery in dressing; a fourth, rice mixed with crisply fried bacon rinds.

Or serve a separate vegetable dish. If you can get it, purple sprouting broccoli, "seasonable this month," as they say in the cookery books, has a most delicate flavour if plainly and conservatively cooked.

Sprout Soup.—This makes use of the last of the brussels sprouts, which go down better as soup than as a vegetable. Ingredients are: 1 lb. brussels sprouts, 1 oz. flour, 2¾ pints water, pinch of grated nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Add salt to boiling water and cook the sprouts in it for twenty minutes. Rub the vegetables through a sieve, and mix them into the water in which they were cooked. Blend flour with a little cold water, and add to soup. Put all back in the pan and simmer for a further twenty minutes. Season with nutmeg, salt and pepper, and serve with sippets of toast.

Kebab.—This Turkish way of serving small morsels of meat on individual skewers is economical, for it takes only a nibble off the ration instead of the hearty slice demanded by a full-dress meat dish.

For each skewer you will need: 2 small squares of lamb, 2 small squares cut from a bacon rasher, ¼ kidney or 1 small square of liver, 2 slices of sausage, 1 bayleaf.

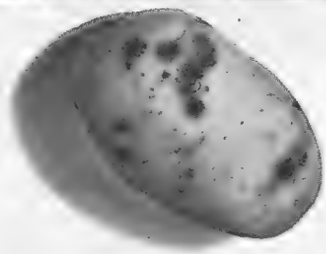
Thread these alternately on a skewer, dividing the bayleaf in half. Brush with a little salad oil, season with salt and pepper, and grill, turning so that all sides are evenly cooked.

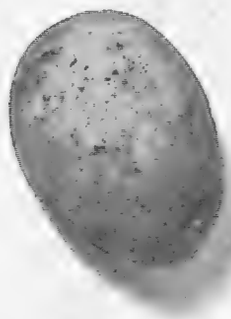
Serve one skewerful for each person on a bed of plain boiled rice in which you have mixed a handful of sultanas.

(Continued on page 63)

SPAGHETTI ZINGARI

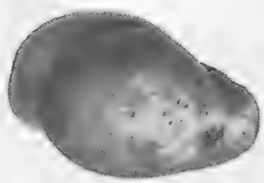
KEBAB. This Turkish way of serving morsels of meat on individual skewers is economical

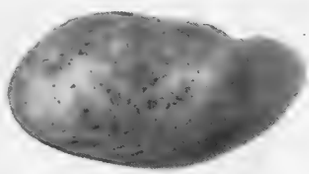


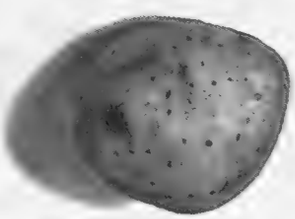


by Harriet Muir

POTATO POT-POURRI







Now is the time when potatoes, so warmly recommended by the Ministry of Food, are apt to get a cold welcome when they appear day after day. They are old, they are tired, they have lost the charm and adaptability of youth. And their glamour is not enhanced by the fact that so many cooks try to drown them in a watery grave.

With a little skilful rejuvenation, however, the elderly potato takes on a new lease of popularity.

You forget its age in the intriguing variety of its appearance, which is no longer plain boiled but something infinitely more attractive. And that is just as well, for the old stagers will have to carry on this year without the help of new little beauties from abroad. They will be with us until the English new potato makes its bow. That won't be for a while yet; we're planting them in our gardens next month.

Carraway Potatoes.—Potatoes, dripping, a few carraway seeds, celery salt (if available), pepper.

Steam or partly cook several medium-sized potatoes in their skins.

Peel them, and brush with melted dripping. Sprinkle over them the carraway seeds and celery salt, adding pepper. If no celery salt is available use kitchen salt. Cook on the oven shelf for about twenty minutes (moderate oven). This can be done economically when a joint is roasting.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes.—These make a separate course on their own. Ingredients are: 6 even-sized, floury potatoes, a little fat, margarine, salt and pepper, 4 oz. cooked flaked fish (smoked haddock is particularly good).

Scrub the potatoes, dry them well and brush with melted fat.

Put them in a hot oven to bake (time: about one hour). From one side of the cooked potato cut a long-shaped piece of skin and, using a teaspoon, scoop out the inside.

Put the pulp in a basin, add a little margarine, salt and pepper and the flaked fish; and beat well together. Stuff the potatoes with the mixture, put a dab of margarine on top of each and return to the oven to cook for a further ten minutes.

Irish Terriers.—Baked potatoes, 1 sausage for each, salt and pepper.

In the potatoes, which should be large ones, make a slit from end to end. In the gash insert a raw sausage. Sprinkle in the salt and pepper and return to the oven for the sausage to cook.

Savoury Potatoes.—2 lb. potatoes, two-thirds pint milk, 1 oz. margarine, 2 oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley.

Put milk in a saucepan. Add margarine, salt, pepper and a pinch or two of grated nutmeg, and bring to the boil. Slice the potatoes, which you have peeled as thinly as possible, to a thickness of about one-eighth of an inch. Add to the milk, and cook very slowly for about one hour. At the last moment, add the cheese and a good sprinkling of finely chopped parsley.

Fadge.—Potatoes, salt, flour.

This is a useful way of spinning out the bacon ration. If you serve it at breakfast, only one thin rasher will be required for each person.

Peel the potatoes thinly. Boil them, drain and dry by shaking the pan over a low heat. Mash. When just cool enough to touch with the finger, add salt and enough flour to make a pliable dough. Knead thoroughly with floured hands on a floured board. Roll into a circle about ¼ in. thick and divide into triangular pieces. Cook till brown on a griddle or electric hot-plate.

To heat up for breakfast, fry with the bacon.

Potato Pancakes.—4 raw potatoes, 1 egg, 2 teaspoonfuls dripping, flour to mix, salt and pepper (cayenne is best).

Scrub, but do not peel the potatoes, and grate them into a bowl, using a coarse grater.

Add beaten egg, and, stirring well, work in enough flour to make a thickish batter. Season well with salt and pepper.

Make the dripping very hot in a frying pan, and drop the mixture in. Fry on both sides.

These pancakes are a useful substitute for Yorkshire pudding to serve with roast beef. Dressed with a little grated cheese, they become a supper savoury.

They can also appear as a (Continued on page 63)

These letters were never posted

To an Airman

Dear Peter,

Just heard your news. Salaams, my dear. Will you please tell me why there are no decorations to spare for young women who are daily exercising courage and restraint in not utterly disgracing themselves about men like you?

But seriously, Peter, don't let us spoil you. You boys are wonderful, but I often wonder if the dangers of popularity are not almost as great as those of flying over Germany by night. I know I'm fussing, but it is a little frightening to see you always so gay and so flippant, so petted and so casual about *everything*. You boys have earned so much of our gratitude that we smile upon your noisiest escapades and cheer your wildest excesses. You can turn a night club into a bear garden and drive a car like a maniac with impunity because there are no privileges great enough for such men. We can't repay you. We can repay you least of all by encouraging too great a flippancy towards the things which mean so much in spite of pretences.

Don't make rude noises at this either, my boy, because however blasphemous you may be about the great things you do I know you are in deadly earnest. Don't let a fine modesty turn to affectation.

Remember the party when you asked me to play "Liebestraum"? I remember because in all that rowdyism I saw *you*.

All right, I'm sorry. Come and collect indemnities. What will you have? "Liebestraum" would be very good for you.

Love from

Mrs. Out-Of-It-All

My Dear Jill,

Thank you for letter. I look forward to your communiqués from the country in the hope of keeping in touch with the quiet things that seem so far away. I want to know if the snowdrops are out yet, what the first-hand news of the egg situation is and how Batcombe Down looks with the buds beginning to burst. And what do I get?

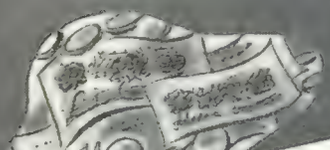
Frankly, Jill, I am delighted to hear from you in your country hide-out, but, my dear girl, what *are* you grousing about? I know it's tiresome to draw your water from a well, but there are quite a few people in this country who are without water altogether for another and far grimmer reason, or didn't it occur to you?

For goodness' sake stop bleating about your loneliness. Your boredom, your loss of social contacts. Just look at yourself as you are, a woman who has sacrificed a little personal luxury for a cosy, quiet and a safe house in the country, far from guns, fires, and debris.

Don't think I blame you for being there. Nobody with children and enough money would do otherwise, but please, please don't let the privilege of security become a burden. If it does, give it up and come back. This isn't worthy of you, Jill. I know that in the face of urgent need you would discover fine qualities of endurance and patience. Where are they now?

There is work to be done in the interests of human suffering even there. So quit grumbling and go to it.

Yours affectionately,



Mrs. Make-The-Money

Dear Sue,

Thank you for an exciting week-end. One is so out of touch with gaiety that, back here again, it seems already as though I had spent the week-end in a dream world. As a matter of fact I did, because I believe your world is a dream world. It can't last. I hope it can't.

Are you surprised to know that I enjoyed the week-end with a terrible sense of guilt? Don't you ever feel that way about your life in the Stupendous Hotel, Sue? Isn't it incredible that there can be women who can still afford to live idly, luxuriously, dancing, eating, bridging, talking clothes, shutting out with all the resources of money and influence, the realities of horror and sacrifice and glorious endeavour that exist just over the mountain tops from you?

The funny part to me, Sue, is that in his way I suppose your husband is doing good for his country. Manufacturing something or other for the Army, didn't you say? But why should the remuneration for this service be such as to buy you, in the midst of your gold-plated existence, a couple of new foxes for your birthday, while my husband who serves no less vitally, but less spectacularly and in the common uniform, should only be able to send me a bar of chocolate for mine?

I don't resent your money but I resent what it does to you. You, who could be such a splendid person, are just a useless, obstructive member of the community. Snap out of it, Susan. Your world isn't going to last long. Adapt yourself—as you so readily could—to a more worthy life while there is still time.

Sincerely,

To a Woman Member of Parliament

Dear Madam,

I am writing to you about some urgent problems which are engaging the minds of women everywhere.

Cannot women in Parliament do something about the whole evacuation question? Must we go on merely talking about the need for improvement and revision? Women are still left to suffer in our cities. We are told that they remain there from choice, but is anything being done to solve for them the problems which stand in the way of their accepting safety and security?

Their great problem is that of leaving their menfolk uncared for. Is there no hope of our getting nationally organised hostels for husbands? The thing has begun privately in a small way. Why not in a large way?

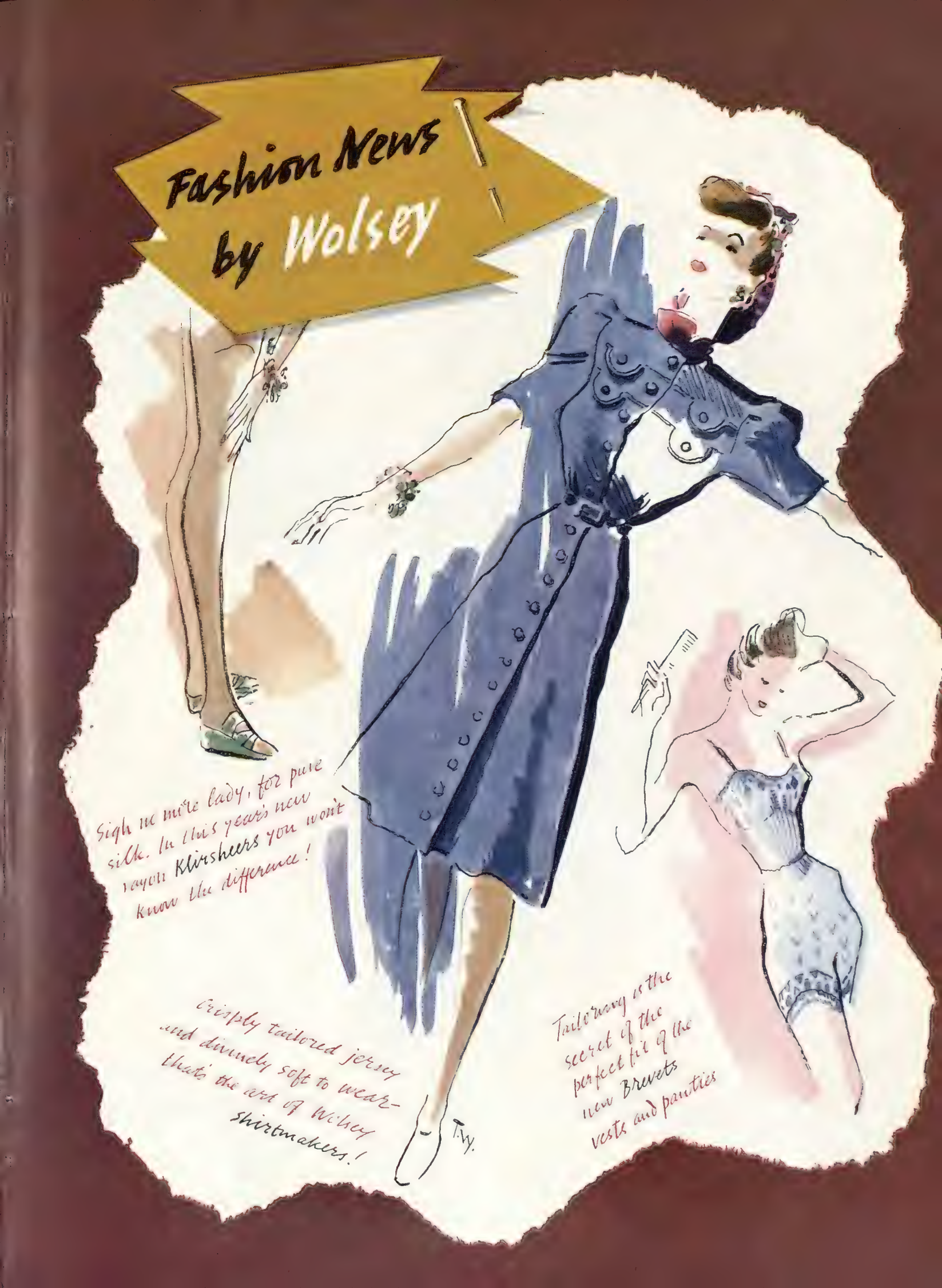
About billeting. Is it possible to infuse into billeting officers a simple understanding of human psychology so that children and foster parents need not so frequently be hopelessly ill-assorted? Does it take so much genius or organisation to avoid the obvious absurdity of putting a high-spirited boy from the slums into a genteel billet with an elderly spinster when a little more perception would have accommodated both parties more agreeably?

Above all, must the upper strata of our village society enjoy such immunity that their larger houses remain half occupied, while the cottagers strain the limited resources of their small homes to the uttermost?

Women have these problems near at heart. Can we look to women in Parliament to express our urgent demands?

Yours faithfully,

Fashion News by Wolsey



Sigh no more lady, for pure silk. In this year's new rayon Klinsheers you won't know the difference!

Crisply tailored jersey and divinely soft to wear— that's the art of Wolsey shirtmakers!

Tailoring is the secret of the perfect fit of the new Brevets vests and panties

The answer is

Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes

PORTHOLE
In Blue,
or Wine

SPRING IS IN THE AIR, let there be spring in your step too. Nature made the foot lively—and lovely. Think of its intricate and superb structure. What footwear can possibly match it? Wearers of Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes know the answer. They know how "Arch Preservers" give back to their feet Nature's treadbase, which fashionable heels and shapes had thrown out of balance. But the marvel is that Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes also have fashionable heels and shapes. And something more, for these Spring 1941 styles demonstrate the highest art of the shoe designer, both of England and America.

Famous Selberite Arch Preserver features: Light, invisible bridge under the outer arch; metatarsal maintainer; flat innersole; slenderized styling.

WALTZ
In Black, Brown
or Blue

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers · Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles, to

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD.,

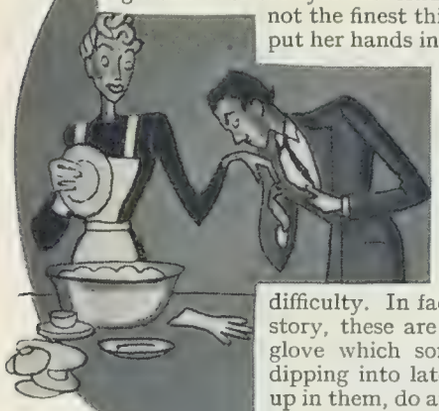
(London Office): 17/18, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

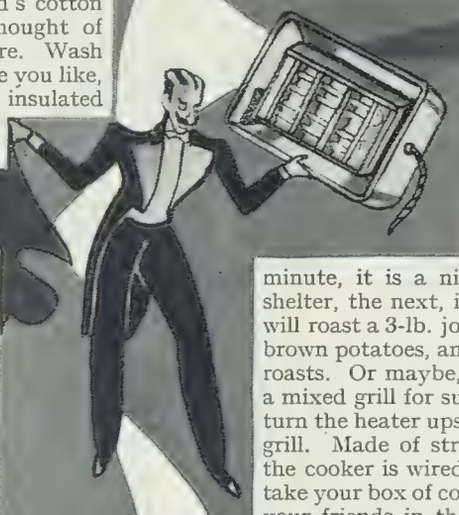
Look for this trade mark. All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

PURCHASE TACTICS

Every picture tells a story. So, just to impress you, I've got three pictures talking above this paragraph. They tell you, plainer than I can, what you should be doing for your eyes. The treatment you see illustrated is one of the best-known salon eye-do's going. And at the salon costs one guinea, but if you send for the fixings and do it yourself at home, it will only cost you a few pence a time. And that's cheap for eye radiance, not to mention eye health. It is something in the combination of the strong muscle developer (mark, that the oil *develops* muscle, not just gives it temporary stimulus) and the presence of the soothing herbs imprisoned in the bandalettes, that gives such exciting results. For it is exciting to watch those fatigue lines fade out, the skin round the eyes tauten and the eyes themselves take on the blue-white clarity of youth Regular twice weekly home treatment with bandalettes and oil can do these things for you.

Stap me, as the old gaffers in the films would say, if those gloves the lady is using for her chores, are not the ugliest I ever set eyes on. And stap me again, if they are not the finest things a working woman ever put her hands into. Why, with these gloves on you can put your hands under an ice-cold tap if you have an urge that way, and you with fingers warm and cosy all the while. There's none of the chillsomeness of a surgeon's gloves about these housewives' helps; and none of that clamminess or getting-on-and-off difficulty. In fact, to tell a very hush-hush story, these are just a housemaid's cotton glove which some bright lad thought of dipping into latex. There you are. Wash up in them, do any dirty wet chore you like, and your hands are completely insulated against damp and dirt; best of all, they are *warm*. Price is 2s. 11d.





The artful dodges this emergency cooker gets up to makes most conjuring tricks look as though rabbits always live in hats and goldfish in gentlemen's coat-tail pockets. Just imagine. One minute, it is a nice cosy fire for your bedroom or shelter, the next, it can be turned into a cooker that will roast a 3-lb. joint in one and a quarter hours, do brown potatoes, and boil a saucepan or kettle, while it roasts. Or maybe, you have a sausage and mash, or a mixed grill for supper? Then, all you need do, is to turn the heater upside down, and you have the perfect grill. Made of strong tin, light and easily portable, the cooker is wired for alternating current. You can take your box of conjuring tricks with you to confound your friends in their homes; carry it from house to shelter; or indeed, anywhere you feel like carrying it to, so long as there is electricity about. (I forgot to say that it makes lovely toast, and as it is on a folding stand, can be put on the table at breakfast time.

Instead of rolling out the barrel, what about rolling out the spuds for a change? Yes. Roll 'em out and see 'em come through the strainer like Devonshire cream. That's the new way of mashing potatoes. And it's the way that goes for all kinds of cooked veg., whether it grows above ground or below. The new gadget is a chubby, clean little wooden roller on a sturdy handle; and once you've used it you'll clear kitchen drawer of those old wooden spoons you used to think so handy for pressing things through the sieve. This little number will do the job just seven times as quickly and with about seventy times seven more efficiency. Get it separately for 7½d. (or with its specially built strainer). Together they will do a dozen jobs: like preparing creamy vegetables for the baby's dinner, or making tomato juice cocktails (the tomato will soon be back among us) for the party. Price complete. 2s. 6d. Plus 9d. for postage and packing

Hatters like March hares have a reputation for madness and spring is the season for millinery capers. Or was, before Certain Things That Shall Be Nameless, sobered us up. Now, we have to face the fact that straws are not even in the wind, but gone with—probably for the duration. So what, we may well lament, are we poor women going to do re the bit of nonsense which, annually, goes to our heads? Well, we *can* go hatless, but it's dull—in spring. Or we can send last year's model to have its face lifted by an expert. I know of such an expert. She has been remodelling hats for nine or ten years. Her tiny shop has withstood wars and rumours of wars, fleeing clients and adjacent bombs. If you send your old bits of hat and tat to her and a picture of what you would like them to look like, she will conjure up as pretty a spring chapeau as you ever saw in the rue St. Honoré on a sunny pre-war spring morning. Of course, if you can call with your bits in hand, so much the better. Her charges are from round about ten shillings, which, for a delicate surgical operation. I call cheap.

What misers we have become since face stuff rationing came in. With what a stingy touch do we spread the meagre cream over the face o'nights. With what regret do we wipe off the traces of cleansing cream; and with what still deeper regret do we waste a precious mite of skin food on hands and tissue, as we proceed with the ritual? One way to eliminate even this fractional amount of waste, I have discovered, is to use a four-in-hand cream. A grand wartime cream of this sort is now to be had. It comes to us in a large sensible jar, and costs only three shillings. It can be used at night for cleansing and as a skin food. In the morning, for freshening up again, while (and here's the economy trick) what's left over when you've wiped off any surplus provides your daytime foundation. And what a foundation. One that can be relied upon not to let you down any time, any place, all day through. Try the cream. You'll like it.

By Mary Young

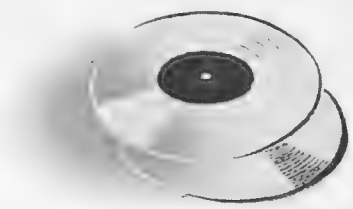
If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Number One, New Oxford St., W.C.1. I shall be happy to send any further information

Editorial Endorsement

Embodying facts about diet, permanent waving, music and cosmetics with special reference to some reputable advertised products

If there were some way of discovering what it is that makes some people mad about music while others think it just a lot of noise, I wonder what the solution would be.

Perhaps Nature has its own subtle explanation, but it might also be true that familiarity with music would prove to be an important factor.



People who have, as it were, grown up with music are generally the most appreciative. A love of music comes with contact. Children can be educated to it. They develop a deeper feeling for it throughout childhood in which music is their frequent companion, and only those who have this understanding can really appreciate the thrill which music offers.

We have often been criticised for our love of canned music. We no longer perform ourselves as our forefathers did, and no doubt we are the poorer, but we gain in the sense that canned music brings us into contact with all the finest exponents of music that the world has produced.

Since the war, canned music has proved itself anew. The gramophone brings us gaiety in the way of light music, emotional satisfaction in the way of serious music. In fact, it is an endless source of entertainment. **A**

What do you expect of soap for a start? Is it just to make a pleasant smelling lather which removes, in the easiest way, the visible dirt on the body, or is it something which you use to protect your skin from infection, to cleanse and stimulate it so that it can carry on with its natural functions and breathe freely?

The body is constantly exuding waste in the form of acids. These are not always visible, but they are there, and if the work of elimination is to go on unimpaired, wastes must be removed.

The work of removing them is not so simple as it seems. Those deep places of the skin where impurities lodge must be deeply cleansed. Some cleansing agent which penetrates the skin is essential, yet it must not be harsh enough to do a permanent injury to the tissues. Such an agent, instead of freeing the pores, will merely increase the congestion. That is why you must use a soap that purifies and supplements the work of nature without obstructing it.

Pretty colours and delightful perfumes count for nothing. They are, in fact, a source of danger since they are often used to disguise ingredients harmful to the tissues.

Choose a soap which you know by repute to be absolutely pure. It should be mild in its action, free from harsh ingredients. It should combine mildly antiseptic properties with a smooth penetrating lather. Dismiss any idea that soap is bad for your skin. It may be true of some, but of good soaps there is nothing more beneficial to health and more stimulating to beauty. **B**

It is a fact that anxiety and tension often show themselves in an impoverished condition of the hair. For this reason all of us are wise to keep a wary eye upon our crowning glory.

Simply, daily hair care, along with a reasonable standard of health and the best kind of permanent waving is the whole story of hair loveliness, and this should be simple enough to accomplish.

Five minutes should be given every day to brushing and scalp massage. For massaging let the finger-tips just touch the scalp, and with a gentle firm touch rotate them upon the scalp moving and loosening it. Use clean brushes *always*, and if you discover dandruff look first to your general health. If you pass on this score try daily dabbing the scalp with a good disinfectant. If it increases see a trichologist.

Be discriminate in your choice of a permanent wave. A successful perm depends enormously upon the skill of the operator and the nature of the solutions used in creating the wave. Never, if you value the health and beauty of your hair, agree to a cheap perm whatever the hairdresser may say. The best are the cheapest in the end, and the only possible way to preserve the beauty and the youth of your hair. **C**

We each have our personal preferences in the choice of cosmetics. Sometimes they are quite well defined. More than any other cosmetic, you use your powder constantly. It should, therefore, be basically of such purity that it blends into the skin without clogging the pores. It should stay put without grinding itself in. It should be free from corrosive perfumes and other substances injurious to the tissues which are sometimes used.

Demand this high standard of your powder. The extent and the regularity with which you use it make it essential. Your skin will tell its own story in a little while if you do less. **D**

Victorians were very fond of saying that somebody had "died of a broken heart," though there is very little evidence to show that such a thing has ever really happened. Even now we talk, flippantly, of people being "worried to death," but can this really be?

In an indirect sense both things can happen and, indeed, have a certain similarity. The fact is that the results of an anxious frame of mind are such as to induce sleeplessness, a lack of appetite, and through these a lowering of the vitality which in itself lays the system open to such infections as there are about. Concisely anxiety and depression go hand in hand with debility, and the results of this are fairly obvious.

How can one have a healthy nervous system. Or, to go even further, how can one fortify the nervous system to resist attack.

First by assuring a clean and healthy blood stream. This because the blood feeds the nerves, and starved nerves are liable to crack. A simple, wholesome diet rich in the protective vitamins begins the good work. Exercise and an abundance of oxygen (meaning outdoor exercise) continues it. Proper relaxation is also important and (but in these difficult times when none of these things are so simple to obtain) a nerve tonic food is likely to give that extra stimulus which affords a complete resistance. **E**

A *If you are restocking or improving your supply of records for the home, take note of the fact that Decca have issued a magnificent new selection, covering every phase of music.*

B *The foamy antiseptic soap safe against infection and kind to the skin is Wright's Coal Tar. You have heard of it for years and all you have heard of it's fine qualities is true.*

C *The permanent wave that has proved itself as among the very best and most reliable is Eugene. The effect is that of lustrous, natural waves. No drying effects are felt and the result is a permanent perm.*

D *Goya is a face powder highly recommended for purity, delicacy and the stay-on qualities most required. It is available in six shades and its perfume has been specially blended so as to harmonise with all good scents. The price is from 1s. 3d. to 6s. 6d.*

E *The organic phosphorus and protein contained in Sanatogen tonic nerve food is invaluable as a supplementary diet in cases of debility and nerve strain. It is quickly and surely absorbed into the blood stream, restoring vitality and health. Price 2s. 3d. to 10s. 9d.*

Yes, it's a Eugène every time
MY HAIR IS PRECIOUS!

The Land of the Ethiopian (*Continued from page 29*)

country had not yet reached that stage of advance which entitled her to membership. But she was accepted and Haile Selassie promised to carry out the needed reforms. He strove honestly to do so, welcoming to his capital all who could render him assistance.

But Mussolini became covetous. He wanted Abyssinia for himself, just as Ahab longed for Naboth's vineyard. So he went to war and swooping down upon an inoffensive and innocent people with his planes and mechanised forces he was able to hoist the Italian flag over the royal palace at Addis Ababa, the capital, and at other Abyssinian towns. He quickly discovered that his action not only received the condemnation of the civilised world, but he was in reality only master of Abyssinia in name. The usual sources of capital for development purposes were closed to him and the Abyssinians themselves were far from being subdued. You cannot govern a country and get the best out of it unless you gain the respect of its citizens, and this Mussolini failed to do.

Addis Ababa, which means "New Flower," was founded by Menelik after his defeat of the Italians in 1896. It is connected with the outside world by a railway—a single line, some five hundred miles in length, which runs between it and Djibouti, the port of French Somaliland. Djibouti was one of Mussolini's claims against the French. It is Abyssinia's only railway, her principal gateway to the outside world.

The Abyssinian capital is beautifully situated among the hills at an elevation of 8,000 feet, and completely embowered in eucalyptus trees. It spreads over a considerable area, containing thousands of huts and a few stone buildings and a population of about 200,000. It boasts a cathedral, a modern hospital, mission schools, a training college, post office, several small hotels for Europeans; and off on a hillside, away from the rest of the city the royal palace and Parliament House. There is also the small civic centre built during Italian occupation with its barracks, workshops, and wireless station.

The streets in the native quarter are narrow, winding, and many of them are unpaved. Life principally centres round the market-place—a great open space not far from the palace. Here you can see the native craftsmen at work—the potter at his wheel, the leather-worker, coppersmith, jeweller working with the most primitive tools, and women ginning cotton by hand. Here, too, are numerous booths and stalls where every article and commodity needed for the running of an ordinary native home may be purchased—bread, meat, sugar, coffee, rice, vegetables and fruit, all kinds of cotton goods, leather articles, everything in fact that the Ethiopian needs.

Despite the encroachment of modern civilisation and twentieth-century methods, the ancient customs still flourish. The people still wear the old dress which seems to have been theirs since time immemorial. This consists of a cotton shirt, trousers, and the *chama*, the latter being a kind of cotton scarf worn like a toga during the day and used at night for a bed covering. The costume is the same for men and women and for all classes. The method of draping the *chama* is indicative of the attitude of the wearer towards the person in whose presence he may be.

Impromptu courts of law, where any passer-by may be called upon to act as a judge, are still held at every street corner, and any trivial dispute is settled with much impassioned oratory and an appalling waste of time. Rough-and-ready justice, according to the Mosaic code, holds the field for more serious crimes. Until recently it was quite a common sight to see half a dozen men swinging in the market-place from improvised gallows or trees.

The great *gebburs*, or raw meat banquets, where anything up to 17,000 or 18,000 men —soldiers, officials, retainers, slaves—are fed in a day, are still held.

Although surrounded by Negro tribes and having some admixture of Negro blood brought in through centuries of slave-holding, the Ethiopian is by no means a Negro. He is dark-skinned, with hair usually kinky and lips frequently thick, but he has a good high-bridged nose, well-set eyes, and a firm chin.

His principal language is Amharic, an ancient Semitic tongue, but many languages and dialects are spoken. Amharic is a graceful script, but as there are about two hundred letters in the alphabet besides some twenty compounds of these, Amharic is not exactly a subject that can be acquired in a week-end. Outside the governing class and the priesthood few can read or write.

Here we must remember that the Ethiopians themselves only number about one-third of the country's population of some ten or eleven millions. The rest consists mostly of different branches of the great Galla race. In addition there are Somalis, Danakil, Gouragne, Afar, and a number of Negroid races generally termed Shungalla.

Abyssinia lays claim to be one of the oldest of Christian countries. Her people accepted the Christian faith long before our ancestors had heard of Jesus of Nazareth. The country was converted to Christianity three hundred years after the birth of Christ by Frumentius, who was consecrated Bishop of Ethiopia by the Patriarch of Alexandria. The Ethiopian Church is a branch of the Coptic or Egyptian Church. It agrees with the Copts in point of ritual, and regards it as a religious duty to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There is, in fact, a large Abyssinian colony in Jerusalem. All the members of the present royal family and those of the leading nobility in Addis Ababa have at one time or another visited the Holy City. It was but two years ago that the present Empress opened a convent on the banks of the Jordan close to the spot where tradition says Christ was baptised.

Every village boasts its church, and it has been estimated that there are over 18,000 recognised churches in the country.

The buildings are invariably circular in design. This form of architecture is adopted as there is a superstitious belief, particularly among the ignorant peasantry, that the devil hides in corners.

There are no seats in the churches. The congregation stand, the men in one place and the women in another. When at prayer they bow very low towards the "holy of holies" with its model of the Ark. There is a good deal of chanting and the ringing of little bells, called sistras, resembling in design baby rattles. They are similar to those found in the tomb of Tutankhamen.

The Church is not only very powerful, but it plays an important part in the life of the people. It owns about one-third of the land. In addition to the churches there are also a number of convents. Priests may marry once, engage in business, administer Church-owned lands, lend money, and act as judges in disputes. They hold services daily of prayer and chanting. In time of war they bless the troops and give them absolution on the eve of battle.

But there has crept into the Coptic Church of Ethiopia a mixture of Judaism and much Negro superstition. Because of this, Abyssinian Christianity is regarded as somewhat primitive, cramped in its outlook, with rather a crude form of service. This is true, but when one remembers the isolated existence Abyssinia has led for so many centuries and how she has been surrounded by heathen tribes the wonder is that the Church has survived at all.

Such is the land of Ethiopia to-day. As it is now throwing off the Italian yoke, as it was expected to do, it is obvious that the country will need outside help and guidance, and it is Great Britain that has promised the Emperor that aid.

END

British History in Stone (*Continued from page 3*)

Wren still held a trump card; there were still the City church sites to provide a basic skyline. And there was St. Paul's Cathedral to be rebuilt.

Wren had already been concerned with the cathedral's future. Just a week before the fire there had been a wrangle as to what should be done with the crumbling fabric. Now the problem was made easier. None of the English fondness for patching-up could suffice. The cathedral must be new—or nothing.

The evolution of the cathedral's design took nine weary years. Every one had their say several times over. The clergy would point to one plan and cry: "Oh, no, that would be difficult for evening services in Lent!" Or the papish Duke of York would be inspired to plot against another design because it "lacked a sufficiency of spaces suitable for chapels." But finally a design was agreed upon and the great task begun.

Even then the problem of who was to pay for the building was not wholly solved. The original idea was to impose a coal tax on London, four-fifths being devoted to the cathedral. But either London decided not to burn so much coal, or some jobbery typical of the day intervened, for Wren was seldom with enough money to be able to look a month ahead.

Wren slowly got accustomed to the irritations of an architect's life. He was a witty diner-out (often in company with Mr. Pepys) and moved with pleasure through the ribald gaieties of the age. Yet he remained a man of Christian dignity. And a diplomat; he had to be that, for he served through five reigns—those of Charles, James II, Anne, William and Mary, and George I.

And all the time his City churches were rising towards the sky, representing all that was left of the skyline he had dreamed of for London. Fifty-three of them: St. Bride's, St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Michael's, St. Augustine's, towering above the ragged London of brick and mortar that was re-building itself just where it had burned down. Farther west there were St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Clement Danes and St. James's in Piccadilly. If "Mr. Surveyor Wren" was as rich in money as he was in genius he would have died a millionaire. Whereas, as far as St. Paul's went, he died in poverty.

He started at £200 a year, and after twenty-one years received even less, for rich London held a moiety of his salary back in order to urge upon him greater speed.

Thirty-five years after it was started, and when Wren was seventy-eight, his son laid the top stone of the lantern above the dome. Even then the cathedral was not finished, although services had been held in the choir for seventeen years.

George I came to the throne only to dismiss Wren, while the commissioners fussed about the fabric, putting up painted domes and balustrades which Wren had forbidden.

On a warm May day in 1718, Christopher Wren, still vigorous and alert, took the coach to his house at Hampton Court. He had done for London all that he could. The journey was his symbolic farewell to the city which had treated him so strangely. Scattered through its dozen square miles of clustering buildings were enough structures of his own to make the most beautiful city in Europe. But he had planted his lilies in a field of weeds.

Five years later he came home from one of his day visits in London, during which he sat for a while beneath the dome of St. Paul's. His servant found him after dinner with a Bible on his knee. The date was February 25, 1723. At ninety-one the man who had tried to make London beautiful had passed on.

G. B.

All change!

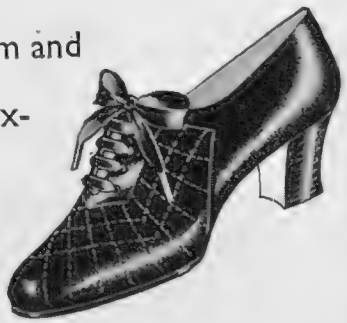
NORVIC

for the woman of to-day

NORVIC 9629 *An EASIFORM Style in Blue Calf. Also in Black or Brown,* **26/9** *(Purchase Tax included).*

Hundreds of thousands of wise women have always known about NORVIC. Thousands more have decided to change to NORVIC—for NORVIC shoes satisfy all the requirements of the smart modern woman.

Not only are they trim and elegant — they're inexpensive—and so comfortable that every walking day becomes a holiday!



NORVIC *Easiform Shoe in Black, Blue or Brown Glace Kid,* **22/9** *(Purchase Tax included).*

NORVIC 9712. *In real Brown Pelliseal. Also in real Blue or Beige Seal,* **35/-** *(Purchase Tax included).*

Trade Mark

All Norvic Shoes for Men and Women are made the Braced Foot-Fitting Way

Charming coloured booklet of styles sent post free

THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD. NORWICH

Economical Extravagance

Probably you, like everybody else, simply *must* save money these days — but it need not always mean "doing without." Take stockings for instance. By merely insisting quite firmly on Bear Brand you may enjoy all the loveliness and delicacy that you could desire. Their surprisingly tenacious grip on life will look after the rest. They wear so long and so well that you can be pounds in pocket over the year.

Bear Brand

STOCKINGS

Two And a Dog (*Continued from page 19*)

Sonia nodded. "I know, but where can one go? All the safe places are full of evacuees. I remembered this village because I had luncheon at the 'White Lion' one day last year when I was motoring to Dover." She broke off to thank Dawkins for the whisky and soda.

"Can I see Susie again?" Berwick asked.

"Come out, Sue, and be admired," the woman said. "I am glad you like her. I don't know anything about them really. I bought her in a dog shop because she was such a pretty puppy and I wanted a dog."

"Have you got her pedigree?" Berwick asked.

"I had it, but I lost it when the flat was bombed. I do remember her father's name, it was Mike of the Woods."

"Mike!" Berwick said in astonishment. "She's not a bit like him. I am surprised. Funnily enough she reminds me of a dog who is probably no relation at all—Loki von Hauschutting."

"I never heard of him," Sonia said. "Was he a well-known dog?"

"He was one of the greatest dogs in the world." Berwick's voice was full of enthusiasm. "He was the star dog of the Berlin police, and he was killed while 'identifying' a criminal. He was just the same glorious colour."

"Do you train near here?" Sonia asked.

"Not a mile away. Will you come to tea to-morrow and see the dogs? I'm afraid it's a bachelor establishment, but my housekeeper makes pretty good potato scones. Bring Susie, won't you?"

"We'd love to come," the woman said. "Well, I'm off to bed. The air here makes one sleepy."

The dog followed without being spoken to, and the pair disappeared through the side door.

"Surely you acknowledge that she's good looking," Dawkins asked. "Although I realise that you hardly looked at her, you were so busy with the dog."

"I still think I've met her somewhere." Berwick's voice was puzzled. "Yes, I suppose she is good looking, but why wear a sort of town dress like that in a pub. Surely tweeds would be more suitable."

Even as he spoke, some forgotten memory struggled to make itself heard. Sub-conscious self was trying to ring the bell and just failing. Somebody, somewhere, had been out of the picture, and it had spelt danger, but Berwick could not get the memory film to run smoothly. He would try when he was alone, for he had learnt never to neglect a "hunch." Dogs had not been his only preoccupation, but they were always useful as "cover."

He played a game or two of darts and pleading that he was still convalescent he went home early. There was not a sound from the kennels, for the dogs knew his step. The fire burned low, but he soon built it up and he sat down in his arm-chair to chase that memory. He picked out recollections one by one and examined them. It was hovering and just eluding him, but he persevered. Suddenly the picture flashed across his mind, as a lantern slide is flashed on the screen and remains static.

He heard again the words of Philip Kerr, one of the most brilliant of the younger "Intelligence" crowd.

"I thought it was funny that he should order a champagne cocktail in the middle of the morning in a pub . . ." "No, he spoke perfect English, they nearly always do, don't they?"

Well the result of that cocktail had been four enemy agents convicted and three hanged at Pentonville. Nasty business altogether. Two of the Dutchmen were sick in the dock from sheer funk. It was always nasty and never anything like the films portrayed it. But a lot of them went bravely and that only made it worse.

He laughed to himself and poured out a whisky and soda. He was being a bit previous he reflected. Because a fool of a Dutchman made a blunder and played out of character, it didn't mean that—he shrugged his shoulders and raked out the fire—well, there was that other memory to be pigeon holed. He never forgot a face, but he couldn't always place them in the right sequence. He went up to bed, still wondering.

SONIA arrived the next afternoon and Berwick showed her the kennels.

She made a few rather obvious remarks, but she apparently knew nothing about training, and she shivered in the cold wind.

"Come into the house," Berwick suggested. He could see that she was attractive to-day in her uniform-like blue coat and skirt, but the greater part of the time he was looking at the dog. It was fantastic how greatly she resembled Loki. As they turned to go into the house a nondescript cat flashed out of the bushes. The dog pricked her ears and crouched. Sonia's voice rang sharply, "Suzi," and the dog dropped to heel.

Sonia's voice and her attitude made Berwick jump. This time it was not imagination. He *had* seen her before, and had heard her voice with just that inflexion. The knowledge made him careful not to betray that he noticed anything, not even the "z" in Susie, which turned the name into a foreign one. As of old, his hunch was correct.

He took his guest into the sitting-room and gave her potato scones, thin as a wafer with brown blisters from the girdle and soaking in butter.

Susie placed herself where she could see her mistress, but where she was out of the way.

"She's well trained," Berwick said abruptly. He meant to be abrupt. Sometimes it worked.

"She's naturally obedient," Sonia said, "but I don't know anything about training, and I just like her as a pet."

"I'd give anything to have her to train." Berwick meant it, he was crazy about Susie. "She's a dog in a thousand, and I bet she could do anything one asked her. Oh well! I don't suppose you want to sell her?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't, and as I'm not staying here, there isn't even the chance of learning something from you." Her voice was polite, but Berwick sensed an undercurrent.

"Are you going away?"

She nodded. "It's too noisy here. They're sure to come again after the aerodrome."

"Look here, swear you won't repeat what I'm going to say, because I heard through one of the pilots, but it might make you change your mind."

"I won't repeat it, of course, but I don't suppose I shall change my mind. What is it?"

"They're going to move the aerodrome from Hasling to Moreton. It's absolutely concealed by that fold in the downs. When I say 'the aerodrome,' I mean the personnel and the machines and the hush-hush caboodle. I doubt the Jerries finding it, but they'll realise in time that there's nothing at Hasling, so it'll get quieter."

"It might." She sounded uninterested. "But I'm getting rather tired of the 'White Lion.' I never can settle down in any place for long. Well, I must be going. Thank you so much for tea and showing me the dogs."

He was so anxious to be alone, that he did not even offer to see her to the pub. He locked the door behind her and from a cupboard he collected several folders and papers. He sat, bent above them, studying them intently.

He gave a whistle and laughed; a hard triumphant laugh, and looked at the snapshot again. It was a photograph of men and dogs, and in the line was one woman. It was marked:

"State School of Police Dogs; Grünheide. Inspection by Prince Sigismund of Prussia."

So he was not mistaken. He *had* seen Sonia Tremayne before at the Police School for Dogs in Germany. He had been the guest of Prince Sigismund and he asked, "Who's the lady?" and Sigismund repeated the question to the captain commanding the school.

"A Russian girl from Georgia. Sonia Kaledin. She's very good." And Berwick had thought no more about it. Her hair was fair in those days, and dyed hair changes the values of features. She was one of four people who gave a demonstration, and her voice came across sharply as she gave the words of command. It was the same voice as he had heard this afternoon, when taken unawares she called "SuZi."

He would get one more proof before acting. He pulled out a folder of dog pedigrees. She'd been hustled when she said that Mike of the Woods was Suzi's sire. She must have seen the name in a dog paper, and used it on chance. Mike was only two years old and Suzi was certainly four, and perhaps more. Of course she was a daughter of gallant Loki. He bet Suzi was just as gallant.

He'd taken a big risk when he told Sonia about the impending move to Moreton, but when he was in the game he'd always taken risks. She'd verify it easily enough without appearing to ask questions. There were always some of the lads from the aerodrome about, and she was probably one of the star enemy agents, and able to extract information like a cork from a bottle.

He settled down for a nap and awoke as he intended at midnight. He peered out of the window and found that there was a heavy ground mist. He put on a dark mackintosh and a pair of rubber-soled shoes. He wished he'd had a revolver handy, but he picked up his loaded stick—just in case. He went down the hill like a shadow and slipped into the copse which stood in front of the "White Lion." He made sure it was up-wind. He was taking no chances with Suzi.

HE waited in the shrivelling mist for an hour and he began to grow despondent. Maybe he was a middle-aged fool imagining things. He glanced at his luminous watch. It was one o'clock, and at that moment he heard the ghost of a sound. It was a well-oiled bolt slipping out of the catch. A breath of air ravelled the mist and he saw Sonia with Suzi close at heel.

"I like her just as a pet." Berwick remembered the woman's words and grinned. *Some* pet. She was a highly trained police dog, possibly Red Cross and army trained as well.

Sonia had taken the bait and was moving quickly. He slid behind them, determined at all costs not to lose them. Probably Sonia had a portable radio transmitting set, and she would broadcast the news in code. The dog would let her know if any one were approaching.

Berwick expected her to move uphill, but to his surprise she went towards a small dense copse, which stretched down to the edge of the sea. There was a small bay, shallow and completely sheltered. He followed until she and the dog disappeared into the wood. He dared not risk crashing through the undergrowth, so he moved forwards and listened intently.

He was certain now that his hunch was right, and an icy rage enveloped him. For the agents who worked for their own countries he had nothing but admiration, but for this type of snake, death was too good. She was a Russian working against England, and at the same time accepting her hospitality. Tremayne was probably her married name, and she held a British passport. Like the majority of Slavs she was a double-crosser, right, left and centre.

He remained crouching by the sea end of the copse expecting any sound except what he heard.

"Vorwärts, Suzi." That was her voice, very low and cautious. He tensed himself, and the next moment (*Continued on page 58*)

"MY HEAD'S HAMMERING AWAY

—be an angel and bring down the HOWARDS"

A headache calls for aspirin. With the more knowledgeable it calls for HOWARDS' Aspirin. One might argue that an aspirin tablet is an aspirin tablet all the world over—that on such a point there is no need to be specific. But a similar plea might be put forward for a whisky or a perfume, or a cigar if you judge a product by the nature of its ingredients rather than by their *quality*. Taking an analytical view of the matter aspirins made by a firm which has specialized in medicinal products of the highest quality since the days of Marie Antoinette, are surely well worth asking for by *name*.

HOWARDS & SONS, LTD., ILFORD, NEAR LONDON

Idle hands are out of date . . .

Everybody's knitting for the forces, and it's worth making sure that the warm things you are knitting will keep their warmth and comfort. Use Ramada Super Fingering Wool and you can be happily certain that no amount of wear and hard treatment will make them lose their shape or spoil their cosiness. In Navy, Khaki, R.A.F. Blue and other service shades. Price 9d. oz.

PLEASE BE PATIENT . . . if you can't get Viyella House Products the first time you ask—it is not easy for us to keep our retailers stocked, owing to the restricted wool supplies. Ask again if you can't get it at once, but if you are unable to find anyone who usually stocks Viyella, please write to us.

Ramada

Super Fingering Wool

A VIYELLA HOUSE PRODUCT

DAY & NIGHT WEAR

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

More flavour

More nourishment

and more for your money!

You'll be in no doubt about the real economy of **POULTON & NOEL'S VEGETABLE SOUP** when you see the unusually generous quantity you can make from a 7½d tin. Here's the reason: so concentrated is it you can add at least the same amount of water, or more if you wish. As for flavour, even mother's home-made soup can't beat it! That's because it's made her way—with garden-fresh vegetables blended and simmered in fine nourishing stock. Delicious. Your first spoonful proves it!

only 7½D *per tin*

POULTON & NOEL'S VEGETABLE SOUP

★ *famous for good foods since 1869*

PNO 56-68-100

POULTON & NOEL LTD., SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX

he heard the dog take to the water. So that was the game. Suzi was swimming to a watcher waiting out in the bay. A rubber boat could lurk there unsuspected.

There was nothing left for him to do but to follow the dog, and he slid into the water. The waiting man would have a soundless whistle, one of those which only the dog can hear, because of its high-pitched vibrations. She would be guided by the whistle, and then—he ceased to speculate, for the cold of the water was Arctic and he dared make no noise.

Suzi was swimming strongly, never deviating from her course. He was just close enough to keep her in view. He began to wonder if at any moment he would be seized with cramp, when he saw—what he expected to see—a boat rocking gently in the almost imperceptible swell. He trod water for a moment, ready for anything. The dog swam up to the boat and a figure bent out and stretched its hand to grasp the collar.

In a flash he saw what was happening. The message was carried in the tubular collar which is worn by all Alsatians. Any return communication would be placed in the collar and the dog made a perfect messenger. It was safer than wireless, because sooner or later a radio transmitting set is sure to be discovered, while the dog, if seen, would never be suspected.

It was imperative that the news carried in her collar should never reach Germany. Berwick drove forward, and as the man's hand touched the collar, Berwick brought down his loaded stick upon the back of his head. The man slumped forward and fell into the water. For a moment Suzi was taken by surprise, then she swam at Berwick with her teeth bared. He avoided her, but she was quicker than he was, for he was numbed with cold. She reared up in the water and drove down with her paws on his shoulders. He slid under and making a supreme effort he swam under water till he had outdistanced her and the mist hid him.

He reached the beach in such a state of exhaustion that he could only lie and gasp, but he dared not wait. He pulled himself to his feet and crept to the back of the copse. He had not long to wait. In five minutes Sonia came out of the wood, followed by Suzi, and the two made their way towards the "White Lion."

Berwick watched them go, but he made no effort to follow them. He guessed that this had happened before. The dog would be sent out at a given time, and if there were no whistle to guide her she would return. Everything had happened so quickly this evening that Sonia would not have had her suspicions aroused.

Berwick went back to his cottage and changed rapidly. Then he walked along to the police station. He was taking no chances with the telephone.

Ten minutes later the sergeant and a constable were at the "White Lion." There was a difficulty in arousing the landlord, and before they reached the Russian's room there was a certain amount of disturbance.

The sergeant knocked, but there was no reply. They burst open the locked door and found Sonia lying upon the bed.

"Strychnine," Berwick said shortly, and gave a half salute. There was a note beside the bed and the dog was chained to a leg of the chest of drawers. She nearly broke her neck in her efforts to reach them.

"The note's for you, sir," the sergeant said, handing it to Berwick. It was short.

"I realise the game's up. I suspected something to-night. Take Suzi. She's the only creature I've ever really loved. You knew, of course, that she was a daughter of Loki. It was bad luck for me, running into you. Kismet."

"I'll take the dog at once," Berwick said.

"You'll never manage her, sir. She's like a mad thing."

Berwick drew on a thick pair of gloves.

"She'll hate me for a while, as she should, but in the end she'll love me. Come, my beauty."

END

Books :

(*Continued from page 20*)

deals with her love affair with Axel von Fersen and not only with that but also with the politics of that extraordinary king, King Gustav of Sweden. It is very detailed without including anything dull and the introduction of Dr. Guillotin at the time he is just perfecting his invention is masterly. I can only advise you to get hold of this book, too, and enjoy it.

Switching to the other side of the world, to New France as it was once called, to Canada as it is to-day. H. Dyson Carter has a lesson to preach in "The Sea of Destiny" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) and he makes a good forceful master. The sea of which he writes is the Hudson Bay. He believes that this is the weak point of the American continent, a perfect gateway into the heart of North America, unprotected, from which seaplane bombers could take off and be in the heart of the industrial cities within three hours, from which armies could land. He writes seriously and dramatically to counter the deliberate saboteurs of the only inland sea to approach the Mediterranean. He warns America of Germany's plans, and as he gives a history of Hudson Bay he drives home his points.

Lella Warren has not written a world masterpiece in "Foundation Stone" (Collins, 9s. 6d.), but she has not missed by much the "Gone With The Wind" note. It has taken her nearly twelve years to finish this 600-page novel and I find the early part much the best. Had it kept it up to the end—but never mind. It is all good reading of the 1820 to 1860 period in America when the slaves were a problem and Alabama was just beginning to come into its own. As I say, I like the early pioneer days, when Gerda, a married woman with three children and only fifteen years of age, takes charge with her husband, Yarborough. This is great writing and they are a great couple, strong and loving, in whom one can watch the birth of a nation.

While we are on this side of the world let us take in our stride a first novel by a nineteen year old, "The Canyon" (Collins, 7s. 6d.) by Peter Viertel. The canyon is on the Californian coast and here the author spent his youth, as thousands of American youth must have done, with Keetcheye, the Indian, Jimmy Valentine, and Perfecto, the Mexican. From children they formed a gang and the canyon was their playground as well as their home. As they grew so did their scrapes until the tragic day arrived when they started growing out of everything and breaking up. This book is remarkable for the amount of observation which a young author has put into it and for the feeling which he shows, or rather the promise of feeling. And it makes pleasant reading.

Negley Farson brings us back to London with a bump, or rather a series of bumps, in "Bomber's Moon" (Victor Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) with lovely pencil sketches by Tom Purvis. This is a most flattering analysis of Londoners under the blitz, written in language with no frills about places that had not frills, Billingsgate, Aldwych tube, the East End before, during and after raids. Farson has the journalist's pen and picks his highlights without effort. He ends up with tales of McDougall, the Kensington warden, as well written as anything in this war yet. This is a book to treasure, but while the memory is still unpleasantly fresh. I should like to see it sold in every English-speaking country. In his own America it should be a pick up.

Across to the other side of the world again, to China, with Graham Peck to guide us "Through China's Wall" (Collins, 12s. 6d.). Peck writes well and unlike most travel writers takes the reader along without effort whether in Pekin, the heart of the Gobi Desert, the hill country or Shanghai. He travels cheaply and sees everything until you feel your knowledge of China growing along with his. I found this one of the very best travel books, probably because it was all so unplanned. I learned that in Mongolia politeness and hospitality are so natural and abundant there is no word in the language for "thank you." I am not so handicapped, Mr. Peck.

We have only just had Serge Lifar's "Diaghilev," and now Cyril W. Beaumont produces "The Diaghilev Ballet in London" (Putnam, 10s. 6d.). This is not so detailed, dealing with every show they put on here, many of the stars, and their problems in a more subjective way, with the eye of the admirer and later of the friend. For any one who wants to know the subject and keep at hand the colourings and settings as well as descriptions of the classic performances of the ballets I recommend this.

END

Spring Surprises

(*Continued from page 33*)

the astringent alone—silk masks are now unprocurable—has been found to act as effectively. Let ten minutes elapse between the applications. They will be wonderfully smoothing to the throat.

Your hands are due for consideration next. Without dilating on the boney-redness left by winter, the one way to deal with this is by working in a wax cream that will remain in the cells when the hands are being washed and the surface cleaned. This will feed and restore them to dimpled whiteness.

A useful tip is not to point your nails. This manicure is "out." It leads to broken nails and is not practical these days. Let the nail grow well up from the sides and cut it straight across. It will serve you twice as well, and with a touch of white iodine at the base, be labour-proof.

You can treat your *complexion* during the week-end. Start by a soap and water wash, carefully graduating the water from tepid to hot. Then give your face a bath with hot olive oil. Mould this in before slipping a soft muslin over your face and cushioning cheeks, forehead and temples in turn on a hot water bottle, so as to bake the oil into the skin. The idea is then to pass ice over the muslin, but many women have an aversion to ice over their face on the grounds that it induces red veins. Accordingly, you allow the hot water bottle to grow colder and colder, this will mean utimately filling it with colder water and still colder, the lifting effect on the skin will approach that exercised by ice, and there can be no danger of veins. This danger is always eliminated by graduating your varying heats up and down, and avoiding harsh contrasts, which either distend the surface blood vessels too suddenly and shoot the blood in, or contract them so swiftly that the outlet closes and the blood remains pinched there.

This home oil-baking treatment gives the skin a good meal, livens it. Home remedies have been stressed in this article because your leisure may be short as also your purse, or you may be far from a town. But this is not to deprecate the glorious restfulness or efficacy of salon treatments, of an oxygenation at Rubinstein's, or an intra-cellular mask at Arden's, or a skin-emptying at Ejyra's. At any of these, time and money will be well spent.

All these are weighty decisions giving rise to many surprises, the greatest of which is a new standard of good looks and well-being promoted by your advance jump on spring.

END

Better blended
Better smoke
CAPSTAN

In the National interest empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.

10 FOR 9D 20 FOR 1/5½D

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD. C.C 693A

Fashion's smartest knitting designs are found in La Laine leaflets and for their finest interpretation, demand . . . LA LAINE knitting wool

In difficulty write to Bairns-wear Ltd., Dept. LL.13, Perry Road, Nottingham

CVS—L.13

"BRITANNIA & EVE" SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland and Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Please send me "BRITANNIA & EVE," Monthly for.....months commencing with the .....issue for which I enclose.....

Name .....

Address .....

Date.....1941

COOKING CARRIES ON IN THE ESSE KITCHEN

The ESSE COOKER CO. (Proprietors : Smith & Wellstood Ltd., Est. 1854) BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND, 63 Conduit Street, London, W.1, and branches at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow

STATE EXPRESS 555

The Best Cigarette in the World

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes — a good reason why they are preferred by critical smokers everywhere.

Leads in Quality

Smartness

without

repression

ALTHOUGH so smart, so slenderising, there is nothing hampering about a KONERAY. With graduated knife edge pleats all round that taper off into a slim fitting hip line, it gives delightful freedom of action without the hip bulkiness associated with old time pleated skirts. Drapers and stores stock the KONERAY in a variety of quality materials. Prices from 33/6. Investigate without delay.

MANUFACTURERS:
C. STILLITZ
Leamington Spa, Warwickshire

"Koneray"
PATENT PENDING
PLEATED SKIRTS

Home Front Characters—These Were!

(Continued from page 11)

absence of fighting until the last month (May). A good half of Hay's immortal book was concerned with training in this country and I think but a solitary battle figured in its pages—Loos. No, we must look farther for the absence of a new "Hundred Thousand." Maybe pre-war conscription has had something to do with it; or maybe all the army broadcasting and other publicity were responsible. Or was it that the last romance departed from war round 1914–15?

While on the Army, where is there any one recalling to mind the late Lord Athlumney, Provost-Marshal of London! Athlumney, young officers should know, was a holy terror. Doubtless the most charming of men personally, but for all that a dreaded stalker after delinquency in uniform. London of the blitz has its provost-marshal but he circulates in enforced obscurity compared with the glittering descents of Athlumney and his aides. As with Repington, so here it is a case of—gone, the whole setting. That wartime London was a bright Babylon beside this Cimmerian tragedy. The whole Empire converged to celebrate within its confines. "London leave," of theatres and music-halls, dancing and night-clubs, did not grow dim until the final year and even a lot of it survived below ground.

José Collins is another wartime figure who has been without a successor. José was an institution at Daly's almost clean through the war. The services steered for, or were piloted to the unyielding "Maid" year after year. Here was that freak, an all-British light opera that could stand up to the Viennese school. And if José was statuesque rather than "fetching," how well she sang, how dashingly she played.

Three other stage personalities imprinted themselves on that wartime London: Basil Hallam, George Robey, and Violet Loraine. The first, as "Gilbert the Filbert," gave the good-bye impersonation of a type that died at Mons—the Piccadilly Johnnie. Because Hallam did not join up with alacrity, a patriotic young editor organised hooting parties at the stage door of the Palace. Actually, there'd have been no harm in an exemption for Hallam in view of the pleasure he gave to countless men on leave from France.

As for Robey and "Vi," their reign at the Alhambra marked the end of a West End epoch, joyous if Rabelaisian in parts. Not only are there no "Bing Boys" in 1941, but hardly much Leicester Square after dark. Robey's ceaseless round of the military hospitals established him as part of the home front in a manner one has not seen perpetuated under ENSA; but, here again, hospitals have been so relatively unoccupied compared with the wholesale maiming of the past. A Robey of 1941, if one exists, has mercifully so far not been able to find a parallel audience. Not that he would have the songs even if he did. That has been evidenced by the popularity of the old airs over contemporary crooning and what-have-you.

The concert platform produced Clara Butt and Clara Butt produced the National Anthem and "Land of Hope and Glory." *And how!* A famous novelist once opined that the war could not have been won without the mass and massive outpouring of this imperial songstress of deep and vibrant tone. There she stood, a veritable Britannia figure. If without shield and helmet, she was never without an outsize Union Jack.

An artist of another kind who stamped himself on that vanished day was Orpen. There were other official artists yet somehow "Orps" stood out as a character on his own, of wit, humour and brains. Not only did he make a corner in most of the war leaders, but he seldom executed his commissions without "incidents" arising. Temperamental, Orpen hated being ordered about, and once, when he fell to painting a refugee girl he had accidentally chanced upon in Amiens, Haig, the domineering Haig, had to wait. I knew that girl afterwards in Paris, indeed, many of us did, for she qualified to steer a Rolls up the Champs-Elysées. As for "little Orps," he went on to other things, notably his problem picture, "Versailles," which was to reveal itself as so prophetically true.

What a pity he died at fifty-one. But "Orps" would always step on it, even to chain-smoking cigarettes faster than ever I thought possible. The five years that followed the war shortened many lives, especially those that were cast mainly in Paris. They shortened Orpen's life.

I shall always be grateful to him for having helped me out of Paris. I wanted to break away from office life and free-lance from the provinces, but that was not financially possible until one or two "clients" came along and bought Orpen sketches off my wall. For one, of Landru, John McCormack gave quite a pretty figure.

And so to a dream of fair beauty: the Lady Diana.

The still beautiful wife of the Minister of Information will not, I hope, mind my saying that she was probably the most thought-of woman in England in the last war. Unmarried, lovely to look upon, reputedly brilliant, the daughter of a great house, she appeared as the very pivot of an unattainable world which, if it had its sadness, did not proclaim it. If a quarter the stories became attached to its denizens had been true, these would have had no time for the war work they stuck to. But, as usual, most of the tales were highly elaborated.

Still, there would hang a picture of Lady Diana in countless billets, or talk of her in many messes. Her features, then as now, a vision of fair England. I recollect writing her marriage in St. Margaret's, and reflecting that day how the fair young D.S.O. bridegroom had, of all his brethren-in-arms, "won fair lady."

For hard upon thirty months "Margot" (Mrs. Asquith) remained bang in the news at 10 Downing Street. Doubtless by reason of her brilliance and flair, her unorthodoxy, the present Lady Oxford managed to provoke the *cat* in other women, more than any of her sex I can recall. They were never long without putting round some new yarn about "Margot"—that she coddled the German officers at Donington Hall was a mild example. On another occasion wasn't it the discovery of an Austrian maid still at work in the home of a close friend, that led to an avalanche of "hidden hand" nonsense? Or else it was her gay habit of life that was rumoured to impede a "serious, puritan Prime Minister" in his work. Maybe "Margot" did set a slightly feverish tempo to events, yet how else could it have been with an ex-"soul"? At any rate, most of it came out in the celebrated "autobiography" whose war pages were a living document.

As we talk to-day of "Fifth Columnists," so a generation ago it was in regard to the "Hidden Hand" that one expressed qualms. Bottomley set the ball rolling. His much advertised obsession had it that the royal families of Europe were united to preserve themselves at the expense of their warring peoples, that all manner of duplicity and spying, even treachery, was afoot "under the purple." It was all beautifully vague, yet it had its tragedies—as when Admiral Prince Louis, a first-rate sailor, was forced to retire because of his Battenberg connexion.

A new and memorable twist was given to the "Hidden Hand" when Noel Pemberton Billing, M.P., came forward with his notorious "black book"—or did he produce it? This was said to contain the names of no fewer than forty-seven thousand persons in this realm, who were not, let us put it, exactly nice to know.

It became the standing joke: "I hear you are in the black book." Yet *The Times* took matters seriously enough to indulge a thundering leader the day after a court case terminated.

Pemberton Billing is still alive and kicking though he never again kicked as he did in the Parliament and the public life of those years.

Hardly a meeting of the House would go by without the irrepressible back-bencher bobbing up with some new poser for Ministers.

Northcliffe used to quicken to the insurgent type. Indeed, I have more than once thought how he is missed on the home front in this war. Production, compulsion, shelters, fire-fighting, evacuation, rationing, each would have impelled him to lengths scarcely discernible among his successors. The Northcliffean drive was a striking affair while it lasted, and how it billowed and strained from 1914 to 1918! The Press lords of to-day have been quiet by comparison. Northcliffe tore through the last war in print or *en mission*, manipulating Government or on a straight job of work like propaganda. Whatever his faults, he had imagination and courage. The day his paper was burnt on the Stock Exchange was the day I reported back to him from Russia, and he was undaunted even by the prospect of being devoured by Kitchener, Public Idol No. 1. Northcliffe knew he was right (about the shell muddle) and nothing else mattered.

Talking of Fleet Street, one misses three types who once loomed nationally.

There is no Hilaire Belloc in this war. There is still the writing Belloc himself but no longer is he the almost papal editor of *Land and Water*, that unique publication in which the world war was all made to look so easy and inevitable from Vladivostock to Windhoek and the Carpathians to Peru. A vast public cleared the bookstalls each week in order to be in a position to discuss knowledgeably the latest developments.

"If they'd only give Belloc Alsace-Lorraine we'd have peace!" was a quip of the period.

Nor do I discern a Philip Gibbs to-day. Our war correspondents, after writing up a stagnant front all through a freezing winter, were trundled forward into Belgium and more speedily back to Boulogne, and more speedily still right back to London. Whereas for three years, Gibbs, most prolific of his kind, most days sprawled over the front page in London and New York, and all the time kept a "Now it can be told" series up his sleeve as well.

A very different journalistic form yet one which had a great vogue was "The Letters of Eve," in *The Tatler*. One looks round in vain for anyone of similar appeal to-day.

I suspect that they do exist in our midst, the substitute "characters" of wartime 1941, yet they are exceedingly hard to spy out. A certain eccentricity or oddness or picturesqueness seems to have gone out of life, such as fashioned several of the foregoing.

Take another example—"Admiral General" Eric Geddes. Where is his like in this conflict? At one moment the last war seemed to be run by two men: Lloyd George and Eric Geddes, fat, rubicund and forty. Here, we were told, was business brain at last. This man could get everything done. And lo and behold one day we would contemplate him as the civilian head of a railway company; the next would find him a major-general at the front; and hardly had one grown used to seeing Geddes in that guise than he appeared in the uniform of the First Lord of the King's Navee. Finally came the terrific "Geddes Axe" as the last act of a rare intrusion into the realm political.

Two final types. Mrs. Pankhurst was probably the leading Englishwoman of the last war and frankly one does not see her equal in this. From conduct considered in her day outrageous, the frail old lady disciplined herself to mobilise woman-power and came to earn a charming little statue on the Embankment. And then there was "Ramsay."

The anathema in which he was held is only equalled by the amused contempt with which another war rebel in our midst is contemplated to-day. The difference being that MacDonald the Pacifist was able to tour the country.

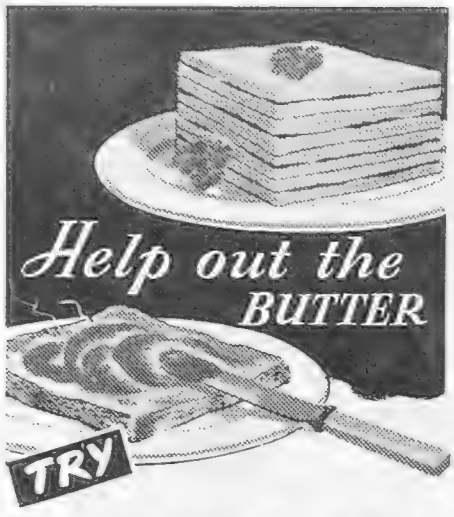
If any public man's name came to be mud it was his. Yet only a very few years later the despised outcast was Premier of Britain. Have we someone in our midst to-day who may leap to the summit in kindred totally unexpected manner?

END

Jamal for waves that women envy and men admire

Jamal offers you the loveliest, most comfortable permanent. Wire-free, from five to twenty times lighter than machine systems, unfailingly accurate . . . . . *Insist* on Jamal. Look for the Yellow check box.

The Incomparable Jamal Machineless Permanent



SAVOURY
OXO
DRIPPING

1 OXO cube or 1 level teaspoonful of OXO to 1 oz. Dripping

OXO dripping is grand on hot toast, bread and sandwiches. It's a treat you can have every day and it saves your butter and your margarine. Blend the OXO and the dripping with a knife, until the mixture is smooth. If mutton dripping is used, it should be slightly warmed to soften before adding the OXO.

KITCHEN HINT ON DRIPPING

Nowadays, when joints are scarce and mostly lean, bowls of dripping are hard to come by — a very good reason for saving every morsel of fat and making your own dripping.

To clarify discoloured fat put the fat into a pan with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda and cover with cold water. Bring to boiling point slowly, skim, boil fast for 10 minutes and pour into a bowl. When the fat has solidified lift it off, scrape the underside if necessary, re-melt and pour into a jar.

OXO

NEEDED IN EVERY KITCHEN

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 39*)

On Duty

heat affects rubber. Remember to air the garment thoroughly.

THIS war has taught us a lot about the use of tannic acid and Bonney's Blue for burns, Prontosil, M. & B. and other sulphonamides for various infections and the paramount importance of prompt and efficient treatment for shock. But so far, although the A.R.P. supplies almost everything that is necessary for the treatment of air raid casualties, they have not provided the First Aid Posts with stocks of cigarettes. Every one who has had anything to do with air raid casualties knows that a cigarette comforts these people more efficiently than anything else. Men and women are all alike. Almost the first question they ask when they arrive at a First Aid Post is "May I smoke?" and if you say yes a look of intense relief spreads over their face. The mere act of lighting a cigarette seems to give them a feeling of confidence again. I have seen men brought in dazed and shattered, their homes having been blown in on top of them, their relations killed and they themselves badly knocked about. Chain smoking will tide them through the business of first-aid treatment in an almost miraculous fashion. If I had my way every First Aid Post would be stocked with cigarettes and a cigarette would be included in the treatment for shock and automatically dished out, even before the tea, hot-water bottles and blankets to every conscious casualty.

Off Duty

work, I asked if they had been "blitzed" out of their own building, and Mr. So-and-So informed me that they had had an oil bomb on Saturday night. The dirt and mess it had caused was shameful. He himself doubted if the carpets would ever look the same again. And the plumbing had been messed up. He added, however, that this kind of thing was only to be expected. They hoped to be back in a week, and they were very lucky to have the present premises, without which they might have had to disappoint their clients, which indeed would have been a catastrophe.

Neither the clients nor the staff seemed to be in the slightest degree put out. They all gave the impression that they were quite accustomed to this kind of thing.

The permanent-waving method used was entirely new to me, and at the time I wondered if it was new to Mr. So-and-So. A white lotion was applied to my hair after the usual clips had been put on and before the curler was brought into play, and as far as I could tell, the heat was applied with pads under a plastic metal casing. I rather think there was a "magic box" somewhere in the vicinity. The chandelier apparatus was entirely missing.

Whether Mr. So-and-So expected the result he achieved I could not begin to say, but I myself was astonished, two hours later, to discover that I had had the best permanent wave of my life; and I permitted myself the pleasure of making a few insubordinate remarks to sister next time I went on duty.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

Prince, however, relapsed into a dark mood of ill temper, and his manner towards his beautiful cousin was noticeably curt whenever they chanced to meet.

Joan was now twenty years old. The prince was eighteen, but he seemed much older. His natural reserve blinded his eyes to all the hints and indications of tenderness that he might have read in Joan's. She, for her part, had never received any response from him and had no reason to think that her feelings were reciprocated. Hence, in a spirit of impulsive reaction, she had contracted her secret marriage to Thomas Holland.

Prince Edward persisted in keeping his feelings to himself. Perhaps he did not wish even to acknowledge them. But there was no denying his growing passion nor his chagrin at its frustration. The only outward sign he gave of his unhappiness was to reproach his cousin bitterly for what she had done. He never thought of reproaching *himself*. . . .

In due course the Pope's decision arrived by the hand of the Papal Legate, and it endorsed the right of the first husband.

It is clear that the Black Prince had been hoping for an annulment of both marriages. When this did not eventuate, he became more despondent than ever.

The apparent happiness of the wedded couple was an added torment, and he could never be sure whether it was real or feigned.

Practical consequences, however, could scarcely be disregarded. Joan gave birth to a son in 1351; another in 1352, and a third the following year.

The prince could bear no more. He begged the king's permission to appoint Thomas Holland as his lieutenant, and took him off to Brittany. This drastic step prevented the addition of further issue to the house of Holland, and at the same time afforded some balm to the spirit of the unhappy victor of battles who was always being defeated by a woman.

A truce had been arranged between England and France in 1347. Its original time limit had been ten months; but actually it lasted for five years. Thomas Holland was at last able to return to his beloved wife, and the Black Prince was compelled, through clenched teeth, to express his congratulations at the subsequent birth of another child—this time a daughter.

Persisting in his own refusal to marry, he turned his attention to affairs of state, which included the capture of the King of France and his son on the field of Poitiers, and the bringing of the royal prisoners to England.

Fate stepped in, however, at long last, on his side. Thomas Holland died of heart disease in 1360, leaving Joan, still the most beautiful woman in England, a widow of thirty-three years old.

The Black Prince, whose allegiance had not wavered, visited her to suggest a cure for her loneliness. This took the form of a proposal that she should marry his great friend, Sir Bernard Brocas, whose high qualities he proceeded to extol.

Joan was wise enough to conceal her feelings at this fresh wound. She knew that she must seize the advantage of this moment if she were not to be too late. There was every possibility that the Prince might adopt his father's recent suggestion and marry Marguerite of Flanders. Allowing her emotions to get the upper hand, she burst into tears and confessed that she was in love with a man who was the bravest in the world, and that if she could not marry him, she would remain a widow to the end of her days.

Prince Edward had stood much; but this was a blow against his pride and prestige as a warrior. Angrily he seized her by the arms and demanded the name of this paragon of bravery. At first she refused to answer. He threatened her with eternal hatred if she persisted in her silence; and at last she gave in. Kneeling before him she whispered: "Very dear and dread lord, the bravest man in the world can only be—*yourself*!"

For a while they remained, silent and breathless, facing each other. Then, very slowly, the Black Prince declared: "*I swear to God that never any other woman but yourself shall have me.*"

Joan had been a widow only ten months when she married Prince Edward. Not long by normal standards—but these two lovers had already wasted ten years of potential happiness. Let their example constitute a warning to others not to seal up their lips and hearts in the same fashion!

END

Something Nice for Dinner

(*Continued from page* 46)

Fire-dogs with Celery Sauce. Six plump, even-sized sausages, cayenne pepper, mustard (dry), flour, salt and pepper, 1 pint white sauce, 3 tablespoonfuls chopped, cooked celery.

Warm the sausages to draw the fat, then roll them in a devil-dusting of one part cayenne pepper to two parts mustard, mixed with flour which you have seasoned with salt and pepper. The "hotness" of the devil must depend on your own taste. Now grill the sausages to a rich brown, turning on all sides.

To make the sauce, simply add the celery to your plain white sauce. An economical method is to shred the celery and cook it conservatively in a small quantity of water, using the stock to make the sauce.

Creamy mashed potatoes go with it.

Sardine Patties. A medium tin of sardines, 3 level teacupfuls mashed potatoes, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, breadcrumbs, milk, fat for frying.

Remove tails from sardines and beat them up with the potatoes. Add chopped parsley; season with salt and pepper. Moisten with a little oil from the sardine tin. Shape into patties in the floured hands, roll in a little milk and then in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat and serve, well drained, with watercress salad.

Spaghetti Zingari. ½ lb. spaghetti, 2 quarts boiling water, salt and pepper, 4 tablespoonfuls cooked silverside, tongue or liver, cut in match-stick strips. A little grated cheese and a little margarine, 1 tablespoonful tomato ketchup (optional), 1 tablespoonful H.P. sauce.

Cook spaghetti, which you have broken into suitable lengths, in salted boiling water until soft (about twenty minutes). Don't put a lid on the pan. Let stand for five minutes and then drain.

Measure ½ pint of spaghetti liquor into a saucepan (the rest can be kept for stock).

Stir in the spaghetti and the meat, previously hotted up in a little margarine. Add ketchup and sauce. Season with salt and pepper and mix well. Serve very hot, handing grated cheese with it.

Risotto Britannia. 1 tablespoonful chopped spring onion, 1 breakfastcupful rice, a little grated cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls tomato purée, 1 oz. margarine or fat, 2 breakfastcupfuls water or stock, salt and pepper.

Melt margarine in a shallow saucepan and cook onion slowly, without browning. Add rice (unwashed) and shake over the fire for a few minutes.

Add tomato purée, salt and pepper, stir well, and pour in the water or stock. Bring to the boil and cook very, very slowly, with the lid on, shaking and stirring to prevent rice from sticking to the pan, until all liquid is absorbed (about fifteen minutes).

Rice should be a creamy mass with each grain separate. Mix in the cheese before serving.

Potato Pot-Pourri

(*Continued from page* 47)

sweet. Omit the seasoning and serve with sugar and, if it can be managed, a squeeze of lemon juice.

Potato Cheese Pie. 1 pint white sauce, 4 oz. grated cheese, cayenne pepper, salt, dry mustard, stale bread, cold cooked potatoes, margarine, breadcrumbs.

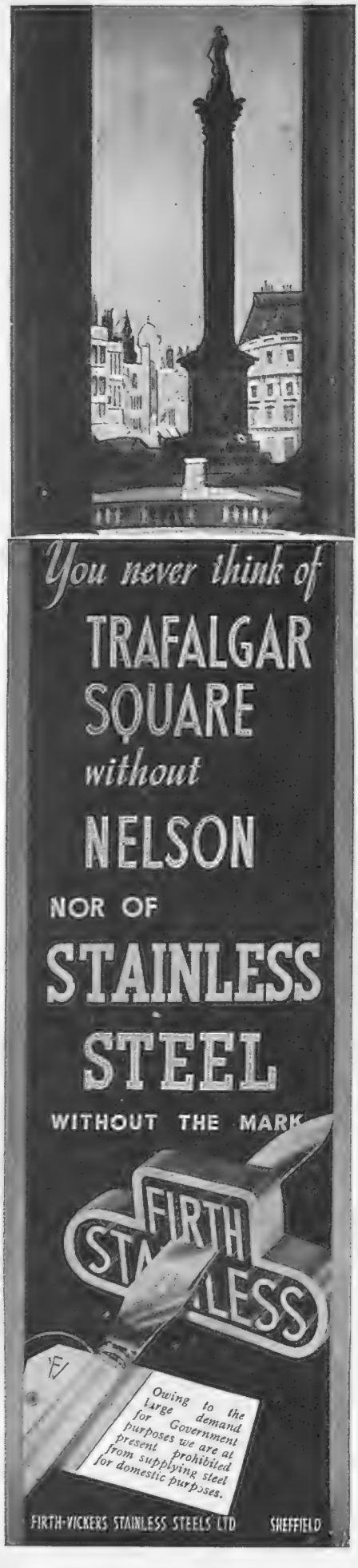
Stir cheese into sauce (reserving a little) and season with pepper, salt and mustard to taste. Fry some triangles of bread. Slice the potatoes and put some in a shallow casserole dish, making a circle round them with the bread. Cover with sauce. Put in a second layer of potatoes and add more sauce. Sprinkle with the cheese you have kept back, add breadcrumbs and a dab or two of margarine, and bake until brown.

MANSION
Antiseptic Wax POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

keeps the home
SO BRIGHT-
SO CLEAN-
SO HEALTHY.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. MP/NC/3



Eve's New Battle Dress

(*Continued from page 5*)

not have any recruits. The girls are willing to toil, suffer bombing, endure all risks; but their patriotism wouldn't stand up to a 1915-16 W.A.A.C. or Land Girl get-up.

Wartime England may not present a glittering panorama of fashion these days, but it retains its dress and *décor* sense bravely under the strains and stresses of the blitz. The Queen sets an example. She walks among the bomb craters on visiting days in high heels, gay hats, and three strings of pearls. The people like it; they applaud her. They read defiance in her calling clothes. Jerry cannot ruffle her.

I am told that when the fighting services designed the uniform for their women's branches, there was hot competition in design on the argument that if one service had a markedly more attractive uniform than another, it would get the pick of the girls. The concensus of opinion is that the river girls—they do a sort of A.R.P. on the Thames—won. The rush for that uniform, anyway, was so great that the service could have been filled many times over. The R.A.F. girls are generally conceded to come next, but I am obliged to record that the smartest-looking officer I have seen since the war began was an A.T.S. who caught my eye in a West End store the other day. True, her slim figure was superb, and her khaki tunic was tailored to it by a master hand. True, also, her brown leather shoes were from an excellent maker, and not from a service last. Further, her dark hair was crisp and neatly curled under a peaked cap worn at an angle which might have called for some slight correction on parade.

FASHION was not so potent and powerful in the old world, or even in the last war. The alchemy of mass production and chemistry had not come to transform fashion and the general adornment of women from a small to a vast and indeed a universal business. Fewer women were fashion-conscious and those were notably lacking in a sense of beauty: a flaw which I have heard biologists explain as due to lack of liberty, lack of opportunity, and a complex of repressions inherited from the ugly phase of the industrial revolution and its characteristic heavy-handed and heavy-minded lords. I won't argue with the biologists. Certainly some of the things worn even by glamour women—the stage beauties of twenty and thirty years ago, the society belles, the princesses, millionairesses and courtesans with access to the pockets of wealthy admirers—suggest a lack of taste, an insensitiveness to the elements of beauty and grace in line and design, verging on the pathological.

Nor was this extraordinary dark age confined to strictly fashionable clothes. Utilitarian garments, which could at least have shown a severe elegance, or an elegant simplicity, were even worse than those Ascot turn-outs and ball-gowns which made women look as though they were dressed in mail bags. The women who worked on the land in Kitchener's Army days toiled in heavy long skirts and coats which must have robbed their muscular efforts of fifty per cent of efficiency. The women who were first daringly permitted to cook and scrub for the Army were put into uniforms which would cause a riot if introduced as standard wear in a women's jail to-day. As for the face grooming and painting which is now as customary as hair combing and teeth brushing, heaven knows what the commandant of the W.A.A.C. would have said to the first platoon which presented to her horrified eye a long streak of synthetic crimson at lip level down the inspection ranks.

Maybe the revolution of the last quarter century in women's dress and adornment will appear more interesting and significant to future students of our age than the developments in war technique which run parallel with it. There is a clear relationship between the two. If you take out the last war, and look at it detachedly and in the whole, you see a vast, confused and ineffective *mêlée*, as stupid and cumbersome in its design, or lack of design, and as ineffective in the use it made of available materials, as a woman war worker's uniform of the early period. The change that has occurred in the interregnum between the first and second wars is exactly like the change in women's dress and fashions. Everything is streamlined, beautifully integrated, swift, neat, trim, gleaming, and admirably styled, even down to tank designs, warplane shapes and bomb contours. It is not, of course, because war is beautiful, but because modern war is a business of machines; and machines, perfected after many years, fined down to an extreme economy of effort, combining power with lightness and fleetness, are beautiful.

I don't recall that Kitchener, Robertson, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, or even the Italian Diaz, attended a dress show while the last war was in progress. But Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering took time out from the direction of the air blitz on Britain this winter to attend a dress show in one of the rue Royale salons. At least, he and his adjutant arrived, but the news story from occupied France was that the place was so crammed that the obese marshal could not get in.

Why should Goering want to attend a dress show in conquered Paris? He may have been moved by the same urge which caused Mussolini once to gate-crash a party. It was at a diplomatic reception in the days when he went about. "This is dull—what's wrong?" muttered the Duce to Ciano, then his propaganda man. Said the dancing diplomat: "It's the night of the Princess X's charity ball—all the pretty women are there." "Then what are we doing here?" demanded Benito. "Let's go."

Goering is a celebrated lover of the female form. The daughter of the late American Ambassador in Berlin records that Hitler's action man has a passion for ballet girls. Sir Nevile Henderson gives us a picture of the former air ace, grown fat and rich and powerful, displaying with a connoisseur's pride a tapestry design of naked ladies, the latest adornment of his castle. But the serious student of the Nazi technique of conquest will not so lightly dismiss the spectacle of Goering among the Paris mannequins. He may recall that Abetz won a whole campaign by providing the Comtesse de Portes, Reynaud's mistress—she was killed in the car crash which damaged him when they were trying to get over the frontier into Spain—with the means to buy the clothes for which the lady who ran the Fifth Column Salon had a mad passion. Abetz, pre-war organiser of the column and now Ambassador in Paris, learned a lot about the weaknesses of influential men and women by financing one of the leading Paris dressmakers, learning all the gossip, and helpfully paying some bills.

These highly competent and professional revolutionaries have been taught by Goebbels and Ribbentrop, among others, the value of the façade, and the importance of courting the women, especially the women of the Latin lands where women have no political equality and so play an inordinately large part in backstage intrigue and influence. The conquering Nazis want to win over France. Hence the ostentatious wooing of the Parisians, especially the "upper crust" among whom Abetz was so successful. Goering and company have been trying to get "accepted." They don't want to kill the fashion trade of France, and the fashionable life of Paris. On the contrary. They want France to go on functioning as the fashion larder of the world. It will help to keep the French quiet and busy in a harmless way: the Germans monopolising heavy industry, and letting the Paris artists dress the *herren-volk* women.

The Nazi occupation authorities have been taking as intimate and energetic an interest in the fashion business of conquered France as the Board of Trade has been taking in the

British fashion industry on the export side since the French dropped out as competitors in the great and rich American market. Two of the Paris fashion lords, who have gone over to the Nazis, have been appointed "leaders" of the fashion trade of the capital. They have been invited to Berlin, fêted, and sent home with a trunkload of orders. For although Hitler's Third Reich is a spartan warrior state, it is managed not by professional warriors but by political revolutionaries with the aid of favoured industrialists, bureaucrats and technicians. Many of these men show all a Chicago big-shot gangster's weakness for flaunting expensive-looking ladies in public.

For the last four or five years the women of the German privileged classes have been notably well dressed and groomed. Ciano during a Berlin visit was photographed at a table with three Nazi ladies who could have sat in at a Hollywood film-star party and been entirely in the picture. Hitler himself, although celibate—so far as we know—has since his rise to power displayed a keen pleasure in the company, in his relaxation hours, of pretty and smartly dressed women.

Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, the spiritual and political leader of all German women, uses no make-up—at least, none that I detected when I met her in Berlin in the summer of 1937—but is definitely smart, grooms her eyebrows and eyelashes and knows as well as any Lanvin or Schiaparelli how to wear simple clothes with a last-word-fashion air. She doesn't curl her hair, which may or may not be natural gold. She is merry—her eye twinkles. It would probably be a mistake for her to use lipstick, because her teeth are white, lustrous, large and lovely, and she shows them all when she laughs (it's Irene Dunn's trick, too, but Irene has practised it a lot, whereas my impression of Gertrud is that it's natural with her).

No survey of the fashion phenomenon in Germany is complete without a glance at the blonde Gertrud, who follows fashion to the extent of dropping a first husband on the way up, and taking a second with gay zest at the age of thirty-eight. Few American fashionables reach that age with the same mate who gave them their first marital experience. It is scarcely smart. Herr Scholtz-Klink was head of the Reich insurance development when last heard of. No one seems to know what's become of him now. Gertrud and her new husband, August Heissmeyer, head of a military academy and a leader of the black-uniformed SS *corps d'élite*, announced their romance in Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter*, the Nazi *Times*, thus: "We are marrying December 6, thus giving our ten children a joint home." Simple, but effective. The new fashion in wedding announcements in the "New Order," perhaps. Four of the ten children are Gertrud's.

Although she is quite ornamental and laughs easily, I much doubt whether the Nazi perfect woman would wholly approve the attitude towards women so common in the "pluto-democracies," and which accounts for most of the current fashion phenomena. You may recall Mr. Damon Runyan quoting his old man on the subject thus: ". . . women were put into the world for the express purpose of being adorned and made happy, otherwise why did the Almighty make them such lovely objects and give them such cute shapes to hang beautiful draperies on, and such gorgeous skin as a background for jewels and things like that?"

The question is not easily answered by any one eager to combat the thesis. But, anyway, it is a large subject, all mixed up with sex and survival, the phases of human life which a biological urge shoves to the fore whenever Mars pays mankind one of his periodical long-term visits.

Robert Herrick probably put the dress and fashion side in a nutshell in those few poetic words he wrote:

"When as in silks my Julia goes, then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows that liquefaction of her clothes."

Herrick wrote those lines three hundred years ago. But they don't date. They are ageless, and immortal. So is Julia in her silks—and so is Robert in his reaction.

END

Shoes scarcer & cost more

But SHOE BILLS ACTUALLY LESS

They walked into something good on this wartime week-end . . .

OH PEGGY, HOW DO YOU AFFORD SUCH SMART SHOES IN WAR TIME?
YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE JONES FAMILY'S SECRET WEAPON! COME WITH ME THIS MORNING...

PHILLIPS SAVE YOUR SHOES AND KEEP THEM WATERTIGHT TOO-YET THEY ARE QUITE INVISIBLE IN WEAR. MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS BRING IN NEW SHOES TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RIGHT AWAY: THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE AND HEEL NEVER GET WORN.

3 MONTHS LATER
THANKS A LOT FOR THE WEEK-END. WONDERFUL TO GET AWAY FROM THE RAIDS AGAIN
THINKS: AND WONDERFUL FOR US NOT TO BE LOOKING LIKE POOR RELATIONS—THANKS FOR THAT MONEY-AND-SHOE-SAVING TIP ABOUT PHILLIPS, PEGGY DEAR!

You must make shoes last longer now . . .

It's a national duty. Leather is scarce and shoes will cost more and more. Every time you buy new shoes or have old ones repaired get Phillips Stick-a-Soles and Phillips Heels fitted. Phillips Soles are fixed firm as a rock with Phillips solution only—no nails, no screws. Then your shoes will last longer, look smarter, and never be down at heel. If your shoes just need heeling, fit Phillips Heels. Phillips save you money at every step

Phillips

STICK-A-SOLES and PHILLIPS HEELS

WHAT A RESPONSIBILITY!

8,250

BABIES AND BOYS AND GIRLS IN

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

WILL YOU SHARE IT?

Become a partner in this happy work of training future citizens!

10/- feeds one child for 10 days.

Cheques, etc. (crossed) payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be addressed 319 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

On duty . . .

and off . . .

hands styled by

Peggy Sage

FINGER-TIP and TOE-TIP SPECIALIST

SALONS:
LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
(Corner of Grosvenor Street) PHONE: MAYFAIR 0396
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET

A Matter of Observation

(*Continued from page 9*)

published a picture of All Saints and an interview with the rector. The parish was not named, but the whole neighbourhood knew about Brockholt, and after the Reverend Marcus Fleming's visit to Mr. Nash, the builder, the *Chronicle* published another story headed: "Rector to Hold Service in Bomb-shattered Church—Says: 'Doors Shall Not Close.'" The story was a highly coloured one of the parson and his parishioners' labours.

Some of the London papers picked up the story and coloured it more. All Saints had become news. Quite a lot of people came out to see the damage on early closing day, but the rector was in Peterbury that afternoon and if anybody did tell him about the sight-seers, he paid no heed.

Vicky Miller was among those sightseers; she had persuaded Ken Marshall to run her out to Brockholt in his little car. Vicky Miller at the moment was lying low in Peterbury till the Metropolitan Police had slacked off in looking for her in connexion with an attempted shoplifting from a Regent Street jeweller's. Ken Marshall was a shady Peterbury bookmaker who did a bit of "fencing"—buying stolen property—as a side line.

Vicky had a vulture's instinct for making something out of others' misfortunes. To her, crowds and calamities meant pickings. When people were excited they were off their guard and Vicky was very neat at handbags and furs. But she liked jewels best.

"There's going to be a crowd here on Sunday morning, Ken," she said to Marshall as they trampled over the graves in Brockholt churchyard looking for bomb splinters as souvenirs. "You'd better bring me over again; there might be something doing."

"O.K.," Ken Marshall agreed, his eyes on the shattered building. "Gawd! They haven't half made a mess of it. You wouldn't get me inside there: be down on your head before you knew it."

"I shouldn't be surprised," she answered. "Hope it doesn't on Sunday morning, that's all. Because I'm going to church there," she laughed.

He looked puzzled. "You don't get me inside," he said.

"I don't want you. You stand by with the car, I might want to get away quick," she said.

"I got you," he replied with a grin.

Vicky Miller's technique was good: she prided herself on it. There was nothing flashy about her as she stood by the porch of All Saints on Sunday morning, as if waiting for a friend. She appeared to regard the noisy crowd tramping about the churchyard with disgust. Mrs. Fleming, the rector's wife, noticed her, when she went in early to arrange about chairs for the choir, and approved her manner. She admired her dress too, quiet but essentially good: Vicky always dressed well and quietly when she was working. Mrs. Fleming envied her long mink coat and wondered who this plump smart woman could be.

Vicky noted Mrs. Fleming too, and registered her as no good.

For Vicky Miller was looking for a likely victim, someone who looked opulent with a bag worth pinching. Vicky had done well in her time out of going to church. People were very careless of their belongings when they were praying or singing.

But it seemed, that day, that her luck was out. Though the church was going to be very full indeed, none of the women who passed her in the porch looked worth worrying about. She almost gave up the idea and went back to Ken's car, parked near the gate, but she took a chance in the end.

A tall, thin young woman whose clothes looked really expensive to Vicky's trained eyes came along just before the service started. She carried a posh handbag that must have cost five or six guineas; but what actually decided Vicky was the sight of a ring on her ungloved hand. It was a beauty, a magnificent pigeon-blood ruby set in diamonds and first-quality stones too, she'd swear. Vicky Miller was no mean judge of jewels; she had a flair for spotting the right stuff, and this, she'd take her oath, was right enough—worth two or three hundred, perhaps more. Any one who owned a ring like that was likely to have something good in her bag.

She followed the girl in. The church was fuller than she expected and there seemed to be few vacant seats. But a man found room for them at last, not in the position that Vicky would have chosen, she liked to be immediately behind her victim, but right at the back so that there was less chance of being observed, and next to her. Vicky became very devout, kneeling for a long time while she made her plans. The girl with the posh handbag gazed about the church in undisguised curiosity, as if she'd never been to church before in her life Vicky thought, indignantly. If she wasn't going to pay more attention to the service than this, she might as well clear off at once. But the girl settled down when the rector began and Vicky reckoned that the time to do the job was during the hymn when they took up the collection. She would slip off her coat and under cover of putting it on again when they started to sing, lift the bag and be out of the church before the girl knew it had gone.

The rector preached about the rebuilding of the Temple at Jerusalem and he preached better than he knew. He forgot the restlessness of his congregation; he was moved to see that some at least were affected by his words. There was one woman at the back who was in tears when he finished.

He gave out the hymn: "We love the place, O God, Wherein Thine honour dwells." It was a favourite of his, and he felt happier as he moved with dignity from the lectern, that had served him for a pulpit, to his altar set up on a deal table with a background of tarpaulins that blocked the chancel arch.

Vicky Miller noted the woman who was in tears also. She was the girl by her side. Vicky was glad. A girl who went all soppy like that wasn't going to notice much. She got ready to fumble for her fur coat when the man with the offertory bag started to go round. She watched the girl pick up her own bag, noted through hard greedy eyes that it seemed to have a lot of money in it when she opened it; then she was puzzled, for the girl closed the bag without taking anything from it. Vicky couldn't make it out. A moment later she saw something that amazed her.

The girl deliberately slipped that wonderful ring from her finger and when the bag came to her, dropped it in. Vicky murmured "Gosh!" as, of a sudden, tremendous possibilities flooded to her crooked mind. Two or three hundred, perhaps more, chucked into the bag as if it were a tanner for this rotten little church!

Vicky changed her plans in an instant. She let her coat drop back on to the bench. She seized a hymn book and began to sing lustily. A swell idea had come to her. She was going to have that ring.

MARCUS FLEMING'S vestry had gone with the chancel, but he maintained the dignities of his service as best he could. After the Blessing his choir proceeded out by the porch towards the rectory. The rector followed, bearing his two offertory bags on a makeshift alms dish.

At the rectory gate, Mr. Darsham, the churchwarden, overtook the rector.

"'Twould be best to close the church, I think, sir, when Mrs. Fleming comes out."

"Perhaps so. If you think so," the rector agreed hardly hearing his words.

"She's talking to a lady but I don't suppose she'll be long, sir," Darsham went on.

"No, I suppose not, but," Marcus Fleming hesitated, "I think we won't close the church," he added. "I should hate that. Just keep an eye on things, Darsham."

"Very well, sir. If you say so."

The rector passed on. He dismissed his choir in the rectory dining-room and went to his study. He emptied the offertory bag on his study table and began automatically to count the contents.

For Brockholt they were large: just over two pounds instead of the usual twelve or fourteen shillings, and there was a ten shilling note among the coins. Someone's heart had been touched, the rector mused, perhaps that of the young woman who had been crying. Then, still automatically, he made the usual final inspection of the bags to see that nothing was left behind and as he turned one inside out a ring fell upon the table.

It rolled a few inches, clinked against a pile of coppers and the rector gasped. A ray of sunlight caught the facets of the stones and tore hidden fire from them. He picked up the ring, in a frightened way. It looked so immensely valuable and if it were it meant so much. It meant that little All Saints could keep its doors open. Even if it were worth—a—a hundred pounds, and those lovely glistening stones must be worth that—it would make a grand start in paying the builder's bill.

He rose suddenly to go and find his wife and tell her the wonderful news.

He found her in the hall outside his study door talking to a plump subdued looking woman in a long mink coat.

"Oh, Marcus, dear," she said, in a worried tone. "This lady would like to see you for a minute. Something about a ring——"

A horrible, sickening apprehension came to Marcus Fleming's heart.

"A ring?" he echoed uncertainly.

"Yes," the woman spoke in a gasping anxious way. "Oh, I do hope you have found it. It—it slipped off my finger—I think—I'm almost sure—into the offertory bag. Oh! Do say you've found it. It's not because of its value, but—it was my engagement ring—my fiancé—he was killed at Dunkirk and——" Tears began to well into her hard blue eyes.

"Yes—I've found it," Marcus Fleming said dully.

"Oh! How marvellous! I *am* so glad!" The woman dabbed at her eyes. "I don't know what I should have done——"

"Should we go into your study, Marcus?" Mrs. Fleming interrupted. She knew the tragic disappointment this would bring to her husband; she was conscious of the dull despondency in his voice. And she wanted with all her heart to help him somehow.

"Yes, that would be best," the rector agreed in a toneless voice. He opened the door.

"But I mustn't detain you," the woman said brightly. "My friend will be expecting me. Of course, I should like to give something to your church—as a sort of reward." She began to fumble at her bag.

"There is no question of reward," the rector said sadly. "This, I suppose, is your ring, Miss——?"

"Floyd's the name. Yes, that's it."

"Miss Floyd." He picked the ring up from the table and the woman seized it avidly, then deliberately moved it to and fro in the sunlight. Vicky Miller never could resist the light in jewels.

She turned to her bag again and was about to drop the ring into it, saying: "But you must let me give you something."

A queer light showed in Mrs. Fleming's eyes. She broke in again:

"What a beautiful ring, my dear," she said in her slow voice. "You will let me look at it, won't you?"

The woman seemed a little reluctant, but she consented after a moment's hesitation.

"Yes do, it is rather lovely, isn't it?" she said.

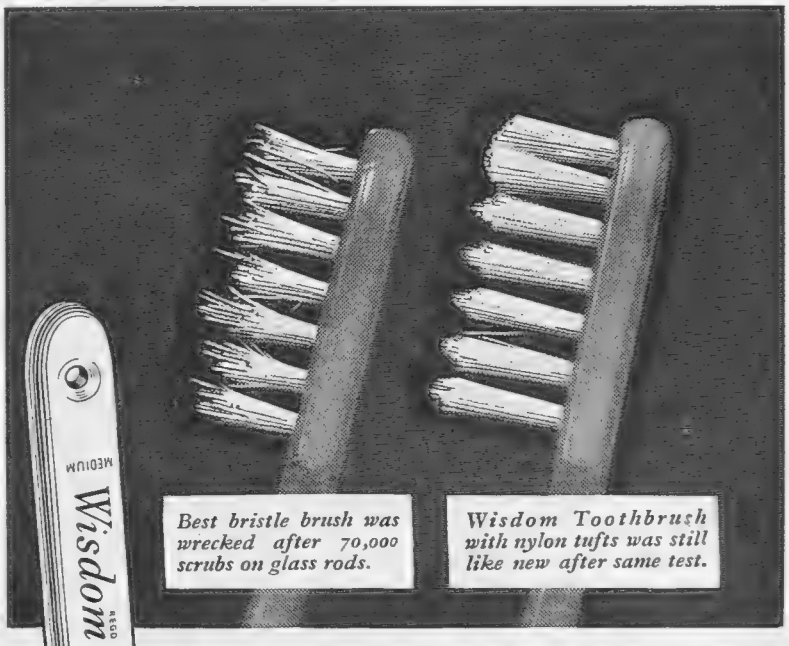
"Delightful. Charming." Mrs. Fleming too was turning the stones to the sunlight. She slipped it on a slim finger and admired it more. "You must be very, very glad not to have lost it."

"Indeed I am. I wouldn't have lost that for—for a lot."

"Won't you put it on, my dear, and let me see how lovely it looks on your hand?" Mrs. Fleming asked.

WHY THIS NEW TOOTHBRUSH IS TAKING THE LEAD

1. Bristles can't come out
2. Doesn't go soggy
3. Outlasts 3 old-style brushes


Best bristle brush was wrecked after 70,000 scrubs on glass rods.
Wisdom Toothbrush with nylon tufts was still like new after same test.

SIX months ago the Wisdom Toothbrush was first put on the market. Since then hundreds of thousands have bought Wisdom. People told their friends about the wonderful new toothbrush, they saw the Wisdom display stand on chemists' counters and tested the nylon tufts for themselves. Chemists all over the country explained how the Wisdom brush lasts longer than three best bristle brushes.

NYLON TUFTS DON'T COME OUT

That's the whole secret — nylon has far greater spring than even best bristles, because it resists water. Nylon tufts can't come out, don't get soggy, keep their new springiness. No wonder the Wisdom toothbrush became a success overnight.

The shape is new as well as the tufts. It enables the brush to clean the backs of your wisdom teeth as easily as behind the centre arch. Addis will tell you this is the best brush they have ever made — and they made the first in 1780!

Wisdom REGD
TOOTHBRUSH

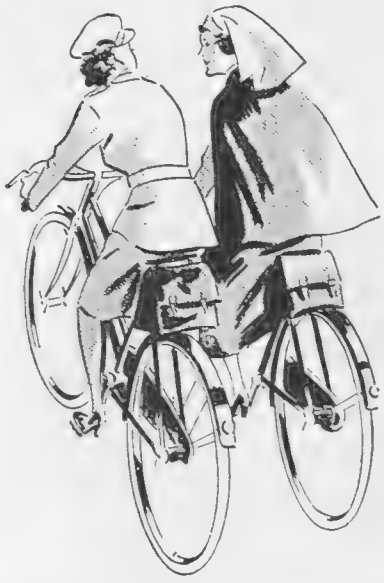
PRICE 2/5 (INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX)

MADE BY ADDIS — MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

"What a blessing it is that

Sanitary Protection

is now worn internally."



WOMEN of 1941 are in the front line: always ready for emergency service; always alert and active and mobile. So much the better that they are no longer cluttered up by the traditional discomforts of older generations. Tampax—worn internally—gives them new freedom while assuring safe, certain and convenient sanitary protection. Tampax is as convenient as it is comfortable: as simple to dispose of as to use.

PRICES 1/6, 1/- & 6d. *Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, and other chemists; departmental stores and drapers; Woolworth's and Marks & Spencer Ltd.*

SUPPLIED TO THE N.A.A.F.I.

FREE For any further information regarding Tampax please write to NURSE JONES, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Rd., Northolt, Middlesex. A generous sample will be sent in plain wrapper if you send a postcard with your name and address. This offer does not apply in Eire.

TAMPAX

Worn Internally

Then there's **PROPAX** *—and Propax gives rapid relief for headaches and all kinds of pain arising from whatever cause. Propax not only gets rid of the pain; it gets rid of the poisons that* **cause** *the pain. It forms no habit and won't hurt the heart or disturb the digestion.*

PAIN CAN'T LIVE 10 MINUTES WITH

PROPAX

BRAND TABLETS

OBTAINABLE FROM BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, AND ALL CHEMISTS,
1/5 AND **2/6** SIZES
(including Purchase Tax)

T.2.

There was a quick flash of suspicion on the woman's face as she put out her hand for the ring. The rector noticed it and wondered why Miss Floyd looked suddenly angry. He glanced at his wife. She was doing an extraordinary thing. She had gone to the door, and was fumbling with the key.

"What is it, Isobel?" he asked in surprise.

Mrs. Fleming ignored the question. "Do put it on, Miss Floyd," she repeated in a silky sort of way; most unusual in her, the rector thought.

"No. No, not now. I've got my gloves on," the woman answered hastily.

"I know, my dear," Mrs. Fleming replied. "But I'm sure you would humour an old woman like me, and I should so like to see that lovely ring on your hand."

"I must be going. I've kept you long enough."

The woman made for the door hurriedly, turned sharply when she found it would not open and exclaimed savagely: "Here, what's this mean?"

"The door? Oh, it sticks sometimes," Mrs. Fleming said unperturbed. The rector was amazed. He had never known his study door stick.

"Allow me," he began.

"No. No, Marcus; sit down."

The rector stared at his wife in astonishment.

"And you too, Miss—Floyd."

"I won't. I'm going. I've got a friend waiting. I don't understand this. Here, open this door for me."

"In a moment. In a moment. There was something I wanted to say to you before you go." Mrs. Fleming placed her hand on the telephone on her husband's table as if she were about to make a call. "Don't you think, Miss Floyd, it would be rather nice, if you were to—to leave your beautiful ring—here? In memory of your dear, brave, dead fiancé, to help to repair our poor little church? It would be—so generous of you: and I'm sure—he—would wish it."

In Vicky Miller's cold blue eyes that first flash of suspicion had changed to fear. She had made a bloomer somehow and this damned old woman had tumbled to her game, though how she could not think. She wanted to get away quick. She glanced frantically at the door, back to Mrs. Fleming's slim hand on the telephone, then at the bemused face of the rector. She appealed to him.

"Here, I don't understand all this funny business," she said, "but I've got to go. Will you open this door, please?"

"Why—er——" he began in embarrassment.

"What *is* the policeman's number, Marcus?" Mrs. Fleming asked quietly as she lifted the telephone receiver.

"The policeman, dear? Why do you want the policeman?"

Vicky Miller knew. Vicky Miller had a swift grim vision of what was going to happen to her if this damned old hag got the police here. What with this and the Regent Street job she'd be lucky to get off with three years.

"Take your blasted ring and let me go," she said furiously.

The rector looked shocked. Mrs. Fleming smiled sweetly.

"So generous of you," she said in a taunting way. "I'm sure you'll never regret it, Miss Floyd."

A Matter of Observation

The woman answered with a sullen glare. Mrs. Fleming went across to the door. "Good day, and thank you so much," she said as Vicky Miller shot into the hall.

A resounding bang of the front door shook the house. Vicky Miller was making her getaway while the going was good.

The rector stared at his wife in utter perplexity.

"Isobel, dear; what does all this mean?" he asked weakly. "It's most extraordinary."

Mrs. Fleming answered him as though he were a child.

"It means, dear, that the lady was too fat," she answered enigmatically.

"Too fat?" the Reverend Marcus Fleming echoed.

"Yes. You're so unobservant. I saw at once that she could never have got that ring on her finger: it hardly went on mine. And so you see it couldn't have slipped off her finger, as she said it did."

"You mean—you mean—Isobel, you don't mean that that lady was a—a fraud?"

"Yes, I do," Mrs. Fleming answered quite calmly.

"But how wicked!"

"Very wicked. But now don't bother any more about it. Put this lovely ring away in the safe and get ready for dinner. It will be going on in a minute or two."

She left him staring in bewilderment at the fire that glinted from an unusually fine pigeon-blood ruby and some diamonds of the very first water.

VICKY MILLER had assessed the value of those stones pretty well. Actually the ring fetched just under four hundred.

The rector referred to it in his sermon, on another great day some two months later.

What was left of little All Saints had been patched and shored up and made safe until the time should come for its worthier restoration. The church was packed.

The rector asked his congregation to remember in their prayers "a benefactor" to whose splendid generosity was due the fact that the church had been made safe.

"Like so many of His saints," the rector said simply, "her name, unknown to us, is known to God."

At the back of the church a tall thin girl in uniform flushed. The rector did not even notice her, let alone recognise her as the young woman who had been moved to tears by his sermon on the Sunday after the bomb had fallen.

Mrs. Fleming found her looking about the church afterwards and spoke to her.

"Such a nice young woman," she described her to her husband later. "An American, come over to drive an ambulance. No, she didn't tell me her name and I didn't like to ask. But it's very sad: she lost her father not long ago. He was in a ship torpedoed by those horrible Germans."

"How very sad," the rector said with a sigh. "I hope you told her about Mr. Alvin Garvil and how much we owed to him."

"I did," Mrs. Fleming said casually. "She was most pleased."

But she did not tell him, because the girl in uniform had begged her not to, that tears had flooded into her eyes again when she had mentioned Mr. Garvil and she had murmured: "He was my father."

END

Bunkers

(Continued from page 15)

job of work getting that Junkers yesterday—a hell of a good job. As you suspected, the pilot had been doing a photographic reconnaissance. The weather, of course, was ideal for it. He'd got some good stuff—damn good stuff. No doubt he was on his way home with it. We must hand it to the Jerries for their cameras. Prints of the negatives have just come through. Take a look at these shots—beautiful, aren't they?"

The wing commander passed a sheaf of enlargements.

Bill grimaced as he examined them one by one. "By jove, sir, you're right. Look at this one of the aerodrome—sharp as a needle. I see he got one of Stranley Aerodrome, too. Looks as though the blighter had the nerve to fly right across Sussex. I wonder why he shot this one—he's got some golf links in the middle of the plate. Perhaps he took the fairway for a landing ground, or the sand bunker for a gun emplacement. Why, it's . . ." Bill's voice tailed off suddenly. But he continued staring at the photograph, holding it so that the light fell full on it.

The wing commander looked at him

curiously. "What's the matter—anything?"

Bill took a deep breath and dropped the photographs on the desk. "No, sir. Well, that is, yes." He seemed slightly breathless. "Would you mind if I had a few hours off, sir?"

The wing commander frowned. "For how long?"

"Until, say, eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"This is a bit sudden, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Very sudden."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I've got some business to attend to down in Sussex, sir—important business."

"But you couldn't get there and back in the time."

"I thought perhaps I might fly down, sir. There's a landing ground handy. It would be the quickest way."

"You seem to be in a hell of a hurry."

"Matter of fact, sir, it is rather urgent."

The wing commander glanced at the window.

"Look at the weather," he parried. "It's getting thick. Visibility will be zero presently."

"Isn't that why we have instruments, sir?"

The wing commander laughed. "All right, Tyson, you win. Sorry to be so stuffy, but you're a useful lad to have about the place."

"I wish someone else thought that, sir."

"Eh—what did you say?"

"Nothing, sir—nothing of importance."

"All right. You're due for a spot of leave, anyway. Better make it forty-eight hours while you're about it. Sorry I can't make it more but there's a blitz on. Don't forget to get a movement order from the adjutant."

"Thank you, sir."

AN hour later a streaming "Spitfire" dropped out of the murk that hung like bonfire smoke over Farfield. Twice it circled the manor, banking steeply; then, losing height, with engine idling, it settled heavily on the fairway in front of the clubhouse, the wheels cutting a track across the first tee.

Peter Stanton ran out of the club, scarlet in the face, incoherent.

"What the hell—" he began, but broke off, blinking. "Bill Tyson!" he yelled joyfully. "Hi! Bill! Wait a minute. I've got——"

But Bill, oil-smudged, bleary-eyed with strain, was running towards the manor.

"Can't stop now," he shouted.

"See you later?"

"You'll be lucky!" Bill tossed the words back over his shoulder as he ran.

Mary was standing on the steps. Seeing him coming she hurried to meet him and flung her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Bill," she sobbed, "Bill."

"Darling, I'm sorry. I behaved like an absolute swipe."

"No, darling. You were quite right to put your foot down. I was a little fool. I didn't know until you'd gone——"

Bill cut off the rest with his lips.

Presently she looked up, smiling through tears. "So you saw it?"

Bill nodded. "Yes, I saw it."

"I hoped you would—prayed you would. You see, Bill, I've something, somebody, to make me stay at home now. He's adorable, Bill. I told him you were coming. He's waiting to meet you. Every one says he's got your eyes, and your pig-headed stubbornness——"

"Here, wait a minute. Who are you talking about?"

"Your son, of course. Oh, darling, come——"

The door closed behind them.

GEORGE the gardener lifted his hat and scratched his head. "Yer know, Jim," he told his boy confidentially, "I can't help a'feeling that that blamed circle of geraniums, with a sort o' rose inside, as she planted in the middle o' my lawn, had something to do with the boss coming back. Years ago I see her make just the same mark on a golf ball. Looks like a lot o' foolery ter me, but I suppose they know what they're doing."

Could he have seen inside the house he would have had no doubt of it.

END

You can 'MIN' it in a MINute!

Try Min and see how easily it gives a lovely polish to all highly polished furniture. And it will keep your furniture free from the disconcerting bloom.

MIN CREAM

the half MINute polish

Of all Dealers. Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. M/DU/6

● The home which is run to "Sectric" time is a happier one, with fewer complaints and greater efficiency all round. A "Sectric" clock plugs in to any light or power point to give Greenwich time always, without winding or regulating. Good jewellers, electricians, or stores stock a variety of models, prices from 27/6.

ST. AUBYN.—A delightful clock with peach, blue, green or amethyst mirror glass and silvered metal stand, figures, hands and mounts.

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

plug in to Greenwich time

Issued by SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., Cricklewood Works, London, N.W.2

Do I *look* IRRITABLE?

You can't help being bright and breezy once you get your system right with Lixen! This pleasant vegetable laxative does away with all griping and discomfort. It regularizes the bowels naturally, gently—and effectively. Quite safe for children, invalids or anybody.

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit-flavoured, 8½d. 1/2.
Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

The Good-Natured Laxative

L.45D

Lacy Wool Set for Baby

(*Continued from page 45*)

armhole edge twice. Work other side the same.

BACK

Work as front until the dec. at armholes should start. Divide for back opening by working 34 sts. Cast on 3 sts. at centre, and keep these sts. always k. while continuing the rest in st.st. and knitting 2 tog. on armhole edge on every other row until there are 28 sts.

Work straight until armhole measures 5 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge on every other row twice, leaving 12 sts. Cast off. Work other side in same way, but work a buttonhole after 1 in. of back opening has been worked as follows: With right side facing, k. 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd., work to end of row. Do the same every inch, making 4 buttonholes and working 2 rows after the 4th.

SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 52 sts. with No. 10 needles. Work all k. for 8 rows. Now inc. as follows: * K. 2, k. twice into next st., rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 2, making 68 sts. Change to st.st. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 9 needles cast on 135 sts. Work the lace patt. for 6 p. ridges. Now work an all k. row.

Next row.—K. 2 tog. all along, ending k. 1.

Next row.—P. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Gather in sleeves. Sew on collar and buttons.

PANTIES

With No. 11 needles cast on 74 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 rows. Now work holes for elastic as follows: * Rib 4 sts., k. 2 tog., w.fd.; rep. from * to end of row, ending rib 2. Work 7 more rows rib. Change to st.st. and No. 10 needles and work straight for 6 ins., including rib. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 26 sts. Cast off.

Sew up side seams. Pick up 52 sts. round bottom of each leg. Work 2 rows k. Now work ribbon holes as follows: K. 1, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 4; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 2 tog., k. 1. Work 1 row k. Now work twice into every st., making 104. Work 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up centre seam. Thread ribbon and elastic.

Two Colour Cardigan

(*Continued from page 45*)

11th row.—Sl. 1, * k. 3, p. 1, (k. 3 tog. twice), p. 1, k. 3, p. 2; rep. from * ending k. 4 instead of k. 3, p. 2.

12th row.—As 4th row.

13th row.—As 3rd row.

14th row.—As 4th row.

These 14 rows form pattern.

Work until 5 ins. from the beg. Change to No. 12 needles.

Work for 1½ ins. Change to the No. 8 needles and continue until 13½ ins. from the beg. (end on the last row of patt).

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work 7 ins. on the remaining 84 sts. (ending on the 12th row of patt.).

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 8 needles cast on 60 sts. Work exactly as for the back, until 13½ ins. from the beg. (ending on the 13th row of patt.).

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next row, and every following alternate row, until 48 sts. remain. Work 4½ ins. on these 48 sts., ending on the 12th row of patt.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 14 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then cast off 2 at the beg. of every alternate row until 28 sts. remain. Continue until the armhole measures the same as the back.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Work back to armhole. Cast off 12.

LEFT FRONT

Work exactly as given for the right front, until 13½ ins. from the commencement, ending on last row of patt.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast odd 6 sts. at the beg. of the next row, and every alternate row following, until 48 sts. remain. Work 4½ ins. on these 48 sts., ending on the 11th row of patt.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 14 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then cast off 2 at the beg. of every following alternate row until 28 sts. remain. Continue until the armhole measures the same as the back.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Work exactly as given for right front.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Using No. 8 needles cast on 48 sts. Work as given for the 1st row of the back for 2 rows. Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of the 15th row and every following 8th row, until 82 sts. on needle.

Proceed without further shaping until 17¼ ins. from the commencement.

SHAPE TOP

Keeping to the continuity of the patt., cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles and contrast wool cast on 52 sts. Work 1 purl, 1 plain for 1¼ ins. Cast off in the patt.

CUFFS (both alike)

With No. 12 needles cast on 52 sts. with the contrast wool. Work as given for the neckband for 1¼ ins. Cast off in patt.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles and contrast wool cast on 14 sts. Work as given for the neckband for 4 rows. Make 1st buttonhole. Work 4, cast off 6, work 4.

Next row.—Work 4, cast on 6, work 4.

Make 6 further buttonholes 2¾ ins. apart. Continue for 20 ins. Cast off. Make another strip, omitting the buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on cuffs. Sew on collar. Sew strips to fronts. Work buttonholes and sew on buttons.

Women in Action

Women certainly are very much in action. Freedom of movement—a woman can't carry on without it these strenuous days. So much depends upon the foundation garment; the wise woman looks for the Gripknit label because that means Gripknit elastic webbing is incorporated in the corsets—webbing that is patented and guaranteed. Style in comfort, ease support just where it's needed—these are assured by Gripknit—and Gripknit won't pucker or form ridges—no, every strand of Gripknit's real rubber is doubly covered and securely anchored. Another thing: laundering won't dull Gripknit's silken lustre nor rob it of its resilience.

See that your Corsets are fashioned with

GRIPKNIT ELASTIC

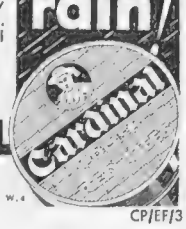
Look for the woven GRIPKNIT label

Will not wash off in the rain!

A fine, rich red finish to Front Steps, Unglazed Tiles, Brick and Cement Paths is immediately obtained with Cardinal Polish. Gives a lasting gloss and will not wash off in the rain. Also in White, Buff, Cream, Green, Transparent, etc., of all dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH

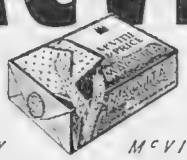
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4



CP/EF/3

THE CRISPEST WAY OF SPELLING *Energy*

MACVITA



MADE ONLY BY McVITIE & PRICE

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

On their lawful occasions

For such as pass upon the seas . . . . and indeed for men and women 'on their lawful occasions' everywhere . . . . the famous Player sailor represents an old and reliable friend to whom they instinctively turn when seeking a measure of relaxation and pleasure . . . . an aid to calmness and composure.

KEEP THAT HAPPY EXPRESSION

Player's Please

★ In the National interest empty your packet at time of purchase and leave with your tobacconist

MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN or CORK-TIPS

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

N.C.C.544.C

NUGGET
BOOT POLISH

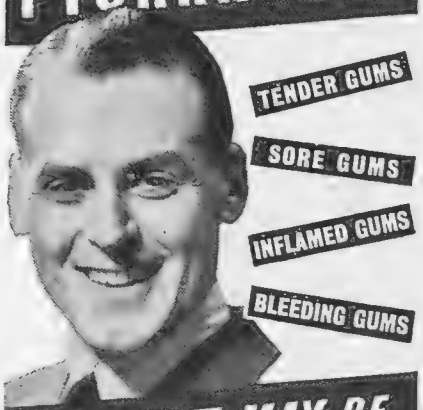
For Extra Smartness

In Black, Dark Brown, etc.

SUPREME for QUALITY

Burlington Lane, London, W.4 N/EF/12

TAKE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST PYORRHOEA!



4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs which if neglected may lead to gum disease (Pyorrhoea). Forhans used daily will eradicate these gum affections and used in time, prevent them altogether.

Thousands of dentists use Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent in their surgeries. To keep your mouth in a fresh, healthy condition, brush your teeth daily with Forhans Brand Special Formula dentifrice. It removes acids that cause decay, making teeth white and brilliant. See your dentist and start using Forhans today! *In three sizes.*

Only FORHANS Brand contains the "special formula" Anti-Pyorrhoea Astringent.

"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"..
R. J. Forhan D.D.S.

Creamy. Delicious. Nourishing

ROYAL ARROWROOT DESSERT

EASILY MADE-EASILY DIGESTED. NO SUGAR NEEDED

3 FLAVOURS { CARAMEL CHOCOLATE VANILLA

Equally delicious served HOT or COLD

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

Anne Furbishes up Her Brain

(*Continued from page 27*)

it, nothing of importance. I imagined that Tony was as completely happy as you are, content to have a pretty, capable wife and three extraordinarily charming children. But Anne, some time ago Tony said something to me which opened my eyes."

"What did he say?" Anne asked. Her big grey eyes were fixed attentively on Iris and there was no particular expression on her serious face, save one of undivided attention.

"We were talking about his work," Iris went on, "and a question arose which interested him, we argued and he said quite casually, 'I must talk to Thelma about that in the morning.' Impulsively, without thinking, I asked, 'Why Thelma?' He replied, 'A man must have someone to talk to, talking helps one to clarify one's own ideas.'"

"How often does Tony talk to you?" Iris asked.

"About his work?" Anne questioned. "Never! We made a bargain when we first married, Iris, that he would relax when he came home. He was working hard and he had been doing too much. Do you remember when we first came to this house how thin he was? He was almost on the verge of a nervous breakdown."

"That was eight years ago," Iris said. "Things have altered since then, Anne. Tony has altered, you have altered and you have made a mistake in keeping to a silly little rule which may have been expedient at the time, but whose usefulness has long been outgrown."

"You have a reason for saying all this?" Anne asked.

"A very good reason," Iris said. "Tony is going to leave you."

It seemed as if the whole of Anne's body quivered for a moment, then was very still.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Thelma Grantham confided in a friend of mine," Iris said. "No, it isn't any one you know and I am not going to tell you who it was. As it is, I am betraying a confidence in breaking my word of honour, but these things seemed to be unimportant beside the fact of your happiness, Anne."

"You are quite certain?" Anne asked, hardly above a whisper.

"She said," Iris went on, "that they were in love. That they had found, quite recently, how essential they were one to the other and that their interests coincided."

"I know how hard they have worked on this particular research," Anne said. "After all, Tony's work will be of inestimable value to shell-shock patients. Perhaps it is only the waiting that has made them feel they are so necessary to each other."

"That may be so," Iris admitted. "If the hospital had been full of patients from the front as we had all expected, Thelma and Tony would certainly not have been spending so much time together. But they have made their plans, Anne. Shortly, very shortly, Tony is going to tell you."

For the first time Anne showed some emotion. She clasped her hands together and Iris could see that she was trembling.

"He mustn't tell me," she said, "he mustn't. Once the words are spoken it will be so difficult to retract them. Oh, Iris, I have known to a certain extent that this has been happening, but what could I do?"

"There are a great many things you can do," Iris said quietly, "if it is not too late."

"Tell me," Anne begged, "please tell me."

Iris lit a cigarette before she spoke. Her hands were shaking a little, and only she knew how great an effort this frankness had been.

"In novels and stories," she said, "the heroine, to recapture her husband, puts on a new dress, goes to a beauty parlour and hey presto—the thing is done! Furbishing up one's appearance is important to a certain extent, Anne, but there is something far more important that you can do—furbish up your brain."

"Yes," she added, seeing the surprise in Anne's face, "I mean exactly what I say."

"That is plain speaking at any rate," Anne said.

"I am being brutal," Iris apologised, "to galvanise you into action. You haven't got so very much longer to make amends for the way you have let your life drift, for letting yourself lose one of the nicest and most charming men I have ever met."

"How long have I got?" Anne asked frankly.

"I can't tell you that for certain," Iris replied, "but one thing I do know, that is, that Tony will make no change in his life until after the 22nd of next month."

"Why the 22nd?" Anne asked curiously.

"That's the day Sir Andrew Garthwaite comes here," Iris said.

"Sir Andrew Garthwaite?" Anne repeated curiously.

"Yes, hasn't Tony told you? Of course you have heard of him, the greatest brain specialist and psychologist of our generation. Well, he is coming down to inspect the hospital and he is going to lecture to the nurses and doctors on his latest discoveries regarding shell-shock and various other ailments which attack the brain."

"Sir Andrew Garthwaite!" Anne repeated in a low voice. "Do you know anything about him?"

"Nothing," Iris replied. "Oh, I have heard his name, of course, who hasn't? I have seen Rolls-Royces waiting outside his house in Harley Street, and I have read from time to time in the newspapers of some sensational discovery he has made. He is quite young they tell me, and brilliant—anyway, we shall see for ourselves when he comes on the 22nd. He's going to dine here."

"Dine here?" Anne echoed in tones of surprise.

"Yes. Thelma was quite certain on that point and that is why Tony won't risk a split in his domestic life until after the great evening has taken place."

"I see."

Anne walked to the window.

Iris got up to cross to her friend's side and put a protecting arm round her shoulder.

"I have hated hurting you, Anne," she said, "but I am older than you and I would give anything in the world to see you really happy. Your friendship has meant a lot to me these past years and after Tony did so much for my Jack, I don't want to see him make himself miserable, to make, as I believe, the stupidest and most idiotic mistake in his whole life—and career."

"I understand," Anne murmured. "Thank you, darling. Don't think I am ungrateful, but leave me alone now for a little while, I want to think, I want to reason things out with myself."

Three children found their mother inattentive that evening. When finally she got them into bed, Anne went to the telephone. She put through a trunk call and when a voice answered at the other end, she gave a sigh of relief.

"Is that you, mother?" she asked. "Listen, I want you to help me. . . ."

IN spite of the wartime train services, Anne's mother arrived early at her daughter's house the next morning, but not so early that Tony had not already left.

"I kept the taxi," Anne's mother said.

"That's right," Anne replied. "I must go now."

"I will be back about teatime," she promised her mother, "but don't worry about the children, I have got old Nurse Stevens coming up in an hour or so. She couldn't come earlier because of the evacuated children she has living with her."

"I could have managed them by myself," Anne's mother said reproachfully.

"Nonsense! You would be tired out," Anne retorted. "It is just that I feel happier with you here. I have never left them before, you see."

"Now don't worry," her mother admonished and she and the children waved goodbye as Anne drove away in the taxi.

In London Anne went first of all to a hairdresser's. She had her hair done, her nails manicured. Then she chose herself a new dress, coat, and hat from one of the big stores whose ready-made things fitted her to perfection. She put them on and ordered her old things to be sent home with several other new purchases.

"I feel a different person," she said to herself as she went out into the street and indeed she looked it.

It was nearly half-past twelve when she directed a taxi to drive her to Harley Street. There were no Rolls-Royces standing outside Sir Andrew Garthwaite's house, but there were some smaller cars, such as even the richest and most important people must use in wartime with a petrol shortage. Anne paid off the taxi and gave her name to the trim parlourmaid.

"Have you an appointment, madam?"

"I am afraid not," Anne replied. "But perhaps you would give Sir Andrew this?" She scribbled a few words on a visiting card, then was shown into the waiting-room.

There were two other people there before her, but to her surprise and theirs, when the parlourmaid returned, she said, "Mrs. Danvers, please!"

Anne jumped to her feet. She was led down a long passage ornamented with marble busts and several quite valuable-looking pictures. The parlourmaid opened a door and Anne heard her own name announced. She walked in slowly, almost hesitatingly, as though she were half afraid of what she would find, but when a tall, good-looking man sitting behind a desk rose to his feet, she held out her hands gladly.

"Anne!" he ejaculated. "It is true then—I couldn't believe it when I read your card."

"I wasn't certain," Anne replied, "it doesn't seem possible that you should be the famous Sir Andrew Garthwaite."

"Still doubting my capabilities?" he asked, half humorously. "Sit down, Anne, and let me look at you. No, you haven't altered, you are just as lovely—just as I have always remembered you."

Her eyes dropped before his.

"Tell me about yourself," she murmured. "Why are you here? Why are you working in England? Are you married?"

"I will answer the last question first," he replied. "No, I have never married and there is no one who knows the reason for that better than you."

"And your title?"

"I have had it a long time now," he said.

"And I never heard of you until the other day."

"Such is fame!" he said with a smile. "But I will forgive you now you have come to see me."

"I have come to ask you to help me."

"To help you," he repeated. "My dear, how gladly! Everything I know, everything I can do, is utterly at your disposal—just as it used to be."

"Thank you, Andy," Anne said in a low voice.

"But of course!" he replied. "Do you remember those long nights we used to sit working—how hot it was in New York that summer? You must have lost pounds, Anne, I know I did."

"We never had time to eat," Anne said happily.

"Not until it was long after midnight," he went on, "then you used to cook something in a chafing dish and we used to explore the ice-chest to see what we could find."

"What fun it all was!" Anne said quietly.

"It was heaven," he said, "until you went away."

"I couldn't help it," Anne pleaded. "My father was offered that marvellous appointment in London. He took it and how were we to know that exactly six months afterwards he would die?"

"You never came back."

"I have never been back," she said. "My mother was English—all her relations are over here and, after (*Continued on page 74*)

A Nation of Shopkeepers

1815—1941

If the leisurely days of 1815 are far from the flying days of 1941 they have one thing in common. Then as now this "Nation of Shopkeepers," as Napoleon called us, was fighting for its trade . . . its very existence.

It was in 1815, too, that J. B. Lewis & Sons Ltd., the Meridian Manufacturers, first sent their products through the merchandising links of our times.

Today we are manufacturing as much Meridian as possible, but owing to war-time restrictions the home front cannot have its peace-time quota, so cherish the Meridian you have—darn it if need be—and buy when you must.

MERIDIAN

DOUBLE LOCK Regd.

FOR THE FAMILY

UNDERWEAR • SLUMBERWEAR • HALF-HOSE • OUTERWEAR

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. **Est. 1815.** *Suppliers to Wholesale Trade*

MELANYL

Marking Ink

The Best and Quickest Method of Marking your Linen

NO HEATING REQUIRED

6D. PER BOTTLE and 1/- *Absolutely Permanent*

Fabric letters can be removed.

FREE SPECIAL MARKING PEN *with every Bottle,* LINEN STRETCHER *with every 1/- Bottle.*

Of all Stationers, Stores and Chemists or 1/- Bottle including Metallic Pen and Nickel Linen Stretcher sent post free for 1/3 direct from COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

NEW SCREW TOP BOTTLE Prevents Stained Fingers

Be yourself - be natural

. . . with the one magic LIPSTICK that changes to your own colouring

2/2, 5/6. Trial size 7½d.

TANGEE Natural

Save money and metal by saving your lipstick container. Refills for large and medium sizes 1/6 and 4/3.

RONUK

SANITARY

POLISHES

"By far the best"

for Floors & Furniture

Smokers' 'Fur'

How to detect it— How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth — do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid ? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it — Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½. Sold everywhere.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhœa, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax). Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

Anne Furbishes up Her Brain

all, my father was only half American. I am really an Englishwoman, Andy, and those years in New York were just an episode in my life."

"Just as I was," he said gently.

"Andy," Anne said abruptly, "I have never told my husband about my time in New York. He knows I was there, of course, but I never told him that I worked, or that my knowledge of medical research is extended beyond an interest in his particular career."

"Why did you keep silence?" Sir Andrew Garthwaite asked.

"Perhaps it was because of you," Anne answered. "I somehow couldn't make an explanation, couldn't talk about what had been such a very tender, very beautiful time in my life, but which had finished—I believed for ever."

He put out his hand and touched hers for a moment.

"Thank you, dear," he said, "I understand."

"But now," Anne said, "I want you to help me, in fact, only you can help me, Andy. Will you listen to me?"

TONY looked round their small dining-room.

"Yes, the table looks charming, Anne," he said approvingly. "Now Sir Andrew Garthwaite will have to sit on your right, of course, but I will put Thelma on his other side—she will keep him interested."

Anne's cheeks flushed for a moment at the innuendo in his remark, but she made no comment.

"I suppose I shall have to have that old gossip, Lady Sprigley, on my right," Tony went on, "and Iris March on my left. The others you can jumble about as you think best. I'm not really interested."

"I suppose Thelma Grantham must come?" Anne asked quietly. "She hardly seems to me to fit in."

"My dear girl," her husband retorted, "she is the one person who should come to the party, after all the work she has done with me these past months. If there were any justice in the world, she would be receiving the congratulations, not me."

"You are quite certain there will be congratulations?" Anne asked.

Tony laughed.

"Quite certain!" he replied. "Conceited though it may sound, I know I have done a damned good job of work, Anne. When Sir Andrew sees my paper, it will make even him sit up and whistle."

"Won't you tell me about it?" Anne asked softly.

Tony's face clouded over.

"No, no," he said. "It is really too long to explain—you wouldn't understand."

"Are you quite certain I wouldn't?" Anne asked insistently.

"My dear Anne," he replied coldly, "medical technicalities are beyond the average lay-man or lay-woman. Of course, if you get someone with a brain like Thelma Grantham—but that's an exception to the rule. It is no wonder in circumstances like that——" he stopped abruptly and with a frown between his eyes, turned towards the door. "I must go and dress," he said. "Sir Andrew arrives about three o'clock and I shan't have a moment free from then onwards. Expect us back about seven. You have got the spare room ready for him to change in?"

"Yes," Anne replied, "and I will have your things put ready for you and your bath run, so that you can be down early to mix the cocktails."

"That is fine. Good-bye, Anne."

"Good-bye, darling."

Anne said the last word so low, it was doubtful if he could have heard it. She had an impulse to run after him, to put her arms round him, to tell him how much she loved him, to make one last effort on her own, without anyone's help to recapture the man she loved so much—the father of her children. But these last weeks had taught her both patience and caution.

It was almost unbelievable she could go

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

From your Chemist, 2/3 & 3/4
including Purchase Tax
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD

THE NATION CANNOT AFFORD COLDS

to London day after day without Tony knowing anything about it; that she could leave the children in charge of her mother and old Nurse Stevens, come back in the evening, sometimes tired, sometimes with flushed face and sparkling eyes, sometimes despondent, but always to find a husband too interested in his own affairs to question hers.

Now the great day—the 22nd of the month was upon them. Tony had been in a fever of impatience. He had criticised the house, complaining of the untidiness of the children's toys in the sitting-room, and had even quite unaccountably that morning said to Anne:

"I suppose you have got something decent to wear to-night? I want you to make a good impression on Sir Andrew."

"Does it matter so much?" Anne asked.

"Of course it matters!" Tony had answered almost harshly. "If he will recommend me, I shall get that research appointment that I have been after for the last two years. It only wants one word from a man like Sir Andrew and it is mine."

And once you have got it, you will leave me, I suppose, Anne thought bitterly to herself.

Nevertheless, her appearance in her new evening frock gave her some consolation when the time came to put it on. She was up in her room dressing when Tony came back. She heard his voice in the corridor as he escorted Sir Andrew Garthwaite to the spare room. She heard Andy's voice answering him, low-pitched and musical. For a moment she stood quite still, trembling a little, yet, at the same time, excited by what the ensuing hours would hold.

She was purposely late in going down to the drawing-room. Already two or three people had arrived and Tony looked at her reproachfully while he murmured an introduction.

"Sir Andrew Garthwaite—my wife."

Anne felt the warm pressure of Andy's hand, then without a word she turned to greet Lady Sprigley, Iris, several other local dignitaries and lastly — Thelma Grantham.

Thelma was wearing a queer, exotic frock of red and silver. It was not exactly a pretty gown, but somehow it suited Thelma's strong features, the determined jaw line, the straight uncurled hair and long limbs.

"She is attractive in her own way," Anne thought and looked up to find Thelma's eyes fixed on her.

They trooped into dinner. Sir Andrew sat down and half-turning his back on Thelma, devoted himself to Anne.

"This is fun," he said quietly. "I have been looking forward to this all day—seeing you in your house, finding you exactly as you are now. You couldn't have worn a dress that was more you or one that was more attractive."

"Thank you," Anne said. "It is a long time since any one complimented me on my clothes."

"Do you remember——" he started and then somehow they couldn't stop talking. They talked right through every course—Anne hardly noticed the dessert arriving—then abruptly they were interrupted.

Startled, Anne heard her husband speak from the end of the table and knew from the intonation of his voice that he was angry, furiously angry. She glanced up to find the whole table was watching her—Lady Sprigley with malicious interest, Iris with amusement and Thelma in undisguised hatred.

"Really, Anne," Tony was saying bitterly, "you must not monopolise Sir Andrew Garthwaite's entire attention. I feel sure he is not really interested in the details of our domestic life. You must forgive my wife, Sir Andrew."

"My dear Danvers," Andy replied, "you are entirely mistaken. Your wife is not monopolising me, I am monopolising her. You see, we are very old friends, in fact, Anne and I worked together for nearly three years and I have a very great respect indeed for her judgment and ability."

Thelma gave a quite audible gasp. Tony looked from one to the other with an expression of such (*Continued on page 76*)

No fruit—Why worry?

TAKE
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
first thing every morning
Doctors recommend Eno's!

McCALLUM DYED

Spun by Briggs, at Beck Mills, Clayton, Yorks.

Trim
Occasional Jacket

Every woman appreciates the many uses of an occasional jacket, and this smart model in W.B. New Kwiknit Astrakhan is amazingly warm and cosy. Quickly knitted in this delightful new yarn, it has the expensive finished appearance of Persian Lamb.
Full instructions are given in Leaflet No. 1157, Price 3d. from your wool shop.

BRIGGS W·B New Kwiknit Astrakhan

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining any of our leaflets, send 4d. in stamps for the leaflet you require and the address of your nearest stockist to Penelope of Wm. Briggs & Co. Ltd. (Dept. 78), 34 Cannon Street, Manchester 4.

W·B WOOLS ARE GOOD WOOLS

J.W.P.112.W.B.

RENDELLS
is the simplest method

For 50 years the name Rendell has inspired confidence in all women, and now Nurse Drew in her free booklet "Hygiene for Women" tells you how important Rendells Products for feminine hygiene are to every woman who values her health and happiness. Those problems which in the past have been a source of constant anxiety are overcome in a way which enables an adjustment of life in line with modern conditions. Ask your Chemist for a free copy to-day, or if you wish write direct to

NURSE DREW, Victoria House,
Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

RENDELLS
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE
PRODUCTS

APPROVED BY DOCTORS ★ SOLD BY CHEMISTS

SPOTLIGHT
ON CHARM
Why let the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth rob you of your charm? Try KOLYNOS—and *your* smile too will be a pleasant memory. Use KOLYNOS regularly and soon your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.
From all Chemists and Stores at 2/2, 1/3 and 7½d. per tube (*incl. Purchase Tax*).
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Most
ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

for lovers of
REAL Coffee
Vacuum Packed
Always Fresh
contains no chicory
½ lb. 1/3 — 1 lb. 2/6
PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 1 to 6 inches!
Increased my own Height to 6ft. 3½ins.
ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS
Fee £2 2s. Complete. Details 6d. stamp.
MALCOLM ROSS Height Specialist, BM/Hyte, London, W.C.1

bewildered surprise, that Anne had the greatest difficulty in not running to his side to put her arms round his shoulders.

"You worked together?" Tony repeated. "I don't quite understand."

"In America," Sir Andrew Garthwaite explained gently. "Yes I know Anne didn't tell you—she felt that one doctor in the family was enough, but nevertheless, I assure you quite solemnly, that your wife was one of the cleverest and the most intelligent psychologists I have ever known. In fact, I think the moment has come to let you all into a little secret.

"Towards the end of my lecture this afternoon, you remember that I read you a paper on hypothalmus—which some people believe is the sleep centre of the brain. Several people, including you, I think, Miss Grantham, were kind enough to congratulate me on it afterwards. They said it was one of the cleverest treatises they had ever heard. Well, I did not write that—it was written by this lady on my left who, for the past week or so, has been kind enough to lend me her services for research in two of the most difficult cases I have ever known."

"I . . . I can't believe it," Tony said unhappily.

"It is quite true, I assure you," Sir Andrew Garthwaite replied.

"As you are making me quite shy," Anne interposed, "I think it would be wise for me to take the ladies for coffee in the other room."

She got to her feet. Bewildered and almost in silence, her guests trooped their way to the door. In the drawing-room Lady Sprigley expressed what they were all feeling.

"Well, this is a surprise, Mrs. Danvers. Fancy you being such a dark horse. Why, I always thought of you as a domesticated woman, with no interests save your children."

"And my husband, I hope," Anne said with a smile.

"Of course, of course, but this is something quite unusual, however, if Sir Andrew Garthwaite tells us of your capabilities, we must believe him."

"But of course!" Anne laughed. "You couldn't do anything else, could you?"

"And fancy you not telling your husband about your work in America," Lady Sprigley went on.

Anne smiled. She was well aware how Lady Sprigley would find this a juicy bit of scandal to relate to all and sundry, but it would not injure Tony or Tony's career as much as what he had been planning.

WHEN Sir Andrew said good night to Anne before he left to motor back to London, he raised both her hands to his lips.

"Good-bye, my dear," he said, "God bless you." Just for a moment they were out of earshot from the rest of the room. "Twice you have forsaken me," he murmured, "the third time nothing will make me give you up."

"If there is a third time," Anne said gently.

"I shall go on hoping for it," he replied gravely.

He turned away from her to say good night to his host.

"Good-bye, Danvers," he said, "look after your wife, she is a woman in a thousand."

"I am just beginning to understand that," Tony answered solemnly. He turned to Anne. "Shall we see him go?" he asked.

Together they walked to the front door with Sir Andrew Garthwaite, watched him get into the car and waved their good-byes in response to his. Then as the tail light disappeared down the drive, Tony's hand suddenly closed over Anne's. He gripped it hard, forcefully, masterfully and she knew without words, without explanation, that Andy's work had not been in vain. Her husband was going to look after her.

END

Anne Furbishes up Her Brain

Crowning Glory

(*Continued from page* 38)

TINTING

Never attempt to tint or bleach your hair unless you have the patience of Job and an almost pernickity thoroughness of nature. Be very cautious in working up to a grand effect. An overdose of bleach can have some very serious results.

The easiest tint for mousey hair is henna. Try Evan Williams graduated henna shampoo.

First shampoo your head free of all oil, natural or otherwise, then, with rubber gloves on to prevent your fingers being stained, massage in the henna, 2 oz. of which has been mixed in hot water to a smooth paste, keeping it hot in a saucepan of hot water. (When redoing you will have to use a tooth brush. Part the hair at regular intervals and apply the paste to the roots only.) Leave on under your oilskin cap, and, as henna only takes when hot—keep applying hot wet towels as for an oil shampoo.

The first time leave the solution on for ten or fifteen minutes to see how your hair responds. The next time you may decide to leave it even longer.

If your hair refuses to take it sympathetically or if you want a very bright shade, you can give a light application of peroxide (20 vols.) and water with a few drops of ammonia. This will make the hair slightly porous, therefore it will take the henna more vividly; but remember that it is not particularly good to make your hair porous and that roots will need continuous and careful redoing.

It is not a very easy job, especially towards the back of the head, but if you are determined, go ahead with one hand on the brake and one foot towards the nearest hairdresser.

In this bleach-cum-henna method shampoo your hair thoroughly; dry with hot towels; apply the peroxide solution; dry; rinse again and then apply the henna pack. Now comes the time for discretion. It is important that you keep your eye on the clock.

The first time rinse your hair thoroughly free of the henna after ten minutes. Dry in the sun if possible. Henna inclines to make the hair less curly but in itself is a good tonic for the hair.

Fair Hair. The bleach peroxide solution given above can be used to lighten the tone of your hair; it is more drastic than camomile or any of the lightening shampoo treatments, but remember the roots that are to come. You must be prepared to part your hair every eighth of an inch right across your head from temple to temple from nape to forehead dabbing a pad of cotton wool soaked in the solution along each parting. If you are prepared to take all risks and bleach your hair you must always soak your scalp in hot olive oil the night before. The oil must be shampooed out and the hair dried before the bleach is applied. Afterwards the bleach must be dried and the hair shampooed again before you are finished.

Grey Hair. If not too grey use Evan Williams Tunisian Henna and send a cutting of your hair when ordering. This is applied in just the same way as all other henna treatments, but it will re-colour your hair in its natural shade rather than redden it.

On re-doing, the roots must be parted carefully as for the bleach and the pack applied with a small tooth brush only on the growing parts. There is a temporary tint which can be brushed into the hair afresh after shampooing and which if handled carefully is much safer for the amateur as there is no likelihood of ends getting darker and darker while the roots resist all attempts at colouring.

END

Queer Jobs for Birds and Beasts

(*Continued from page 17*)

to be delivered in good condition on an indoor stage. Knowing gulls caught by the foot would flap frantically until they broke their legs, an enterprising trainer fashioned several dozen rubber-lined traps, baited them with bread and calmly picked up the gulls as their bills were caught between the soft jaws. "They simply gave up and sat down," he explained.

Men who train birds and animals for the movies don't know the meaning of "can't." One slowly taught three seals to stand on one flipper and wave the other overhead. Bert Fisher laboriously brought three chimpanzees along until they would triple in a brother act. Having painstakingly completed this chore, he undertook to work fifty monkeys with some degree of control. Recently, a trainer has started teaming two mortal enemies, an eagle and an owl. The eagle seems willing, but the owl, unafraid, drives its majestic opponent to a corner of the cage. If you ever see them performing in a friendly act, you can safely bet the age of miracles has arrived.

END

Commodore of Convoys

(*Continued from page 25*)

opens fire. The same with hurrying E-boats, striking out of mist or from under a smoke-screen—he gets his deck gun into action alertly, and often his first shot gives the signal to the escort that trouble is abroad.

For myself: much of my work takes place before actual sailing. I usually appoint myself to as good a ship as is available. Convoys differ a lot in quality; commodore must be ready to conduct whatever offers.

At present I am functioning in the North Sea: as sticky a stretch of sea-water as you'll find the world over, I imagine.

On every available occasion I familiarise myself with the ever-changing conditions: the positions of altered minefields; the abolishment or siting of leading-marks: the exact whereabouts of new wrecks, because convoys do not sail only by daylight. I am supplied by Admiralty, Trinity House, Scottish Light Commissioners, local pilots, and harbour masters, with a mass of intricate detail; dealing with local snags. I collate all this in the limited time available before sailing. I have made a close study of cross tides and currents: of the North Sea sands. It took some learning: my navy navigation was merely rudimentary, for I was a torpedo expert. But after once seeing for myself what the Merchant Navy takes as its daily dozen, I formed such a keen admiration for them that I burned the midnight oil to fit myself to lead them.

I arranged with S.N.O.s at every port to keep me instantly posted on all untoward circumstances—faithfully have they fulfilled their promises. Every shipmaster in any convoy knows more about North Sea navigation under most conditions than I do: they've been reared on the art: imbibing it almost with their mothers' milk; but if I can make them sure that I have at least a working knowledge of the difficult craft, then I am assured not only of their ready obedience, but also of their respect—a necessary thing in a successful commodore; for if you haven't earned their confidence—which is better than all the decorations devised—they may be tempted to burk my suggestions and question my commandments. They feel themselves infinitely superior, as seamen, to the navy; but they are instinctive gentlemen, and their knowledge pieces out my many imperfections.

Prior to sailing—leaving it as late as possible, because of an ever-changing scene—I summon these hearties to conference. I make no suggestions as to each man's ship and what he is going to do aboard it. That's his affair: and he is an expert: he knows his ship and his men; their possibilities, their limitations.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Days in the Month you Dread
WHAT A GOOD THING I HAVE SOME ANTI-KAMNIA TABLETS WITH ME. JUST TAKE TWO, AND YOUR PAINS WILL BE GONE IN 5 MINUTES.
I'M SO THANKFUL KITTY. I THOUGHT I SHOULD COLLAPSE, THE PAINS WERE SO BAD.
AFS
LONDON

INDISPOSITION Without Pain!

If periodical indisposition for you means unbearable headaches and depressing pains, you will find an unfailing remedy in 'Anti-Kamnia.' At the first symptom of pain take one or two tablets. The suffering you dread will pass you by and you will be fit and able to carry on with your work and keep all your engagements as usual.

Almost the moment you take 'Anti-Kamnia' you get relief, headache vanishes, pain disappears and your nerves become soothed and calm.

'Anti-Kamnia' is the remedy prescribed by physicians and recommended by nurses, because of its wonderful power to relieve pain and the fact that it does not disturb the natural action of the female system in the slightest. Why not get the tablets to-day and have them in readiness?

Anti-Kamnia

BRAND ANALGESIC TABLETS

AK ALWAYS SURE-ALWAYS SAFE

Thousands of women simply ask for A-K. If you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/5 a box (Including Tax).

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

ARE YOU A ROBINSON CRUSOE

always seeing footmarks on the Lino?

Use STEPHENSON'S Non-Smear POLISH

STEPHENSON BROS LTD BRADFORD

and see the Polish LAST

STEPHENSON BROS. LTD., BRADFORD

INDIGESTION

Relieved Instantly!

'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a sour acid stomach, and relieves acute gastric pain, in almost as little time as it takes to tell. For stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue, nausea and upset stomach caused by foods that disagree, there is no finer remedy the world over than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous—instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (*Treble Size*) **Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 7d., 1/11½d., 2/3 and 3/11½d.** (*Including Purchase Tax*).

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Please mention "Britannia & Eve" our advertisers would ike to know you!

After they've discussed their side of seafaring, I invite their comments on my personal sailing directions. Doubtless the directions are admirable—for a flotilla of destroyers but utterly inadequate for a convoy of freighters, no two of them alike in size, handiness or speed. With their wisdom helping me out we effect a working schedule. My instructions regarding behaviour in the event of attack go, however—I'm the tactician: they respect my wider experience in this respect: not because I'm Navy, but because I'm everlastingly in the firing-line: learning a wider wisdom even than theirs, for mine is combined from the best they have to offer.

Each master has brought his charts with him: more than likely his second officer, too, for the second mate is navigator.

My long observation of the Merchant Navy shows me that senior officers are indomitable, stout-hearted, defiant; juniors are as keen as mustard: as if realising that, supposing the war is prolonged, the weight of responsibility will soon rest on their shoulders: and they impress me with the feeling that when that responsibility comes they will bear it worthily.

We go to sea: the S.N.O. escort signalling instructions for tactical deployment. But if in my opinion his tactics are wrong I am at liberty to use my own discretion—knowing my charges better than he. I know the speed of every ship: I know—from listening to their skippers—how they all behave under given conditions. In hard weather one ship is apt to pitch and so lose speed. Another drops behind when cleaning fires—and as merchantmen are not homogeneous, it is out of the question to attempt to synchronise this cleaning operation, so that all bottoms will slow down together. The S.N.O. would like them to keep station with the precision of a battle fleet: I know the impossibility of that; I know when to slow down to accomodate the lazier ones; and I know, too, how to coax "the uneasy ones"—not by flag-wag blamings, but by semaphored encouragement. For if you get the merchantmen's back up by too much navy-navy, you'll generally find he gets his own back—probably to your humiliation.

Commodore of Convoys

But normally relations between convoy and escort are harmonious to a degree: the Red Ensign appreciates the protection offered by the White; and the White knows that if it is occupied elsewhere—say, in chasing E-boats, the Red can be relied on to guard itself for a few minutes.

Once convoy is assembled and notched on its appropriate zig-zag course, things work smoothly; but I must remain on the commodore ship's bridge now for an indefinitely trying period. The Hun is an enemy; but so is the weather. Fog is the worst bugbear; that is why I am always so insistent on courses and distances at the preliminary conferences. Thick fog on a black night, with enough wind blowing to give half-filled ships a lot of leeway, can play havoc with even the most docile convoy; and U-boats lurk nearby, keeping station by the throb of our propellers, to pick off stragglers as soon as dawn discloses their nearness. The only saving grace about fog is that it keeps the dive-bombers away.

When attacked I have to exercise control over the movements of the freighters.

We get attacks a-plenty: and they are increasing. The Hun is desperately determined to starve us into surrender—the only possible way of licking us—and he loses no opportunity.

I am proud to command such heroic stuff. What are my personal discomforts compared with theirs? I am assured of a spell ashore on the completion of each tour of duty—they go on and on, daring everything that is fiendish and brutal, to keep England on the map. Aboard them I am treated *en prince*, to the limit of their capabilities: the best cigars are offered, the primest whisky and wine, the best cut off the joint, and softest bed. It is a small return to exert all my skill to help them to a little precarious safety; and I leave them with reluctance as I go down the flagship's side, to watch, from a pilot cutter, the gallant convoys steaming indomitably on—to the farthest corners of the seven seas—where the swastika practically never flies.

(R.N. Retired)

END

But Who Wants a Feast?

(*Continued from page* 34)

warm water or to steam it before you use a feeding cream. You will require only half the amount, and if you massage it into your skin until every trace has disappeared, it will do twice the work. Any cream left on the surface of your skin after twenty minutes is wasted, for the pores can absorb no more.

Keep your perfume for exciting occasions, and to that end never let the light get at it. Always keep it in the dark in a cool room.

Stockings. If you are lucky enough to have some spare ones of real silk here is the way to keep them for ever. Do not wash them, but after removing price tabs or anything that might catch the fine threads, put them into an airtight glass jar and seal them. They will never perish. You can lengthen their life by washing them every time you wear them and by sending them to a repair service whenever a small catch or ladder appears. If you always buy stockings of very much the same shade the odd ones that always seem to get left over can be dyed so that they can be worn together.

Belts and Brassières. You cannot be too fussy about the way they fit in the first place. Even if you only wear a light pull-on belt try it on at the shop, and be sure that it will not develop bad habits when you get it home. If it is going to curl or cut at the waist you would be better off with nothing. A wide band of elastic, which you can buy by the yard, sewn down the front and back of a belt will greatly strengthen it, and repeated washings will make any corset last longer. As for your brassières, wash them yourself, very gently pulling them back into shape. Never iron them flat, and renew ribbons and elastics frequently. It is always cheaper and more satisfactory to buy belts and brassières three at a time.

Lingerie. Never a thing to save on, for on the shapeliness of your undergarments depends the life of your dress. Try making them yourself. Voiles are charming and inexpensive and so are some of the artificial silk and cotton materials that wash like rags. Use coloured bindings instead of lace, and trim with an embroidered monogram. Faded silks can be safely dipped or the colour can be temporarily deepened with red ink, and tired silks can be stiffened by adding a little alum to the rinsing water.

Shoes. Never fail to put trees into them whenever you take them off. That is the one golden rule. If they are of good brown leather that has got badly stained wash them with saddle soap. If they are of suede that has grown greasy freshen them up with a piece of superfine glass paper, and afterwards hold them in the steam of a kettle.

The great thing is to make up your mind that no matter what happens you will still look gallant and gay, for that is not a matter of conceit, nor even of personal pride. It is something you can do for everybody who sees you. Like the lone Englishman who dresses for dinner in the jungle. It may not seem to make sense, but it is magnificent for morale.

END

1.3.41

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada, 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

Batchelor's
CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES

EVER since the early days of packet peas, the name "Batchelor's" has stood for the best of packed garden produce.

Pioneers in bringing canned peas to British tables, Batchelor's are the leaders still, coming to the Nation's aid with English canned fruits and vegetables of almost every kind.

BE SURE TO ASK FOR "BATCHELOR'S"

HAND KNITTED SHAWLS ARE SO VERY SMART

LEAFLET No. 891 *gives working directions for two lovely new SHAWLS (one illustrated above) in SIRDAR WOOLS. Price 3d. from woolshops or 4d. post free from HARRAP BROS. (SIRDAR WOOLS) LTD., WAKEFIELD.*

Seven years
SECURITY

3% DEFENCE BONDS

—then a bonus

Price of Issue — £100 per cent.

Can be bought in sums of £5 and multiples of £5 from any Bank, Trustee Savings Bank, Post Office or Stockbroker.

• • •

Interest at 3% per annum accrues from date of purchase and is paid half yearly — May 1st and November 1st.

• • •

Repayable after 7 years at £5. .0 for each £5 invested.

• • •

Interest is liable to Income Tax but tax not deducted at source. Can be cashed at any time, on six months' notice, at par plus any interest accrued to date of repayment.

• • •

In case of private emergency special arrangements can be made for repayment within a few days, less a deduction equal to six months' interest.

• • •

3% Defence Bonds are so advantageous to the holder that no individual may hold more than £1,000.

Issued by The National Savings Committee

Heavenly walking

JILLIAN 3

It's just like being cushioned on a soft, billowy zephyr when you walk in Vani-tred shoes. You simply can't come down to earth with a bump; the hidden feature in Vani-tred construction distributes the weight of the foot evenly, and makes light of the hardest going. And Vani-tred let you down lightly in cost, too, for such heavenly walking. Styles? They're authentic Fifth Avenue —rogueish, compelling, and quite exclusive to this country. You'll be seeing them commonly worn next season—but, of course, you won't want to wait till then.

HEATHER 3

ROAMER

Vani-tred

five fittings to each size and half size!

VARSITY

The specialised VANI-TRED Fitting Service is available at high-class shoe shops. Upon request we will send you an illustrated brochure and the name of your nearest agent.

VANI-TRED SHOES LTD., (DEPT. 2) 17/18 OLD BOND STREET, W.1